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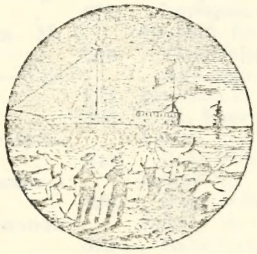
THE

GRANITE MONTHLY,

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

History, Biography, Literature and State Progress.



VOLUME FIVE.

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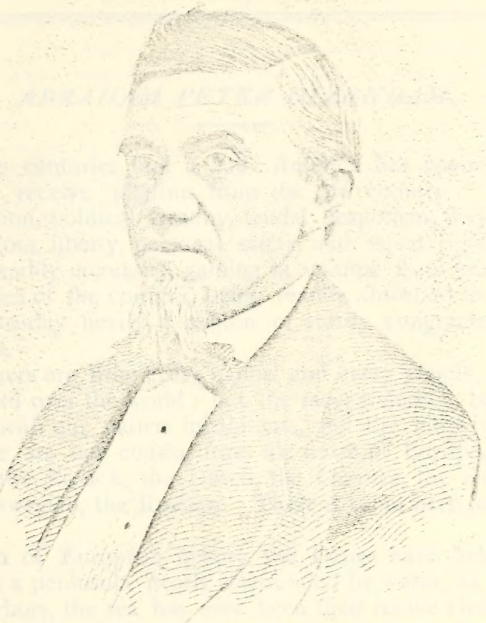
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A. S. Olzendam

—THE—

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VOL. V. OCTOBER, 1881. No. 1.

ABRAHAM PETER OLZENDAM.

FOR over two centuries and a half America has opened her welcoming arms to receive pilgrims from the old country. Escaping from religious persecution, political tyranny, feudal despotism, they have found in this country freedom, liberty, personal safety, and equal rights. The tide of emigration has steadily increased, gaining in volume from year to year, never taxing the resources of the country, being readily absorbed in the native-born population, until to-day nearly a million of sturdy emigrants annually settle within our borders.

These new comers are from every nation and every people, for the fame of our land has spread over the world; but the most welcome, because the most easily assimilated with our native inhabitants, and the most readily forming a homogeneous race, are our cousins from the north of Europe, the subjects of Queen Victoria, the French, the Dutch, the German, the Saxon, the Dane, the Swiss, the Norwegian, the Russian. There is room here for many millions more.

Since the dawn of European history, the Danes have held a conspicuous place. Living on a peninsula nearly surrounded by water, its shores indented by a thousand harbors, the sea has ever been their native element. A thousand years ago the vikings swept the ocean, ravaged the southern coasts, made many cities tributary, and bade defiance to their enemies in their sea-girt home. With the advance of Christianity and civilization these piratical expeditions gave place to the more peaceful pursuit of commerce, and the flag of the Dane was found in every port. The same adventurous spirit which actuated their bold ancestors led the Dane navigators around the world. From this race sprang ABRAHAM P. OLZENDAM.

1. His grandfather, Abraham P. Olzendam, was a Dane, and a ship-master, who in the latter part of the last century retired from the sea and settled in Prussia. To him one son was born, who was educated as a chemist.

2. Abraham P. Olzendam, the chemist, lived in Barmen, married Johanna Rittershaus; was an officer of the municipal militia of the city; served a term in the army during the invasion of the country by Napoleon; and was a respected citizen. His family consisted of two sons and five daughters, but one of whom survives.

3. ABRAHAM P. OLZENDAM, the subject of this sketch, was born in the city of Barmen, October 10, 1821. As a boy, he received the rigid discipline for which the common schools of Prussia are celebrated, and acquired a fair

general education. At the age of eighteen he was initiated into the mysteries of his father's business; proved an apt scholar; and soon became an expert in the application of scientific principles to the mixing of colors and the dying of fabrics. His active mind found congenial study in political economy. The demands of his countrymen for liberty were seconded by him, and with the enthusiasm of youth he entered heartily into the plans of his fellow patriots for the amelioration of his country. Hopeless of accomplishing the herculean task of freeing his people, despairing of gaining at home that place among his fellows which his inborn ability warranted him in demanding, he quietly bade farewell to his fatherland, and embarked for America at the age of twenty-seven. The good ship, "General Washington," brought him over, and he landed in New York, June 13, 1848, hastening at once to the constituted authorities to signify his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States.

His skill as a dyer readily gave him employment in the neighborhood of Boston. Within a few months he launched his own commercial bark, entering into business on his own account. Various fortunes attended his efforts for the next ten years. In 1858 he became a citizen of Manchester, at first accepting employment in the Manchester mills, afterward in the Amoskeag mills, until in 1863, when he commenced the manufacture of hosiery by the use of machinery. From a small beginning he has built up a very extensive business, employing about two hundred and sixty operatives at the mill, and affording pin money for a thousand women for miles around, using nearly a thousand tons of wool every year, and preparing for the market about one hundred thousand pairs of stockings each month.

Such mechanical skill and business capacity as his was sure to win for him a foremost place in commercial pursuits. Mr. Olzendam cast his first vote for Franklin Pierce. Since then he has been a Republican, joining the party at its very outset, and ever being a quiet worker for its interests. In 1873 and 1874 he was elected to represent Manchester in the legislature, but has never sought political preferment. For many years he has been identified with the First Unitarian Church of Manchester, having served several terms as director, and frequently acting on important committees when executive action was demanded. In 1862, Mr. Olzendam became an Odd Fellow, and a few years later was initiated into the mysteries of Masonry, and now gracefully wears the title of Sir Knight. Since its organization, in 1874, he has been a trustee of the People's Savings Bank.

October 1, 1851, he was married to Theresa Lohrer, of Dresden, Saxon. They were the parents of eight children, of whom Clementine Olzendam, Alexander H. Olzendam, Gustavus Olzendam, Sidonia Olzendam, and Louis Olzendam survive and reside at home. After the death of the mother of these children Mr. Olzendam was joined in marriage to Mrs. Susie J. Carling.

The family occupy a spacious residence in the northeast part of the city, surrounded by grounds carefully cultivated.

"Mr. Olzendam has risen to a very honorable position in Manchester, primarily by closely attending to his business as a manufacturer, and since then, in addition, by showing himself an excellent citizen, liberal, high-minded, disposed to do what he can to aid every benevolent object and to further the growth and prosperity of the city. Manchester is better for his coming and his staying. A genial gentleman, he enjoys the acquaintance and confidence of a large number of warm personal friends. Many men, as fortune favors them, withdraw more and more from society, and give out less and less towards it, but society feels his prosperity and enjoys with him his success."*

* History of Manchester.

Outside of his own family, Mr. Olzendam has but one relation living, a niece, the daughter of a sister. His grandfather had but one brother, who died without issue. His father had no brothers. His own brothers and sisters have "gone before." May it be granted to Mr. Olzendam to perpetuate through his numerous children his honorable name, and thus found in this country a family which will reflect credit on their progenitor. Of personal friends in the old country Mr. Olzendam left many whose friendship has stood the test of years of separation, and with whom he has regularly corresponded for a third of a century. This fact illustrates the strength of his attachments.

May Mr. Olzendam live many years to enjoy his prosperity. J. N. M.

CORRECTION.

Sketch of NEAL and LEAR, GRANITE MONTHLY, of April, 1881, page 266. Robert Neal, born July 17, 1755, was the son of Robert Neal (not Andrew), who was born in Newcastle, N. H., January 12, 1726, and was married to Alca Clark, June 18, 1750. She was born November 15, 1727, and died February 9, 1756. Their three children, Margaret, Abigail, and Robert, are named in the sketch. THOS. L. TULLOCK.

OUR MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY MISS L. C. TULLOCK.

Far, far from where her children toil,
Our mother's grave is made,
And stranger hands must tend the soil
Where she is lowly laid.

'Tis true we know beneath that mound
Only the body lies,
Her spirit pure a home has found
In hills of paradise.

Yet oft we wish her bed was near;
A solace it would be
To linger 'round a spot so dear,
And tend it carefully.

It's only when in summer's heat,
We seek Piscataqua's wave,
That we can wreathe the flowers sweet,
To lay upon her grave.

PANSIES.

BY LIZZIE LINWOOD.

"There's pansies, that's for thoughts,"
Said one whose memory
Shall o'er the distant ages shine
Like moonlight o'er the sea.

And so each pansy sweet,
Whose upturned face such beauty wears,
Within its velvet petals
An imprisoned thought still bears.

Could we but read its fancy true,
Some thoughts of beauty we should find,
More rare than mortal imagery,
Fresh from the Omniscient Mind.

GOVERNMENT A DIVINE INSTITUTION.

BY G. WILLIS PATTERSON.

THREE definitions are to be borne in mind throughout the discussion of this question: 1. Society is an aggregation of families, and involves simply the idea of either transient or feeble coherence among its members. 2. Government in its very nature involves the principle of supremacy. 3. A political organization is a society into which have been thrown elements of government, and involves the idea of permanent coherence and unity.

I purpose to show that the institutions of government are a natural growth. The family, society, and the political organization constitute a progressive development consequent upon the action of natural laws. This assertion does not negative the divine origin of government. Fair minded and reflecting men see God behind and working through natural laws.

A study of the writers upon Sociology reveals five facts:

I. History begins with the family.

II. The geographical features of the earth favored the formation of societies.

III. The fauna of the earth compelled the formation of societies.

IV. The nature of man tended to the formation of societies.

V. The nature of man changed the society into the political organization.

"The effect of the evidence derived from comparative jurisprudence," Sir Henry Maine tells us, "is to establish that view of the primeval condition of the human race known as the patriarchal theory." There are verses in the Odyssey of Homer describing the patriarchal state of man. "They had neither assemblies for consultation nor themistes," says the poet, "but every one exercises jurisdiction over his wives and his children, and they pay no regard to one another." In his "Physics and Politics," Bagehot tells us, that the *last* lesson of prehistoric ethnology confirms the Homeric idea.

The contour of the earth's surface made possible the grouping of families into societies. That within some territory bounded by sea or desert, or in mountain-girt valleys, societies could be formed, is obvious. That families located on opposite sides of mountain chains, seas and deserts, would not unite is equally certain.

Science has established, beyond doubt, that over a large portion of the earth the animal creation contended with primitive man for the occupancy of the soil. Danger, therefore, bonded men into societies. Circumstances, however, demanded only *small* combinations, and bearing in mind the conservatism which stands prominently out in the better known periods of human history, we are prepared to believe that, within large districts, the primitive families were gathered into scattered societies or tribes. Inductions from the known *status* of savage people at the present day, assure us that this was the fact.

Again, neighboring tribes, by intermarriage, gave rise to family groups or societies. Kinship, from the first, must have been an important force in the clustering of family units into loose tribal relations. Humboldt remarks that "Savages know only their own family, and a tribe appears to them but a more numerous assemblage of relations." Thus rose the tribe. In the beginning the family sentiment was undoubtedly stronger then the tribal sentiment.

Only when the children of its original members had intermarried, could the society become in public feeling one large family. Yet before the ties of blood had consolidated the primitive tribes, there sprang into prominence another force that imparted deeper stability to the family groups. It came to pass that group had to contend for existence with group. This period of inter-tribal conflict is what has been called the "fighting era."

The troubles of this time lifted the crude primitive societies into the dignity of political organizations. At first the will of the group controlled the will of its members, but in times of conflict the *consensus* of opinion was not strong enough, or rather wise enough, to lead the tribes to victory.

A leader was needed, and a leader was found. The various tribes became dominated by their strongest, bravest, and most cunning and intelligent member. The acts and character of the leader in the course of nature became a type to his followers, and thus, under the sway of a chief, unity and vigor, and a higher order of savagery, was projected into the tribe. Each tribe, in preparation for its battles, subjected itself to a course of training, improved its organization, and sought to better its instruments of warfare.

Though a terrible, it was, nevertheless, a disciplining age for primitive man. It was in this period of human history that the principle of natural selection or the survival of the fittest found prominent application. Herbert Spencer teaches that "the struggle for existence between societies has been instrumental to their evolution." The reason of this is plain. During the early centuries of conflict the least intelligent tribes perished. The stronger political organizations, those best fitted to become links in the chain of the social evolution of the race, survived. Class distinctions arose out of the war of the tribes. The warrior-chiefs and the common warriors became, as the tribes expanded into nations, the nobles and the plebeians, the wealthy land-owners, and the poor tenants. I have said that the weaker tribes were destroyed by the stronger. This was not always done. Frequently, conditioned upon the payment of a heavy tribute in produce, the vanquished tribes were allowed to retain tillage possession of their lands. This was the origin of the serf-class. Again, conquering tribes often made slaves of those whom they had overcome, incorporating in this way large classes of bondmen into their own organizations. It was found less profitable to kill than to requite life in return for service.

By a brief epitome of the facts I have shown in a general way, that government is the inevitable outcome of man's nature, when placed in contact with peculiar external conditions. Both man's nature, and the theatre in which that nature was placed, originated in the creative thought and predetermining will of God. Government was evolved from the interplay of natural causes. But we are shallow, indeed, if this answer contents us. Such an institution as government is not evolved from an accident or from an interplay of accidents. Whence the harmonious activity of natural causes? Whence the natural causes themselves? The final form and structure in all evolution is determined by the nature of the original germ. But what determines the nature of the original germ? Who hesitates to meet this question with the reply, "God's will."

Political institutions, then, constitute an organism developed in accordance with natural law. Government is not a compact between the governed and the governing. It is not an institution created by the intelligence of man. It is rather coeval in its origin with the creation of man. It grew with man's growth. What then, it may be asked, is the duty of the citizen to the government? All men concede that it is wrong for an individual to commit suicide. Why? Because by the act of self-destruction the individual takes not his own life, but a life held in trust from God. All men must concede then that it is the

duty of the individual not only to refrain from destroying the life held in trust, but also to fulfil the functions and to realize the highest possibilities of that life. Further, carrying the logic of the principal to its extreme limit, the individual is bound to stand fast by whatever aids him in the conservation and development of the life which he holds. Government stands by the individual life, securing to it the exercise of its functions, duties, and rights. The individual ought then to stand by the government.

From the beginning, as we have seen, government and the citizen, by God's will, have stood in the relation of protector and protected. The relationship is sacred.

MOUNT PAWTUCKAWAY.

BY GEORGE W. BROWNE.

Monarch of surrounding hills,
Valleys fair and dark ravine,
Hail to thee, Pawtuckaway!
Crowned with massive brow serene,
Grim and grand thy rugged form
Clothed in pine-fir's deathless green.

Deep-rent are thy chasms dark,
Flanked with granite seamed and sheer;
And thy frowning crags and steeps
Straight their dizzy heights uprear,
Till the gazing eye grows dim,
Till the heart recoils with fear!

Could we read the secrets thine,
Locked within thy rocky heart,
E'en so cold, impassive, still,—
Strange the tales thou wouldst impart,
Legends rare of days and deeds
Long since lost to memory's art.

Once the eagle had his home
In thy sombre forest shades;
While the lowly rattlesnake
Lived amid thy rocky glades;
Where by day the panther slept,
And at night crept on his raids.

Or anon there burst in sight,
Like a flash, the bounding deer,
Fleeing to some favored dell,
Quaking with an inborn fear
Lest some lurking foe should rise
From amid the thickets near.

Here too lived and loved and warred
Beings of the human world;
From thy lofty ramparts bold
Many a war-note has been hurl'd;
And the scene of wild strife o'er
Here the smoke of friendship curl'd.

Now the eagle's flown away,
Nor is left the reptile's kind;
Where the prowling panther prey'd
The peaceful cattle safety find;
And the deer no more is known,
Save in the name he's left behind.*

Nor is heard the wildwood cry
Of the dusky forest son;
Gleams no more his campfire bright
When the day's wild sport is done;
Far away he's sought a home
In the land of the setting sun.

Ever 'mid unceasing change
In its toils *thou* art found!
Silent now thy thundering tone
That woke once the valleys 'round; †
And thy one-time battlefield
Is to-day a pleasure ground.

Thus has peace her mantle spread
O'er the shades of ages flown;
While the changes of to-day
Fast are leaving thee alone,
Growing old without trace of age,
Stately on thy rock-laid throne.

* Pawtuckaway is an Indian name meaning "great deer place."

† A few years since strange sounds issued from this mountain, and they became so violent that an eruption was feared. But they are no longer heard.

*AN ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS DELIVERED BY DANIEL WEBSTER BEFORE THE FEDERAL GENTLEMEN OF CONCORD AND ITS VICINITY, JULY 4th, 1806.**

THIS country exhibits an interesting spectacle. She is the last of the little family of Republics. She hath survived all her friends, and now exists, in the midst of an envious world, without the society of one nation with which she is associated by similarity of government and character. Whether it be possible to preserve this republican unit in existence and health, is the great question which perpetually fastens on the mind. This inquiry is paramount to all others. Whether this or that political party shall rise or fall; whether this or that administration possess most talents and experience; whether the sentiments of one or another chief magistrate are most favorable to the progress of the nation's population and wealth. These questions, important in many respects, are important to the last degree, so far, and so far only, as they affect the integrity of the Constitution.

To this point every good man's heart and hands are turned. It is the object of his most ardent wishes, and his most active exertions. I cannot on this occasion seduce my own attention, nor would I wish to divert yours from the consideration of this great subject. Is our existing constitution worth preserving? Is it, as hath been said, the last hope of desponding human nature? Is it the brazen serpent to which we turn our eyes, when worried by the fiery serpents of false patriotism and false politics? Guard it then, as you would guard the seat of life, guard it not only against the blows of open violence, but also against that spirit of change, which, like a deadly mortification, begins at the extremities, and with swift and fatal progress approaches to the heart. Do you deem it imperishable? Can no crime destroy, no folly forfeit it? Is it the Rock of Gibraltar, against which the waves of faction may beat for ages, without moving it from its bed? *Beware!* I dare not assert *that*, in this place, sacred as it is to truth, and unaccustomed to all language but that of conviction. Men are subject to men's misfortunes.

If an angel should be winged from heaven on an errand of mercy to our country, the first accents which would glow on celestial lips would be, "Beware! Be cautious! Be wise! You have every thing to lose; you have nothing to gain!" We live under the only government that ever existed, which was formed by the deliberate consultations of the people. Miracles do not cluster. That which has happened but once in six thousand years, cannot be expected to happen often. Such a government, once destroyed, would have a void to be filled, perhaps for centuries, with evolution and tumult, riot and despotism.

When we speak of *preserving the Constitution*, we mean not the *paper* on which it is written, but the *spirit* which dwells in it. Government may love all its real character, its genius, its temper, without losing its apparance. Republicanism, unless you guard it, will creep out of its case of parchment like a snake out of its skin. You may have a Despotism under the name of a Republic. You may look on a government, and see it possesses all the external modes of freedom, and yet find nothing of the essence, the vitality of freedom in it; just as you may contemplate an embalmed body, where art hath preserved proportion and form, amidst nerves without motion, and veins void

* From the press of George Hough, Concord, N. H., 1806.

of blood. There are two classes of causes which may affect the safety of our present excellent system of government. The most numerous, and the most dangerous, comprise those which arise among ourselves, from our own passions, and our own vices. But these are not all. Others arise from our foreign relations. It is with nations as with individuals, their society has great influence in determining their character. Foreign relations, if pursued into the ten thousand windings and intricacies of commerce, is an endless subject. Let us consider them no farther than they may be supposed to affect the preservation of essential national rights, and the security and permanence of the Constitution. Their objects are intimately connected.

The preservation of important rights is essential to the existence of a free Constitution. As government is instituted for the defence and protection of the citizens, they will reluctantly support it, when they are taught that it is incompetent to effect these ends. The surrender of just claims, under pretence that the Constitution has not *energy* enough to defend them with dignity, is calumniating it in the presence of those whose attachment is so neccessary to its existence. A republican system hath no basis but the people's choice. You weaken it, therefore, when you weaken the love of it. When you render it contemptible, you finish it. It is not a labored inference drawn from premises, it is a plain first principle, that a government which cannot protect the rights of the nation cannot protect itself. Under these views, it is, that the foreign relations of the country assume such an interesting aspect.

Our ancestors, the first settlers of these states, imbibed the idea that distance and the sea had forever separated the Western from much connection with the Eastern Continent. They had no apprehension (and who then could have?) of that rapid rise to commerce and consequence which hath since made this country an important object of consideration to the politicians of Europe, and placed us in the neighborhood of the great states of the earth. America is not now a small, remote star, glimmering on the political concerns of Europe with a faint and cold beam. She is in the new firmament, shining with a brilliance which cannot be hidden, and occupying a portion of the hemisphere which cannot be disregarded. Commerce is the great magician which thus annihilates distances and unites countries which Providence seems to have separated.

The only nations on the Eastern continent which are now in a situation that enables them to annoy this country to any considerable degree, are Great Britain and France. These are the two great levers which move the world. They are the two champions contending in a last effort for victory; and the smaller nations around them, unsafe to act an independant part "within the wind of such commotion," either retire from the scene or seek shelter under the power of one of the combatants. In the progress and termination of this conflict, we have, perhaps, more interest than some, and less than others, if our passions would tempt us to believe.

Every nation, as well as every man, hath its ruling passion. It hath some darling object which it pursues in preference to all others. Here is the tender side. Touch this, and you touch a nerve which vibrates directly to the heart.

In Great Britain this ruling passion is commerce. This is the apple of her eye Her situation indicates this employment for the support of her immense population, and habit hath completely moulded the genius of her people to the exigencies of their situation. She is powerful beyond rivalship in her navy, assiduous beyond belief in circulating her trade through every vein and artery of the commercial system. These national pursuits dertermine the national character. On the subject of naval rights she is jealous, haughty, and arrogant. Touch but the hair of her head and she quarrels with you. As in

other cases, the power to do wrong too frequently gives the disposition. While she guards her own immunities with ceaseless vigilance, she is inclined to make such gradual encroachments on the rights of others as threaten, if unresisted, to vest all rights in herself.

What course is it policy to hold with such a nation? Is it wise to resist aggressions? to redress injuries? to resent insult? to assert and maintain national character and national rights? or is is wise to trim and accommodate, to bend to time and circumstance with the best grace we can? to turn the unsmitten cheek, and surrender important rights to the disposal of others?

These sentiments of the heart decide these questions without any appeal to the understanding, and the understanding, unsolicited, confirms the decision of the heart. Whether we consult character or expediency, spirit or policy, the answer is the same, *Defend yourselves!* If we submit to first aggressions, how far is forbearance to extend, and at what point is resistance to begin? Shall we be servile to-day, and fix on to-morrow or the next day as the proper time for honorable resentment? Do we shake poppies on all our senses now, with an expectation of waking from our stupor hereafter with more acute sensibilities? A high wrought affectation of resentment, a petulant propensity to go at fisty-cuffs for every trifle, are the definitions of false honor. A firm adherence to right, which leads to a cool, though unconquerable, determination to defend them at every hazard, is true dignity. Without this, we cannot long have peace, nor good government. A philosophical endurance of repeated injuries, is the greatest of all maladies that can befall a government. It is even worse than occasional precipitation.

Fever is not so dreadful as consumption. Depletion and regimen may cure the former, but when the latter appears, it writes death upon the countenance. Nations generally hold the same grade in the estimation of others which they hold in their own. While they do not respect themselves, it is in vain that they solicit respect from rivals.

Nothing seems plainer than this! *If we will have commerce we must protect it.* So long as we are rich and defenceless, rapacity will prey upon us. The government ought either to defend the merchant, or to repeal the laws which restrain him from defending himself. It ought to afford him the assistance of armed vessels, or to suffer him to arm his own vessel. It ought not to bind him hand and foot, and surrender him to the mercy of his enemy.

On this subject of the protection of commerce much has been said, and many opinions entertained. There is a system which is opposed to every degree of naval preparation. There are men who would not defend commerce an inch beyond the land. They choose to consider the United States as exclusively agricultural, as a great land animal, whose walks are confined to his native forests, and who has nothing to do with the ocean, but to drink at its shores, or sooth its slumbers by the noise of its waves.* This system may have some bright parts, but, as a whole, it is impracticable and absurd. Like the sun in eclipse, a few rays of brilliant luster may decorate its outer edges, but the great body of light is intercepted.

This country is commercial as well as agricultural. Indissoluble bonds connect him who ploughs the land with him who ploughs the ocean. Nature hath placed us in a situation favorable to commercial pursuits, and no government can alter the destination. Habits confirmed by two centuries are not to be changed. An immense portion of our property is on the waves. Sixty or eighty thousand of our most useful citizens are there, and are entitled to such protection from the government as their case requires.

Is it said, We ought never to have differences with other nations which may render measures of protection necessary? This is as wise as to say that blasts

*Mr. Randolph.

and mildews ought never to visit our fields. They come upon us inevitably, and we have nothing to do, but to consider how we may act with most dignity and effect. Or is it said, We will have no navy, because we cannot have one large enough to subdue the British fleet? Will we then leave our ports and harbors defenceless, because we cannot make conquests in the British channel, or set London on fire with bomb shells? Shall we shrink from the defence of our house, because we are not strong enough to pull down the house of our neighbor? That sentiment be to him who hath shoulders broad enough to bear the disgrace of it. It is the offspring of false economy or inordinate avarice. It never sprang from the altar of "seventy-six."

The recent murder of John Peirce, by a British captain in the harbor of New York, is an event well calculated to try the spirit of the times. It is a thermometer by which may be determined the temperature both of the government and the people. In 1770, when the United States were colonies of the British king, before they had called themselves a nation or dreamed of independence, some British soldiers in Boston, provoked by menaces and pelted with brick bats, fired among our citizens, killed some and wounded others. The act roused America! The continent rose to arms! The cry of blood was abroad in the land, and from that moment we may date the severance of the British Empire. In 1806, when the fruits of independence are ripened by the lapse of thirty years, during which time national honor hath received neither spot nor blemish, a British captain, unprovoked, without cause, without pretext, without apology, in our own harbor, in the sight of our citizens, wantonly and inhumanly fires on an American vessel and murders one of her crew. The community is petrified with astonishment, as well as heated with indignation. There is but one voice on the occasion, and that exclaims with imperious emphasis, *Punish the wretch who thus violates the laws of hospitality, defies your government, and sports with the lives of your citizens.* This act, if it had been committed in the Seine or the Thames, without instant reparation, had been the cause of a national war. But in America things are understood better, it was only the cause of a proclamation. Illustrious remedy for wounded honor! That instrument so efficacious for national defence, ought to be written in telegraph, and displayed above the tops of our lighthouses, that it might be seen and read half-way across the Atlantic, and remain a perpetual safeguard to our shores.

Patriotism hath given place to the more laudable spirit of *economy*. Regard to *national honor*, that remnant of chivalry and offspring of the dark ages, is absorbed in a thirst for gain, and desire of *saving*, the liberal sentiments of enlightened times.

As a land power, Great Britain can never be formidable to this country. Her navy is her weapon, and in the use of that she will continue to harass us, until she finds us able and disposed to resist her. A naval force sufficient to protect our harbors and convoy the great branches of our trade, is the natural, necessary, and unavoidable measure of defence. To this the government, first or last, must resort, or they must submit to every species of maritime plunder, and shut their eyes and ears against insult and disgrace. That which ought to have been done originally from regard to character, must be done in the end from the pressure of necessity. National honor is the true gnomon to national interest.

When we turn from Great Britain to France, we are led to contemplate a nation of very different situation, power, and character. We seem to be carried back to the Roman age. The days of Cæsar are come again. Even a greater than Cæsar is here. The throne of the Bourbons is filled by a new character of the most astonishing fortunes. A new Dynasty hath taken place in Europe.

A new era hath commenced. An Empire is founded, more populous, more energetic, more warlike, more powerful than ancient Rome at any moment of her existence. The base of this mighty fabric covers France, Holland, Spain, Prussia, Italy, and Germany; embracing, perhaps, an eighth part of the population of the globe.

Though this Empire is commercial in some degree, and in some of its parts, its ruling passion is not commerce, but war. Its genius is conquest, its ambition is fame. With all the immorality, the licentiousness, the prodigality and corruption of declining Rome, it has the enterprise, the courage, the ferocity of Rome in the days of the Consuls. While the French Revolution was acting, it was difficult to speak of France without exciting the rancor of political party. The cause in which her leaders professed to be engaged, was too dear to American hearts to suffer their motives to be questioned, or their excesses censured with just severity. But the Revolutionary drama is now closed, the curtain hath fallen on those tremendous scenes, which for fourteen years held the eyes of the universe, that meteor, which "from its fiery hair shook pestilence and war," hath now passed off into the distant regions of space, and left us to speculate coolly on the causes of its wonderful appearance.

To other nations, however, France stands in the same situation as before. The consequences which flow to them from her neighborhood, are neither increased nor diminished, nor in any way altered by the change in her government. It is the French character alone which is the object of regard. This depends no more on the form of the government, than the strength of Hercules on the fashion of his coat.

There is a *spirit of nationality* in the French which attaches in equal degree to no other people. Their leading feature is a wonderful promptitude in devoting themselves to their existing government, whatever it may be. No personal pique or dissatisfaction cools a French citizen in the service of his nation. French generals will fight, French ministers will intrigue, notwithstanding the government of their country may not be in hands that suit them. France is their sole object; its glory their sole ambition. It is, therefore, that in all the changes that have happened at Paris, the foreign agents have taken no part; they pursue their object with zeal at all times equally ardent, and assiduity at all times equally unremitted. Though the form of government should change as often as the moon; though new systems should spring weekly from the brains of philosophers; vaporous and evanescent as the mists of the ocean; yet it would require centuries to change these traits of natural character which centuries have wrought. To eradicate the emulation, to quench the zeal, to subdue the Jesuitism, and purify the literature of the nation, is the work of ages. It is these permanent causes, not the temporary form of government, that shed such an aspect of terror on the nations of the earth. Ambition is the never-dying worm which feeds and fattens in the bosom of the Gaul. To an eagerness for personal distinction is also added a thirst for national glory unheard of since the days of Rome, and unequalled, perhaps, even by the Romans.

The intellectual world is considered a theatre of contests, not less than the natural. The morals and sentiments of the nations which have been added to the French Empire have been as completely subdued as their physical strength. The fire and sword of philosophy have a duty of desolation assigned them, as well as the fire and sword of the army. We repeat, therefore, that these causes exist exclusively in the national character, in the religion and literature of the country, and have no connection with the form of the government. They would have been as powerful, if Louis had occupied his throne till this time, as they now are. They are as powerful now as at any moment of the Revolution.

It is not to be inferred from these remarks, that France is less our friend, or more our emeny, than Great Britain. The friendship of nations is no broader than their interest. Each pursues its own object, in different channels, and under different shapes, but with equal disregard to the interest of others.

How much farther the power of France may be extended, what new channels it may hereafter scoop to itself, is impossible to determine. No friend, however, of the human race, can wish to see it extended farther. It is infatuation to desire one nation to be made absolutely supreme over all others. Yet there are men who would rejoice to see the Island of Great Britain a colony of France, a patrimony to some one of the Bonapartes or Beauharnois; there are men who would exult if the "iron sceptre of the ocean should pass into his hands who wears the iron crown of the land."* Heaven protect this country and the civilzied world against such an event! Britain is entitled to no merit for fighting for her own existence; she is contending, not for us, but for herself. Standing, however, as she doth, the sole obstacle to universal power in Europe, it is the part of unutterable folly to desire her fall.

Such, fellow-citizens, are the principal nations with which fortune hath connected us, in the intercourse of the world. Against the power of either, there is nerve and muscle enough in this country to defend our government, if wisdom enlighten our councils, and union give energy to our exertions. States seldom fall till they have deserved their fate. The history of the world hath furnished few instances, and the last hundred years afford none, of any nation falling beneath the crush of superior power, united, courageous, and patriotic. Armies will be easily repulsed if you have in the first place checked the "torrent floods" of disunion and faction. You will withstand the shock of military hosts, if you have successfully withstood the onset of *corrupt opinions*, which, like the locusts of Egypt, "come soaring on the *Eastern* wind."

These first duties depend on our *virtue* and our *patriotism*. Without these, it is vain to talk of a good government; and with them, it is not easy to have a bad one. A correct and energetic tone of public morals is the prop on which free constitutions rest. After all that can be said, the truth is, that *liberty* consists more in the morals and habits of the people, than in any thing else. When the public mind becomes thoroughly vitiated and depraved, every attempt to preserve public liberty must be vain. Laws are then a nullity, and constitutions waste paper. Can you check the wind with a song, or stay the ocean with a bullrush? Then you may think of opposing constitutions and charters to the progress of an ambitious usurper, encouraged in his views, and supported in his measures, by a corrupt and profligate community. The Cæsars and Catalines have their only check in the public morality. When they rise up to do evil, they must find themselves standing alone. Experience hath certified the truth, till inspiration could not make it clearer, that *foreign power, or domestic violence, will assuredly totter down that edifice of freedom which is not founded on public virtue.*

But virtue hath its essence in religious sentiment. Without that, virtue is a realm of frost. Its influence is colder than the northern star. The temple and the altar are the best pledges of national happiness, and he that worships there is the best citizen. It is well to cherish the expectation of future being. Would you have good citizens? Leave to men, then, the consolations of religious hope. The altar of our freedom should be placed near the altar of our religion. Thus shall the same Almighty Power who protects his own worship, protect also our liberties.

Finally, let us cherish true patriotism. Let not the currency of the counterfeit tempt us to disbelieve the existence of the genuine. There is a sentiment

*Mr. Randolph.

of honest patriotism, and it is one of the purest and noblest that inhabit the heart. It is equally salutary to him that possesses it, and to the country, the object of its regard. It hath a source of consolation, that cheers the heart in those unhappy times when good men are rendered odious, and bad men popular; when great men are made little, and little men are made great. A genuine patriot, above the reach of personal considerations, with his eye and his heart on the honor and happiness of his country, is a character as easy and satisfactory to himself, as venerable in the eyes of the world. While his country enjoys Freedom and Peace, he will rejoice and be thankful; and if it be in the counsel of Heaven to send the storm and the tempest, he meets the tumult of the political elements with composure and dignity. *Above fear, above danger, above reproach, he feels that the last end, which can happen to any man, never comes too soon, when if he fall in defence of the law and liberty of his country.*

AN AUTUMNAL IDYL.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

Rare days, cool nights, have come again
With scent of fruit and mint;
Ripe loveliness on hill and plain,
Grand hues of every tint!
But sadly out of key and tune
Is now poor katydid;
The cuckoo's flute-like song of June
Within her breast is hid.

"Kay! Kay!" the former stammers now;
"Chuck! chuck-uck! chuck-uck-oo!"
Says English summer bird, I trow,
Where rustling woodlands woo
But winds are sweet as amber wine,
And now and then a note
From fragrant fir-screen seems divine,—
A trill from robin's throat!

And far-off heights seem nearer heaven
Than e'er they were before;
The silence of the stars is given
To mist-wrapped glade and shore.
Peace, subtle glory fills the earth;
In his worn sandals still
Time bears us, and our mystic birth
Awaits the Father's will.

THE TOWNE MEMORIAL.

BY FRANK W. HACKETT.

WE sometimes smile at the efforts a man makes to render his wealth useful after he has passed away, the pains he is at to guard against contingencies that somehow never happen, and the minute directions he lays down for meeting results, which turn out when reached to be just the reverse of his anticipations. Perhaps it is due to the frequency of these failures, that the pleasure is heightened with which we note an occasional instance where a wise forethought has brought the cherished object into at least partial accomplishment. My purpose in this article is to chronicle such an instance.

To the good sense and liberality of one who was a native and (at the time of his death) a citizen of New Hampshire, are due the grateful acknowledgment of that large and increasing circle of readers who are interested in American biography. It was a happy thought of the late WILLIAM BLANCHARD TOWNE, to establish a fund and place it at the disposal of the New England Historic, Genealogical Society, the income to be applied, from time to time, to the publication of biographies of its deceased members. The first volume of the projected series has recently been given to the public. It deserves more than passing allusion in these pages, for the further reason that of those whose lives are here recorded a fair proportion comes of New Hampshire stock.

Those of my readers to whom the name of the founder of this trust is unfamiliar, will gladly learn, I am sure, something of the man. A sketch of his life appeared in the Historical and Genealogical Register, in January, 1878, written by the accomplished and industrious editor of that publication, John Ward Dean, Esq., of Boston. An introduction to this initial volume also gives us information, chiefly touching his efficient labors as amember of the society. From these sources, we gather that this excellent man was born in Bow, in this State, October 12, 1810, and was a descendant of William Towne, of Yarmouth, England, who, after emigrating to this country, lived for a while at Salem, Mass., and afterwards at Topsfield, where he died, about 1672. Mr. Towne's mother was Clarissa, daughter of Captain John Hoyt. At the age of sixteen, he went to Concord, in the employ of Dr. Josiah Crosby, to take care of the Doctor's horse and run errands. He was self-reliant and studious in getting a fair school education. From 1829 to 1834, we find him tending as a clerk in various stores in Concord. He was a member of the First Congregational Church, the pastor of which, the late Rev. Dr. Bouton, was his life-long friend.

In 1834, Mr. Towne removed to Boston, where for many years he engaged in mercantile pursuits, latterly in connection with the well-known firm of James M. Beebe and Company. In 1842, he was married to Nancy French, daughter of Jeremiah Hill, a commission merchant of Boston; she died in 1858. A second wife was Jennie S., daughter of Daniel Putnam, of Milford, N. H., a sister of the lady whose recent death has been so deeply deplored—the wife of Hon. Bainbridge Wadleigh. Upon the occurrence of this union, in 1867, Mr. Towne removed to Milford, where he resided until his death, in 1876. He was a prominent and useful citizen of that thriving community, and represented the town in the legislature, in 1873 and 1874. He held the position of President of the Milford Five Cent Savings Institution, and a similar office in the

*Memorial Biographies of the New England Historic, Genealogical Society (Towne Memorial Fund) Vol. I., 1845-1852. Boston, published by the Society, 18 Somerset Street, 1880. pp. 533.

Souhegan National Bank. The Free Public Library of the town enlisted his warm sympathies, receiving from him care and attention, as well as substantial aid. He became a leading member of the New Hampshire Historical Society. In 1872, Dartmouth College conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

The favorite pursuit, it appears, to which Mr. Towne applied himself, was genealogical research, for which he evinced a decided taste as early as 1827, when a lad at school. His inclination in this direction doubtless gained fresh impetus upon his becoming acquainted at Concord with John Farmer, whom Mr. Dean justly styles "the father of American genealogy." Without enumerating the results of Mr. Towne's unremitting labor, both in print and in MSS., it may be said in a word, that to him the New England Historic, Genealogical Society, owes much for its present stable and flourishing condition. Among other offices, he held that of treasurer for ten years; and he succeeded the late Ira Perley as vice-president of the society for New Hampshire.

Mr. Towne gave one thousand dollars in 1864, and a like sum in 1870, "to be placed in the hands of trustees, and to be invested and known as the TOWNE MEMORIAL FUND, the principal and interest to be kept separate and apart from the other funds of the society, and the income thereof to be devoted to the publication of memorial volumes of deceased members whenever the society should deem it expedient." In 1878, two years after the decease of its founder, the fund had increased to upwards of four thousand dollars, and a committee was appointed to gather materials and bring out a volume. That the gentlemen thus selected have done their work wisely, and in a manner worthy of the society and of the spirit that prompted the institution of the fund, the volume itself amply attests. In the language of the circular which they sent out, their design has been "to make the work a positive contribution to the history of the times, not consisting of mere eulogies, nor of statistical and colorless abstracts, but models of full and accurate detail."

The memoirs are forty-three in number. Some are slender sketches that occupy but a page or two; but the greater part extend to a length that permits adequate fulness of treatment. The arrangement is chronological, according to the date of the death, beginning with William Durkee Williamson, of Maine, who died in 1846, and closing with Amos Lawrence, of Boston (1852). The list embraces such names as the following: James Kent, by James Kent, of Fishkill, N.Y.; Samuel Hubbard, by Mrs. Elizabeth Greene Buck, of Andover; John Quincy Adams, by Charles Francis Adams, of Quincy; Harrison Gray Otis, by Augustus T. Perkins, of Boston; Albert Gallatin, by Henry Adams, of Boston, the editor of "Gallatin's Works," now in course of publication, and author of the "Life of Gallatin;" Levi Woodbury, by Charles Levi Woodbury, of Boston; Henry Clay, by Robert C. Winthrop, of Brookline; and Daniel Webster, by Charles H. Bell, of Exeter.

The sketch of Mr. Clay will add to the reputation of its distinguished author. There is something touching in the spectacle of this last survivor of the great statesman of his day, taking up the pen in the sunset of life, with all the vigor and freshness of early manhood, to portray the character of his friend and compatriot. The fervor of friendship only animates the style of the writer, it does not betray him into unwarranted eulogy. An ex-cabinet officer, who for more than a quarter of a century has been a figure in our national politics, expressed to me the other day his opinion that this was the finest piece of work Mr. Winthrop has ever done. This gentleman, when a boy, was frequently at Mr. Clay's house, and later enjoyed his intimate acquaintance and confidence.

That the duty of preparing the article upon Daniel Webster fell to the lot of our honored chief magistrate, was a fortunate circumstance. At this late day to write anything of Webster that shall be fresh and inviting, is no easy task. To compress a biography of him into fifteen pages, and yet present a portrait that shall win general acceptance, is an undertaking which none but a master hand would venture to assume. Yet Gov. Bell has done this. I am sorely tempted to plunder freely from these stores, but I must content myself with two or three lines only, written, the reader needs hardly be told, of the reply to Hayne. "The speech was magnificent. It combined every element of power. In its logic it swept away every vestige of the specious reasoning of his opponent; in its style it varied with the topics discussed, terse and cogent in argument, lucid in statement, withering in sarcasm. The peroration was a burst of patriotic eloquence without a parallel in any language."

Nor is praise to be withheld from one who has honored himself in paying tribute to his father's memory, the writer of the memoir of the sole representative of New Hampshire in the Cabinet, or upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Woodbury gives full play to his filial admiration, yet it is not perceptible that he at all over-estimates the services of his father to the country, or exaggerates in the least the political influence and sagacity of that eminent statesman, or his talents and industry as a jurist. The article is an invaluable contribution to the biography of our State. Mr. Woodbury says, "The correspondence of his long political life has not been opened for biographical use, and the skeleton of his life, presented by this memorial, remains to be filled in by the future biographer." If these words may be construed as giving any intimation that the pen which wrote them will not be suffered to remain idle, we accept the omen.

The limits of this article permit me barely to name the others in whom New Hampshire may be supposed to claim a special interest.

William T. Cushing, Esq., of Atlantic City, Iowa, writes of his father, Theodore Cushing, born in Haverhill, Mass., in 1770, a grandson of Rev. James Cushing, pastor of the church at Plaistow, N. H: "Mr. Cushing lived many years in Hopkinton, and Salisbury, N. H., and was the client when Daniel Webster, in the latter town, tried his first case in court. We are told that so retentive was his memory, that it was a common saying 'Ask Mr. Cushing, he knows everything.'" This will remind the reader of the late Caleb Cushing, who was probably a kinsman, inasmuch as Theodore's father appears to have been Captain Caleb Cushing.

The story of Dr. William Cogswell's life is narrated by the Rev. Ephraim O. Jameson, of East Medway: "This christian minister, educator, statistician, editor, theologian, and eminent servant of the Lord," says the biographer, was born June 5, 1787, in Atkinson, N. H. He died in Gilmanton, April 18, 1850. It is the record of a pure and noble life. The labors to which Dr. Cogswell, devoted every waking hour, and his estimable traits of character, are depicted by a loving hand; and the simplicity and directness of its style, renders this one of the most attractive memoirs of the volume.

A slight sketch furnished by Charles K. Dillaway, Esq., of Boston, completes our list. Its subject is the career of Henry Alexander Scammel Dearborn, son of Gen. Henry Dearborn, of the war of 1812. We learn that Mr. Dearborn was born in Exeter, March 3, 1783, was graduated from William and Mary's College, Virginia, in 1803, and four years later entered upon the practice of law in Portland, Maine. This not being to his taste, he abandoned the profession, and removed to Boston. He served a term in Congress (1831–33), and in 1847, was elected Mayor of Roxbury, which office he held at the date of his death, July 29, 1851. He appears to have been of a gentle, affectionate

nature, and fond of letters. "He was an easy and pleasant writer," says Mr. Dillaway. It is interesting to know that in addition to published works, the titles to which are given, Mr. Dearborn left several books in manuscript, beautifully written, chief among which may be mentioned "The Life and Correspondence of Gen. H. Dearborn, in eleven volumes; a life of Col. William Raymond Lee, of the Revolution, in two volumes, and a Life of Commodore Bainbridge, in one volume."

THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

With its cincture of snows lies the wonderful plain
That the paladin formed when the dragons were slain;
'Tis the Hindoo's delight; and the poets endear
By their songs of its beauty, the Vale of Cashmere.

Should you journey afar, and at close of the day
Reach the defile that opens from Baramula,
Such a vision of glory will burst on your sight
You will dream of it nightly with thrills of delight.

As a mirror of silver, and clear as the skies,
Rolls the blue Hydaspe to first gladden your eyes,
With its long line of poplars that ripple in light,
And o'er each a pure star, gleaming faintly and white!

While like jewels set round the Hydaspe's broad arm,
Lakes, fringed with wild lotus, grow mellow and calm;
And through archways of cherry, all festooned with vines,
Gleam the gardens of pleasure, cupolas and shrines.

Yes, verdant, and vivid, and fragrant with flowers
That sparkle, refreshed by the softest of showers,
In the warm blush of sunset the Vale of Cashmere
From this gateway above, will like Eden appear.

There, with carvings as dainty as delicate lace,
Thick sown are the chalets, the picture of grace;
And round them run paths that the ripe fruits bestrew,
While beyond the tall minarets spring into view.

Far away, yet distinct, rises Solomon's spur,
Near the Venice of India, proud Serinagur;
And now the sweet echoes fly leagues o'er the plain,
Bell-music that mingles with boatman's refrain.

As the day when the king of the ancient Nagas
Saw the waters recede through this lone narrow pass,
As august and unstained by the fingers of time,
Rise the grand Himalayas, unscaled and sublime.

Yet, spite of its name, and though nestled among
Such wonders as dazzle, and cannot be sung,
Gaunt Famine has found it, and many a tear
Has watered the sward in the Vale of Cashmere.

SULLIVAN HOUSE, AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

ON the right bank of Oyster River, in the town of Durham, in Strafford County, the traveller will run across one of those old historic homes for which New Hampshire is so celebrated, and of which her citizens are so justly proud. The mansion is an aristocratic looking structure, having been the residence of a hero and patriot, who—in our revolution and the earlier history of our state—embalmed his name in that noble galaxy of names which no future Plutarch can ennoble, that list headed by a Franklin and a Washington; and it still bears evidence of the worldly thrift, good taste, and high standing of its former occupant. The fame of its founder, together with the interesting incidents which have occurred within its precincts, and its connection with many names of renown, renders it memorable in the annals alike of the state and the nation. Few of those who pass it, however, are aware of the interest connected with it, and fewer still are acquainted with the details which entitle it to rank among the notable spots of our State. The rapid growth of our nation, and the indisposition of our people to regard anything important save the full development of our natural resources and the acquisition of wealth, have been productive of no little degree of carelessness regarding many of the minor incidents which go so far toward cementing our national record into a homogeneous whole, and which, oftentimes, seems to furnish a key to greater events. The grave muse of history, intent upon the more paramount events of a nation's life, has neglected many articles of interest while dealing with the major facts of our national birth and development. Hence it has been left to the small literary *chiffonniers*,—the "snappers up of unconsidered trifles,"—to glean and collate those lesser incidents which form the romance of history, and add so much to its zest. It is with this object in view that I present the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY the reminiscences of a visit to the Sullivan House in the summer of 1878.

Durham village is a quiet, sleepy little place, reposing in the valley of Oyster River, at the head of tide water. It is hardly disturbed by the whistle of the locomotive, for though the Boston and Maine Railroad passes through the town, the station is somewhat more than a mile from the village. The walk from the depot to the hotel is an interesting one. The land around you is a part of the ancient Penacook demesnes, and was included in Hilton's grant, being originally a portion of the town of Dover. Down from those hills on your left, up from that stream on your right, many a time poured the red warriors in hunt and foray. A short distance from the street are the ruins of an ancient garrison-house, which the Indians laid low one hundred and eighty-six summers ago.

We reach the village at last, enter its only hotel,—a large brick building, built in the first half of the century,—pay our salute to Boniface, dispose of our traps, and while the sun is blazing in the western sky wander forth note book in hand intent upon historical investigation.

Right here we have a thought, which, whether pertinent or not, we are going to transcribe, and that is this:—There is no need of going to Europe to see beautiful scenery. We have grand scenery enough (everybody admits that); but some of the most charming idealistic scenes on this earth lie in an around our New England villages. One can see but little of these beauties by flying

glimpses from the railway. To learn to love and admire them, you must turn tramp and wander about unburdened by baggage, and tolerably indifferent to accommodation. An old-fashioned New England village is a sight of itself, and we know of nothing that approaches it by way of beauty, unless it be the rural landscapes that surround it.

Durham village is a good type of the New England village that was. The irregular street seems to have been pitched down anyhow, generally over slight irregularities of ground. A swinging sign creaks before the inn door, and a lumbering stage coach drawn by four or six horses would not look out of date driving up under it. There are several of the old square houses of the Revolutionary epoch. Their quaint, small-paned windows, ample door porches, glittering brass knockers, and enormous chimneys, at once attract the attention of the visitor. One could, gazing at these antique houses, almost fancy that from them would issue gentlemen of colonial days, dressed in knee breeches, long clothes, queues, and cocked hats. Each of these houses has its treasure of tradition. In the garret of one ancient mansion a young British officer lay concealed after the capture of Fort William and Mary. Fair hands administered to his wants, and bright eyes illuminated the dreary darkness for the hidden soldier. And that was not the end of the romance. After the war there was a marriage, and the descendants of the red coated soldier of King George and the patriot maiden still live in the old town where the warp and woof of their ancestors' love were woven a hundred years ago.

In a square by itself stands the church, the grey time tint on the venerable walls, and the weather vane rheumatic and unwieldy from age. The swallows are swooping around the belfry, while geese are straying among the calm eyed, contented looking kine, and the ring-boned, spavined equines on the green. Two or three stores, with long benches for seats on each side of the door, where sit two or three aged loafers smoking and a rustic lad indulging in the Yankee propensity of whittling, occur at intervals. Trade cannot be brisk, for as we enter one we awaken the proprietor from a comfortable nap.

Out of doors again we proceed down the street. We descend a slight hill into a little valley. On our left glistens a wide, cove-like expanse of water. It is the river bearing the well-known name of the classic bivalve which here has its waters fettered by a dam. An old tumble down mill stands on the shore. Its machinery is silent, but it evidently wakes up once in a while to show people that it is not yet past the years of usefulness, as is testified by the few thousand feet of boards piled under its roof and the logs scattered about its yard.

Across from the mill, occupying a broad terrace on the hillside, was the mansion that I sought. It will be long before I shall forget the feeling that came over me at the sight of it. There was something so solemn, so dream-like about the ancient house that I stood and gazed at it in a kind of wondering reverie. It seemed as if I had suddenly been placed back in another century, in the company of the paladins of old. The mansion was not of the fashion of these times. The atmosphere that I breathed was laden with the breath of the sulphurous canopy of the battle of Long Island, of Trenton, and of Monmouth. The men of other days surrounded me, and the old house looked down in prouder guise and wore a more cheerful air. There stood in its perfect calm the stately, two-storied, white painted mansion, with its gambrel roof, its high windows, and its barns and out-buildings, shaded by some magnificent poplars and maples whose branches had waved in the breezes of the eighteenth century and shaded the lofty heads of heroes who had inhabited that noble dwelling.

The mansion is situated at a dignified distance: that is to say, about a hundred feet from the street; and the large yard or lawn in front is enclosed by a

wooden fence. The house reminds me of the Langdon mansion, but it is not as grand. A porch shelters the front door, over which clambers a Virginia creeper. The street here runs north and south, so that the front of the house faces the west.

Entering the mansion, I found myself in a fine, spacious hall, running through the house, about ten feet in width, with a grand staircase leading to the upper floors, having handsomely carved and turned newels and rails. The ceiling of this room, like all the others on this floor, is about nine feet high, and the walls are wainscoted throughout. On the right of the hall is the sitting-room, and on the left the parlor. The latter room is remarkable for its fine proportions, its grand old fireplace, and its ornamental paneling. In the old days it must have been the grand room of the house. Most of the rooms remain the same as when their illustrious occupant was alive. The house was built in 1769; and there are about fourteen rooms in it, including the ell.

Before we look around any farther, we will glance at the distinguished founder and some of his friends whom he welcomed here with unstinted hospitality. He was a great man in his day, one of the *dies majores* of the Revolutionary period, the days when there were giants in the land. As a brilliant lawyer, as a successful and gallant soldier, as the efficient chief magistrate of our State, John Sullivan held no humble place before the nation's eyes.

The Sullivans were descended from a family that had for centuries made itself conspicuous in Ireland by its hostility to English rule. The grandfather of the New Hampshire Sullivans was Major Philip O'Sullivan, of Ardra, an officer in the Irish army during the siege of Limerick. His son John, born at Limerick in 1692, was one of the company that in 1723 emigrated from Ireland and settled the town of Belfast, in Maine. At this place he hired a saw-mill and went to work. Two or three years afterwards another vessel of Irish emigrants landed at Belfast. On board was a blooming young damsel, who, after the custom of those days, had agreed with the ship-master to be bound out at service in the colonies in payment of her passage across the Atlantic. She was bright and witty, with a mind of a rough but noble cast. During the voyage over, a fellow passenger jocosely asked her what she expected to do when she arrived in the colonies. "Do?" answered she, with true Celtic wit, "why, raise governors for thim." Sullivan saw the girl as she landed, and struck with her beauty made a bargain with the captain, paying her passage in shingles. He wooed and won her, and the Irish girl entered upon the initiatory steps to make good her declaration.

Immediately after his marriage Mr. Sullivan settled on a farm in Berwick, and began clearing it for the plow. Cheered by the love of his enterprising wife, and determined to achieve success, if patient toil and industry could accomplish it, he worked hard, and was rewarded for his labor by seeing fertile fields rise around him where but a few years before lay the unbroken wilderness. Being a man of good education, he taught school in the winter at Berwick. He was the father of four brave sons, John, James, Daniel, and Eben Sullivan.

John, the eldest of the brothers, was born in 1740. At the age of twelve he assisted his father on the farm. He was a sturdy boy, of great independence of character, and under his father's guidance was well trained when he reached the age of eighteen, both intellectually and physically. His father destined him for the bar, but was too poor to pay the expenses of a collegiate education, so the boy was sent to Judge Samuel Livermore, who at that time was residing in Portsmouth. In a coarse garb he knocked at Livermore's house and inquired for the squire.

"What can you do for me if I take you?" asked the judge, when the boy told his errand.

"Oh, I can split the wood, take care of the horses, do your gardening, and perhaps find time to read a little, if I can have the privilege."

As John Sullivan appeared to be a promising youth, Mr. Livermore received him into his household, where he did duty in various ways. Evincing a rare intelligence, and a laudable desire of increasing his knowledge, he was allowed the use of the library. The young student employed every leisure hour, and soon had the contents of his master's library stored away in his capacious brain.

His rapid advance was unsuspected by the judge, but the knowledge was brought home to him one day in a surprising manner. Sullivan had let himself to plead for a client arrested for battery, and while arguing the case with a degree of native talent and a knowledge of law that was surprising, Judge Livermore entered the room. Unobserved by the young lawyer he listened to his plea. Sullivan, much to his surprise, was successful, cleared his client, and earned his first court fee. The next morning the judge called him into his library, and thus addressed him:—

"John, my kitchen is no place for you; follow on in your studies, give them your undivided attention, and you shall receive that assistance from me that you need, until you are in condition to repay it."

In due time he was admitted to the bar, and established himself at Durham. His energy and industry gained him a good practice and many friends. He made an excellent matrimonial alliance, marrying, in 1766, Miss Lydia Wooster of Salmon Falls. He was the father of two sons, George and John Sullivan, a man of substance, and one of the leading lawyers of the state when the Revolution broke out.

Sullivan was an ardent patriot from the instinct of race. The prejudices of the Irishman made him a good American citizen. The city in which his father was born could tell a tale of English duplicity and persecution, and the thousand examples which the history of Ireland presented to his view warned him against putting any faith in English protestations. The arrogant encroachments of Great Britain he felt were not to be endured. While others dreamed of peace, he dreamed of war. He even determined to initiate belicose proceedings, to set the ball a rolling himself, and actually force the war. And he did it, too.

In December, 1774, the people of Portsmouth received by express a copy of the recent order of the king, in council, prohibiting the exportation of military stores to the colonies. The people were at that moment expecting the arrival of vessels of war from Boston, which were to bring reënforcements of troops and ammunition to Fort William and Mary, then the name of the fortress at the entrance of the harbor. The garrison at that time consisted of only five men, and they had under their charge a hundred guns and a large quantity of powder and balls, the possession of which was deemed important to the patriot cause. John Sullivan was a member of the Provincial Congress that year, and had just arrived in Portsmouth from Philadelphia. War had not been declared, but there was no telling when the flames of dissension would burst forth. When the conflict did come there would be need of arms and ammunition. When the British troops arrived,—and they were momentarily expected,—the fort would be in their hands, and it would be too late to capture it. Sullivan proposed the immediate capture of the place, and offered to lead the men to the attack. A military force was accordingly summoned as secretly as possible from the neighborhood. Sullivan and John Langdon took the command, and the march was commenced toward the

English fort. It was a hazardous undertaking. The sycophants of Wentworth thronged the town, who would consider the capture of the patriots as a good passport to the governor's favor. Besides there was danger from the fort. If the captain became aware of their design, he was sure to turn the guns upon them and destroy them. But no alarm was given, and in silence Sullivan and his little band approached the works. With a rush they gained the gate, captured the sentry, and before a challenge could be given had the captain and every man in the fort prisoners. The British flag was hauled down. The gunpowder, of which there was one hundred barrels in the fort, was immediately taken away and hid in the houses of the patriots. Sullivan concealed a portion of it under the pulpit of the Durham meeting-house. A large part of this plunder afterwards did good service at Bunker Hill. Next day fifteen of the lighter cannon and all the small arms were carried away. The governor and his officers received no intelligence of the affair until it was too late to remedy it, and when the British troops arrived they found only a dismantled fortress. The affair, which in itself may appear to be of no great moment, assumes a different aspect when we consider the time at which it occurred. It was the first act of armed hostility committed against the crown of Great Britain by an American.

The following June, John Sullivan was appointed by Congress a brigadier-general. Many have wondered how it happened that a young lawyer who knew nothing of military affairs save what he had learned while holding a provincial commission as major, should have received such an appointment over the heads of veterans like Stark and Folsom. It was for this reason :— John Stark and Nathaniel Folsom were sworn rivals, and each pressed his claims so strenuously that Congress saw no better way to settle the difficulty than to appoint a new man. Sullivan was well known. He had sat in that body the preceding year, and his bold enterprise at Fort William and Mary had blazed his name far and wide as that of a bold and able patriot. That he had capabilities for the place no one will deny. He was not a great general, but he was a brave and dashing officer. Washington and Lafayette, who had means of knowing, considered him one of the most useful men in the service. Like Peter the Great, and Frederick of Prussia, he learned by experience, and his last military conduct was his most brilliant.

Mrs. John Adams, whose letters have been read with a great deal of interest, has left some admirable portraits of the distinguished characters of the Revolution. Of General Sullivan she says :—

"I drank coffee one day with General Sullivan upon Winter Hill. He appears to be a man of sense and spirit. His countenance denotes him of a warm constitution, not to be very suddenly moved, but, when once roused, not very easily lulled ; easy and social ; well calculated for a military station, as he seemed to be possessed of those popular qualities necessary to attach men to him."

It is well known how many ridiculous reports were circulated by the British during the war regarding our soldiers and officers. Here are two of them about Sullivan. In 1777 a London paper in speaking of him said :—"General Sullivan, taken prisoner by the king's troops at the battle of Long Island, was an attorney, and only laid down the pen for the sword about eight months ago, though now a general." He had been two years in the field.

One of the Hessian officers, Hieringen by name, gave a home correspondent the following valuable information :—"John Sullivan is a lawyer, but before *has been a footman*. He is, however, a man of genius, whom the rebels will very much miss." The same writer calls General Putnam a butcher by trade.

It was at this battle of Long Island that the Hessians won their terrible reputation which was such a bugbear to the colonists. The battle was very disastrous to our arms. It had been badly planned by the commander-in-chief. The defeat of the Americans has been attributed in part to their total want of cavalry. It was wholly owing to negligence on the part of Washington. A single regiment at the proper place on the Jamaica road could have prevented Clinton's advance, and the consequent discomfiture of our army. As it was, heroism availed not. The son of the Irish schoolmaster behaved with the quenchless valor of his race; but encompassed by red-coats, his men dead or in retreat, there was nothing left for him to do but to surrender. He was discovered secreted in a cornfield. He afterwards said that he actually saw many of the Americans pinned to trees with bayonets. Sullivan was exchanged in a short time, and at the battle of Trenton both he and Putnam had the opportunity to avenge the libel on their names, and the Hessians lost their lions' skins.

He had been created a major-general in 1776, and he now became one of the prominent leaders of the colonists. He did good service at Princeton, and during the rest of the season protected the lines at Morristown. On August 22d, 1777, he made a descent on Staten Island, the entire success of which was prevented through the misconstruction of his orders. Though the attempt was rash, it was afterwards justified by a court of inquiry, and by a vote of Congress. At the battle of Brandywine he commanded the right wing, and was fully exonerated by Washington from the charge of being responsible for the defeat that ensued. At Germantown he defeated the British left, driving them before him for two miles; but through mistakes on the American left, caused by fog, the victory was changed into a repulse. In 1778, Sullivan commanded in Rhode Island. In August of that year he prepared to attack the British lines at Newport, but was deprived of the coöperation of the French fleet under D'Estaing, and was obliged to raise the siege; but at Butt's Hill, on the 29th, he repulsed the enemy, and withdrew from the Island with slight loss. In 1779, he was appointed to the command of an expedition against the Indians of the Six Nations. He laid waste their settlements, and inflicted upon them and the tories commanded by Brant and Sir John Newton, a severe defeat near the present site of Elmira in western New York. This last event concluded Sullivan's military operations. His health was shattered by fatigue and exposure, his private fortune was much diminished by five years' service in the army, and he felt obliged to resign his commission. Congress accepted it, and granted him a vote of thanks.

But the hero was not allowed to rest. A vexatious question was then pending before Congress relative to the claim of New Hampshire to the territory of Vermont. The two ablest lawyers of the State, John Sullivan and Samuel Livermore, were sent to plead our side of the case. Subsequently the State refused to reimburse him for all the expenses he had undergone, and there was some bad feeling engendered. But New Hampshire could not dispense with the talents of her brilliant son. It continued to bestow its most responsible offices upon him, honors that would have graced no other of its citizens as well as he. He was member of Congress in 1781, and was chairman of the committee that aided in suppressing the meeting of the Pennsylvania troops. For four years, from 1782 to 1786, he was attorney-general of the State. In 1786, 1787, and 1789, he was President of New Hampshire. In the disturbances of 1786, he prevented anarchy in the State by his intrepidity and good management, and in 1788 he secured the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Washington appointed him federal judge of New Hampshire, which office he held to his death, which occurred January 23, 1795.

General Sullivan in figure was well made and active, not tall by any means, but rather short, though his uppish pose somewhat concealed that defect. Admirable portraits of him exist. Beards were not in fashion at the time of the Revolution, which is a very fortunate matter for us, as we are enabled to trace the lineaments of leading characters of that time with a degree of satisfaction that in few cases can be the privilege of the future biographers of the men of the present day. The general had a frank, fearless face, with a dark complexion, a prominent nose, and black and piercing eyes. His brown hair was slightly curling. His countenance, as a whole, was harmonious and agreeable; and his manners were courtly. He looked a soldier and a gentleman, every inch of him.

The old mansion continued to be inhabited by the general's widow and his youngest son John, until 1811, when it was sold at auction. George Sullivan was a prominent lawyer of Exeter, and for several years attorney-general of the State, as was also his son John, the last serving from 1848 to 1863. He succeeded as attorney-general, John Sullivan Wells, who was also a descendant of old Master Sullivan. The general's son John went to Boston, where his uncle James had died, after being for two terms governor of Massachusetts, and where his cousins, William and John Langdon, were well known men. Certainly the progeny of old John Sullivan and his blooming Irish wife were something to be proud of, nor has the stock yet become enervated.

Captain Eben Thompson was for a long time the owner of Sullivan House. He fixed the house up considerably, and while he lived kept the place looking its holiday best. He and his wife died the same night, sometime in the year 1850. Captain Thompson's son Charles then entered into possession of this historic home, which he held until 1866, when Miss Lissetta Davis purchased it for $1,750. Miss Davis still continues to own it.

We wandered into the back yard. There is the little cottage still unchanged, where the negro servants lived, who performed the work of the family. Like most of the northern gentlemen of means, Sullivan had his slaves. But they were well treated. Old Noble, a shiny-faced, bugle-lipped, full-blooded African, who lived to so late a period that the oldest inhabitant still remembers him, was an especial favorite. He used to often row his master down the river to Portsmouth, some thirteen miles away. One day the general was in a hurry, and told Noble he would give him a crown if he would land him in Portsmouth in just two hours.

"Golly, I'll do it, massa!" said the black, his eyes rolling in joyful anticipation of the reward.

They started down the river, Noble pulling with all his might. It was a cool autumn day, but the negro perspired as though it was in July. Four miles above Portsmouth city he rowed to the shore.

"What does this mean, Noble?" asked Sullivan.

"Means that I'se right down glad we are in Portsmouth," replied the sable gentleman, holding forth his hand for the crown.

Noble was a mighty oarsmen, but neither he nor any one else could have rowed to Portsmouth warf in the short time specified. The cunning African had, however, by the greatest exertion contrived to touch the shore at the nearest point of the township, thus securing the guerdon that the general had promised him.

The wharf still remains, though some of the planks are decayed and broken. Many and many a time John Sullivan has walked down that path to take passage in his private barge or some passing boat. That was before the day of locomotives, or even steamboats, steam launches and outriggers, and most of the business of Durham was done by means of row boats. Each merchant had his craft, and they furnished all the means of transportation for that time.

Instead of going in his own barge, Sullivan quite as often journeyed by the regular line of boats. One time late in life, when the general's commission had given place to that of President of New Hampshire, his Excellency solicited a passage on board a boat bound for Portsmouth. The boatmen readily granted his wish upon condition that the president should observe the usual custom of paying respect to the "Pulpit," a name given to a projecting cliff on the river bank, which the superstitious boatmen regarded with reverential fear, and never passed without raising the hat.

"I never did nor shall pay respect to the devil's pulpit," replied Sullivan, "and you need not ask it."

However, they took him on board, and went on down the river. But they stood in fear of bad luck, if the dangerous spot was passed and each man on the boat did not make the customary salute. With true Yankee ingenuity they overcame the threatening obstacle. One of the boatmen took off his own hat and examined it, then casting his eyes at the three cornered chapeau with waving plume that ornamented the head of his Excellency: "Sir, the birds seem to have flown over your hat."

The chapeau was carefully brought down for inspection. "I see nothing," said Sullivan. "We've passed the Pulpit, sir," was the laconic reply. The superstitious boatmen were in excellent spirits at the successful ruse they had played upon the President, and it is useless to add that good luck attended their voyage.

Walking back to the house, we paused at the spot where the general's law office stood. Only stones mark the place, and a noble old elm, whose branches must have bent patronizingly over the roof of the building. The office was removed about fifty years ago, a quarter of a mile away, and now forms the ell of the dwelling house of Joseph Coe. In connection with this building is entwined another name besides John Sullivan's. During the years 1773 and '74, a young man, a graduate of Harvard, was studying law there with the general. He was one of the Durham party who went with Sullivan in that expedition to Fort William and Mary. He followed his teacher and friend from the law office to be a major in the continental service. He was afterwards colonel of one of the New Hampshire regiments, adjutant-general of the army, and died in the flush of his manhood, in the trenches before Yorktown,—the victim of the ignorance and brutality of a British vidette,—Alexander Scammel.

A blaze of romance surrounds the memory of this young hero. He was the knight *sans reproche et sans peur* of the Revolution. He was brave, chivalrous, and able. There was no nobler looking man in the army. In stature he was just the height of the commander-in-chief, six feet and two inches, and he was proportioned as symmetrically as an Apollo. Features of the Roman cast gave dignity and martial ardor to his countenance. His steel blue eyes blazed in all the hardest fought contests of the Revolution. He successively succeeded Colonel James Reid in the colonelcy of the Second New Hampshire Regiment, that officer having resigned, and Enoch Poor in that of the Third, upon the promotion of that officer to a brigade-generalship in 1776. In all the battles connected with Burgoyne's campaign, Col. Scammel exhibited the most determined valor, and the most approved ability. At the battle of Monmouth, his gallantry and that of his troops were such as to receive the particular approbation of Washington. In 1780, he received the appointment of adjutant-general of the American army, the varied and responsible duties of which office he discharged with fidelity and honor. At Yorktown, he was in command of a picked corps of infantry. On the 30th of September, 1781, while reconnoitering the enemy's position, he was surprised by a party of their horse, taken prisoner, and afterwards barbarously wounded by them. Despite all that surgical skill and attention could do, he died from

the effects of his wounds, October 6th, at the age of thirty-three. He was buried at Williamsburg the next day, amid all the honors that could be shown on the occasion.

Before he became Sullivan's confidential clerk, Scammel had been a schoolmaster and a surveyor. He was born in Milford, Massachusetts, and graduated at Harvard in 1769. In 1770, he was a member of the Old Colony Club, the first society in New England to commemorate publicly the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. In August, 1772, he was in government employment on board the armed sloop "Lord Chatham," bound for Boston with dispatches and plans for the Lords of the Treasury. The next winter he taught school at Berwick, when he became acquainted with the Sullivans. The esteem in which he was held by his brother officers is amply illustrated by the fact that when Lafayette was on his last visit to this country, at a large gathering of Revolutionary veterans, the noble marquis proposed as a toast, "To the memory of Yorktown Scammel," which was vociferously drank.

Not far from the mansion is the family cemetery of the Sullivans. It is a dreamy, deserted old place, enclosed by a stone wall and shadowed by rows of apple trees. The sun was setting as we strayed into the enclosure. There are about a dozen graves therein, each marked by a cheap, oblong marble tombstone. Most of them show signs of dilapidation and age. We stand before one of the plain marble slabs that, though moss grown and defaced by time, still preserves its inscription intact. We read:

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN,
WHO WAS BORN
FEBRUARY 17th, 1740,
AND DIED
JANUARY 23rd, 1795.

Underneath rests all that remains of the great lawyer, the brave soldier of our war for independence, the worthy chief magistrate of New Hampshire. On the foot stone is simply engraved the initials of his name, J. S. His wife Lydia lies buried beside him. She died in 1820, at the age of eighty-two.

At a little distance sleep the elder John Sullivan and Margery his wife. The dates upon their tomb-stones, show that they both died at a good old age, after outliving their most illustrious son. The old man died in 1796, at the remarkable age of one hundred and four years. His wife died at the age of eighty-five, in 1801. They were buried first at Berwick, but were removed to Durham a short time before my visit. The soil was very sandy in which they had been buried, and their bones were said to have been nearly entire. We presume that, as a rule, the less the remains are enclosed and the quicker the enclosing wood decays, the longer the bones are preserved. Even at this distant date, uncoffined Indian remains are sometimes disinterred in this State.

The sun has gone, and as the twilight deepens, the full, silver faced moon rises above the picturesquely wooded hills, and the stars come out. We will not hasten. The air is full of mystic softness. The silvery light of the moon falls in wierd like shadows upon the clustering grave stones, bathes the old mansion in a sea of radiance, and flashes with the gleam of diamonds upon the river ripples of the classic bivalve. We stand wrapped in thoughts. The gay, the beautiful, the proud had trod the soil where I stood. Vice regal corteges have swept from yonder door. Those whom the world delighted to honor have abode under that roof. The ambitious have here dreamed dreams. The lover had breathed words of undying devotion, and all had been fulfilled. But what mattered it? All is past and forgotten. "*Sic transit gloria mundi!*" My cigar is ashes. Good night! good night!

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH CONCORD, N. H.

BY HOWARD M. COOKE.

IF we go back to the year 1755, we come to the time from which to date the commencement of the history of the Baptist denomination in New Hampshire. In that year the first Baptist church now in existence in the State, was formed in the town of Newton, the county of Rockingham. It was a time when the "standing order," as it was termed, was the dominant religious power within our borders, and to whose mandates all were expected to render obedience. In this organization we find an illustration of the union of church and state. The town, in connection with the church, called and settled the minister, paid his salary in money or in those things that he needed to supply his wants, built the meeting house and the parsonage, levied the rates upon the inhabitants, and all were expected to pay or suffer the penalty prescribed by law. The Baptists in our State, in the last century, bore the brunt of the battle for religious toleration, as the records of the church in Newton and other churches amply attest.

Near the middle of the eighteenth century, a remarkable man came from England to our country, and exerted a great influence in the religious world. It was George Whitefield, the friend and contemporary of John Wesley. One of the important results that followed his labors in New England, was the breaking down, in a degree, of the power of the standing order; and this result contributed indirectly to the spread of Baptist sentiments and the increase of Baptist churches, so that while in 1739, one hundred years from the organization of the first Baptist church in Providence, R. I., there were but thirty-eight churches of the faith in the land, in 1783, or in less than half a century, there were three hundred and nine.

The brilliant example and great success of Whitefield and his followers had taught the utility of the itinerant system of preaching. In our own State, several Baptist ministers at nearly the same time entered its borders, at different points, and commenced their labors. Among the more prominent and successful of these was Rev. Hezekiah Smith, pastor of the Baptist church in Haverhill, Mass. He made missionary tours in various directions, accompanied by some of the members of his church. In the course of his journeyings, Mr. Smith visited the town of Concord. His success in other places aroused hostility to him and his mission, and called for a special warning from Rev. Timothy Walker, the pastor at that time of the Old North Church. This was given in a sermon, afterwards published, entitled, "Those who have the form of Godliness, but deny the power thereof." It does not appear that Mr. Smith was anyways daunted by this ministerial fulmination, and it is probable his labors in Concord, at that time, were indirectly the means of the formation, some years later, of the First Baptist Church, the history of which we propose briefly to write.

Concord, at the commencement of the present century, was a pleasant town, with a population of two thousand and fifty-two. A resident here in those years passing up Main street, to-day, and viewing the handsome and substantial business blocks that adorn the city, could not fail to note the change which this lapse of time has made in its appearance. A change as great as that, however, has taken place in less than eight decades, in the opinions and practice of our people in matters of religious observance.

Within the limits of the city we have now, at least, seventeen public places of worship, representing nine different denominations. But in the former years of which we write, all or nearly all the people of the town met in the same church, and listened to the same minister. How famous was then the Old North Meeting House, as the place whither the families went up to worship on the Sabbath. The Puritan method of observance was still in vogue, and "going to meeting," as it was termed, was a universal custom, and one not to be lightly esteemed or disregarded. This unity of sentiment and practice, which had prevailed from the incorporation of the town, in 1725, was destined to have an end. In 1818, we find that the initiatory steps were taken for the formation of a Baptist church in Concord. The record states that "on the 20th of May, 1818, a number of persons residing in Concord, and belonging to Baptist churches elsewhere, met at the house of Mr. Richard Swain, in said town, for the purpose of ascertaining what degree of fellowship existed among them in the faith and order of the gospel, and also to consider what were the prospects of forming a church agreeable to the principles and practice of the Apostles of our Lord. After a free and full discussion of the first object before them, the following persons gave to each other an expression of their christian fellowship, viz.: James Willey, John Hoit, Sarah Bradley, Deborah Elliot, Sally Swain, and Nancy Whitney."

On the 28th of the same month, the record also says, "an adjourned session was held at the house of Mr. Nathaniel Parker, at which meeting three sisters related their christian experience, and made a brief statement of their views of christian doctrine, after which those present expressed to them their christian fellowship." The next act of that meeting was "to listen to the christian experience of Mr. Oliver Hart, and to agree to receive him to the fellowship of the church when he shall have been baptized." At this meeting, members from the church in Bow were present by invitation, to advise in reference to the constitution of a church. These brethren having examined the subject, unanimously advised this small band of christians to organize.

On the 23d of September, 1818, a council of neighboring churches was held at the house of Rev. William Taylor, and a church constituted, numbering fourteen members. The public services in recognition of this church were attended at the "Green House," Rev. John B. Gibson preached the sermon, Rev. Otis Robinson of Salisbury gave the hand of fellowship, and Rev. Henry Veazey of Bow offered prayer. For over seven years this church did not possess a house of worship, but was accustomed to hold services on the Sabbath in the school house which stood upon the site of the high school building. In 1825, a church edifice was erected, dedicated on December 28th of that year, and opened for public worship in January, 1826. The order of exercises at the dedication was as follows: Anthem; Prayer by Rev. Otis Robinson, of Salisbury; Reading of select portions of scripture, by Rev. James Barnaby, of Deerfield; Singing of Psalm one hundred and thirty-two; Dedicatory prayer by Rev. N. W. Williams, late of Windsor, Vt.; Sermon by Rev. Ferdinand Ellis, of Exeter, text Haggai 2:9; Prayer by Rev. Michael Carlton, of Hopkinton, and closing with an anthem.

The original cost of the house was between six and seven thousand dollars. At the time of its erection it was regarded as a handsome edifice, and creditable to the skill of the architect, Mr. John Leach. It stands upon land on the south side of State street, between School and Warren, given by the late Col. William A. Kent, and was originally seventy feet long and fifty feet wide, containing seventy-two pews on the floor and thirty in the galleries. Probably no public edifice in Concord has undergone more changes, both in its interior and exterior appearance. In 1835, it was remodelled and a number of pews

added. In 1845, the house was enlarged by the addition of twenty feet to the north end, the galleries removed, modern windows inserted, and the whole inside newly finished. In 1854, great improvement was made in the interior arrangements. In 1875, another and a very complete renovation was effected at a cost of some twelve thousand dollars, and placing it, so far as the interior arrangements are concerned, among the most tasteful and elegant in the State. It has a seating capacity of nearly eight hundred. It is furnished with a fine toned and powerful organ, from the manufactory of Messrs. Hutchings, Plaisted & Co., of Boston, a gift from Hon. George A. Pillsbury and Charles A. Pillsbury, formerly residents of Concord, and honored members of the church and society, but now residing at Minneapolis, Minnesota. Connected with the church is a commodious chapel, for the social religious services on Sabbath and week-day evenings (erected in 1853, and dedicated December 1, 1853), and to this the addition of a ladies' parlor with a kitchen and other conveniences, in 1877, makes it one of the best arranged buildings for the purpose designed, in our city.

A church organization in any community is greatly indebted for its prosperity, both in a material and spiritual point of view, to the pastors who are called to preside over its affairs. This church has been favored with the services of men who have labored faithfully for the promotion of the interests of religion in the good city of Concord. At its formation, in 1818, Rev. William Taylor was called to be its first pastor. He had previously been pastor of the church at Sanbornton, and also missionary agent in the employ of the New Hampshire Baptist Convention. It was, perhaps, mainly through his efforts that the church was formed, and, like all new interests, which at that time ran counter to the general drift of public opinion, it met with some opposition. Mr. Taylor continued as pastor till January, 1826. He was a man well fitted to commence new enterprises; the membership of the church increased from nine to forty-four, and at that time he was considered one of the leading clergymen in the Baptist denomination in the State. Later in life he emigrated to the west, and died at Schoolcraft, Michigan, June 7, 1852, at the age of sixty-eight.

Rev. Nathaniel West Williams succeeded Mr. Taylor in 1826, and continued in the relation of pastor till April, 1831. During the five and a half years of his ministry, fifty-four members were added to the church, making a total membership of seventy-five. Mr. Williams is described as "a man of singular prudence and knowledge of human nature." In his younger years he had followed the sea, and was captain of a vessel. He was sound in doctrine and instruction, an impressive preacher, a faithful pastor, and an exemplary christian. He died in Boston, May 27, 1853, aged sixty-nine. Rev. Joseph Freeman supplied the pulpit for a few months in the year 1831.

Rev. Ebenezer Edson Cummings, D. D., became the third pastor and the successor of Mr. Williams in March, 1832, and remained till May, 1850, making a pastorate of eighteen years, the longest thus far in its history. Dr. Cummings was born in Claremont, November 9, 1800; graduated at Waterville College, Maine, in the class of 1828; ordained pastor of the Baptist church in Salisbury, September 17, 1831. The church, at the time of his settlement, numbered one hundred; only two of this number are now living,—Mr. George Porter, of Pittsburg, Penn., and Mrs. Hazen Walker, of Manchester. During this pastorate, over four hundred and fifty members were added to the church, and at the time of Dr. Cummings resignation as pastor, it numbered two hundred and seventy-seven.

In the meantime great changes had taken place in the business prospects of the town. Concord became an important railroad centre, and the wealth and

population of the town increased in a marked degree. Dr. Cummings, in June, 1850, removed to Newark, N. J., thence in November to Springfield, Mass., thence in April, 1852, to Pittsfield N. H., afterwards returning to Concord, and was installed pastor of the newly formed Pleasant Street Baptist Church, January 11, 1854, and continued in that relation till the spring of 1867, when he retired from active service as a pastor, but acceptably supplying, from time to time, churches that were temporally destitute of pastors. No brief sketch, in connection with this article, would do justice to Dr. Cummings, and it would be fitting that a complete record of his life might appear in the GRANITE MONTHLY.

Rev. Charles Worthen Flanders, D. D., was installed as the fourth pastor of this church, January 13, 1851. Dr. Flanders was born in Salisbury, Mass., February 9, 1807, graduated at Brown University, in the class of 1839; pursued his theological course under the instruction of Rev. John Wayland, then pastor of the First Baptist Church, Salem, Mass. His first settlement, of ten years duration, was over the First Baptist Church, Beverly, Mass., coming to Concord in 1850. Of this clergyman it can well be said, that he was eminent for his goodness and christian charity, and was thoroughly consecrated to the office and work of the ministry. Under his labors, for a period of sixteen years, the church increased in numbers and influence, and two hundred and forty names were added to its membership. The benevolent work of the church was never more successfuly carried on, and those who commenced their religious course during his pastorate, ever found in him a wise counsellor and friend. In 1866, Dr. Flanders removed to Kennebunkport, Maine, thence to Westboro', Mass., thence to Beverly, Mass., where he died in the summer of 1875, at the age of sixty-eight.

Rev. Daniel Webster Faunce, D. D., became the fifth pastor of the church, in September, 1866. He was born in Plymouth, Mass., a graduate of Amherst College, and had been pastor of churches in Worcester and Malden, Mass. His style of preaching was in marked contrast with that of his predecessors. A quick thinker, a ready writer, and a good speaker, his pulpit utterances were earnest, eloquent, and practical. It was during his pastorate, that the semi-centennial of the organization of the church occured, October 8 and 9, 1868. This was an interesting occasion, and participated in by many who had been members of it in former years. The exercises consisted of a voluntary and anthem; reading of scriptures and prayer, by Rev. Samuel Cooke; reading of the early records of the church, by A. J. Prescott; the first pastorate (Rev. William Taylor's), by Rev. Ira Pearson; the second pastorate (Rev. N. W. Williams), by his son, Rev. N. M. Williams; the third pastorate, by Rev. E. E. Cummings, D. D.; the fourth pastorate, Rev. C. W. Flanders, D. D.; the fifth pastorate, Rev. D. W. Faunce, D. D. and concluding with an anthem and benediction. On the evening of October 8th, an historical sermon was preached by Dr. Faunce. It was during Dr. Faunce's residence in Concord, that he wrote the work entitled, "The Christian in the World," a prize essay. In January, 1875, Dr. Faunce received and accepted a call to the Washington Street Baptist Church in Lynn, Mass.

In September, 1875, Rev. William Vaughn Garner entered upon his labors as the sixth pastor. Previous to his coming to Concord, Mr. Garner had enjoyed pleasant and successful pastorates with churches at Hastings, on the Hudson, (the home of Admiral Farragut), at Binghampton, N. Y.; at St. John, N. B.; and for more than nine years at the Charles Street Baptist Church, in Boston, over which for forty years Rev. Daniel Sharp, D. D., was the beloved pastor. At the time of Mr. Garner's settlement, the church edifice was undergoing extensive repairs and improvements, making it one of the most commodious and

attractive in the State. Upon their completion, the church was re-dedicated on the afternoon of December 28, 1875, just fifty years having elapsed since its first dedication. The order of exercises consisted of an organ voluntary; invocation; reading of scriptures, by Rev. T. H. Goodwin; prayer by Rev. F. D. Ayer; hymn (sung at the laying of the corner stone in 1824),

"If God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep;"

report of building committee; historical address, by Rev. E. E. Cummings; sermon by Rev. W. V. Garner (text 2 Chron. 6:41); dedicatory prayer, by Rev. D. W. Faunce; doxology and benediction. The installation of Mr. Garner as pastor took place in the evening. The services were as follows: invocation; reading of scriptures, by Rev. J. E. Burr, of Fisherville; prayer, by Rev. K. S. Hall, of Lake Village; sermon, by Rev. D. W. Faunce; installation prayer, by Rev. A. Sherwin, of Manchester; charge to the pastor, by Rev. E. E. Cummings, D. D.; address of welcome, by Rev. S. L. Blake, pastor of the South Congregational Church; hand of fellowship, by Dea. J. B. Flanders; address to the church and people, by Rev. A. C. Graves, of Manchester; doxology and benediction.

The Sunday School in connection with this church was formed in the summer of 1826. Sunday, June 25th, 1876, was therefore appropriately observed as its fiftieth anniversary. In the morning the pastor preached an instructive anniversary sermon. In the evening the anniversary exercises were as follows: chant, by the choir and school; scripture reading; prayer; report of the secretary; singing of the anniversary hymn (written for the occasion by Rev. W. V. Cooke) and sung by a double quartette; historical address, by Howard M. Cooke; followed by other appropriate exercises.

This was one of the most interesting occasions ever held in the church, and in the Daily Monitor of the following Monday, a full report is given of the exercises. It says: "The floral decorations were extensive and pretty. On the front of the organ loft, in letters of brilliant flowers, was the inscription 'Our Jubilee Year,' surmounted by a large cross, and suspended over that was a crown. On the west corner of the loft were the figures 1826, and on the east 1876, in silver letters. The pulpit platform was profusely covered with flowers and plants, and hanging baskets of flowers were suspended from each chandelier. A banner on the front of the organ bore the inscription, 'First Baptist Sabbath School, Concord, N. H.' The exercises were in charge of the superintendent, George H. Emery, and passed off in a successful manner."

The six years service as pastor of Rev. Mr. Garner has only served to confirm the high opinion entertained of him when he came to Concord as a preacher. No congregation in the State can be more highly favored in having for a pastor one who can state the truth of the gospel as he believes it, in a clear, concise, and logical manner, and can give added force to his words with the graces of oratory. During his pastorate one hundred and forty members have been added to the church, and the total membership, as given in the minutes of the New Hampshire Baptist State Convention for 1880, is three hundred and forty-four.

The following persons have filled the office of Deacon since the church was organized in 1818: James Willey, William Gault, Charles P. Crockett, Benjamin Damon, John A. Gault, Abraham Prescott, David Winkley, Isaac Elwell, John B. Flanders, James S. Norris, Stillman Humphrey, and Abraham J. Prescott.

Concord has the reputation of being as pleasant and well-ordered a city as can be found in New England. Its founders were men who, as the seal of the city bears witness, believed in Law, Education, and Religion. To its continued happiness and prosperity all the religious societies have, in a great measure, contributed. Prominent among them is that of the First Baptist, for in the sixty-three years of its existence it has numbered amongst its members those who have been prominent in social and business circles, and who have given tone and character to our institutions. And as the past in this respect is secure, so may it ever be in the future.

ALGOL.

BY BELA CHAPIN.

Countless in regions of unbounded space
The twinkling glories of creation shine;
They are the lamps of heaven in which we trace
Almighty power and a vast design.

There is a star that ever seems to be
A source of wonder and amazement deep;
It is an orb of changing brilliancy,
But in recurring change doth constant keep.

From its bright constellation in the sky
It beams in radiance as a second star;
Then fades in luster as the hours go by,
Till dimly seen amid its train afar.

Algol, thou shinest with a crimson light,
Waxing and waning mid the argent throng;
On thee we gaze, mysterious star of night,
To mark the wonders that to thee belong.

Thou art a torch lit with all-glowing ray,
A sun mid suns that light the wide abyss,
And worlds unknown perhaps may own thy sway,
Replete with life and never-fading bliss.

We cannot know, we may in part divine
The course of change among created things;
We see but dimly now God's great design,
We cannot reach the depths of nature's springs.

All things must change and ever-changing be—
The heavenly orbs that onward roll sublime,
The solid earth, the ever-flowing sea,
All, all are passing down the stream of time.

THE NEW LONDON SCYTHE COMPANY.

AT the outlet of Pleasant Lake, in the eastern part of the township of New London, is situated the thriving village of Scytheville. Pleasant Lake, a beautiful expanse of water, two miles long and over a mile wide, nestles at the base of the hill which is crowned by the massive structure belonging to the school known as Colby Academy. The lake is fed by one large brook and springs beneath its surface. It covers an area of over one thousand acres; and affords a reservoir of water which a dam and a gate permit to be raised ten feet above its pristine level; and is well stocked with black bass. The water, as it escapes and seeks the lower levels, is used four times in the village of Scytheville; flows through the towns of Wilmot and Andover; and is the source of the Blackwater, an important feeder of the Contoocook river.

In 1835 there was a grist-mill on the water power, when Joseph E. Phillips, Richard H. Messer, and Anthony Colby formed a partnership for the manufacture of scythes, and commenced an industry which soon built up a flourishing village where before was a wilderness. Mr. Phillips was twenty-four years of age, and Mr. Messer twenty-eight, when they commenced business in town, coming from Fitchburg, Mass., where they had learned the trade side by side. Mr. Colby was the silent partner of the firm, but it was due to his indomitable energy that the enterprise was sustained during the financial storm which swept over the country in the early days of the undertaking. In 1842, Samuel Greenwood was admitted to partnership, under the firm name of Phillips, Messer, Colby and Company. N. T. Greenwood bought his father's interest in the business in 1859. C. C. Phillips and J. S. Phillips inherited their father's interest in 1869, when C. E. Folsom was admitted to the firm. In 1871, the firm was reorganized into the NEW LONDON SCYTHE COMPANY. Harry Greenwood was admitted to the company in 1880.

Joseph E. Phillips, the original promoter of the enterprise, died August 28, 1869, at the age af fifty-eight, and was succeeded by his two sons. Richard H. Messer died May 12, 1872, at the age of sixty-five. Anthony Colby represented New London in the legislature in 1837, 1838, and 1839, and was governor of New Hampshire in 1846. He died July 20, 1873, aged 80. Samuel Greenwood is represented in the firm by his son, N. T. Greenwood, and his grandson, Harry Greenwood. Samuel Greenwood died May 12, 1860, aged 69 years.

In the early days of the business fifteen hundred dozen was the annual product. These were painted blue, unsharpened, packed in straw, and disposed of to the traders and farmers throughout the neighboring towns and counties. Mr. Phillips was the practical workman; Mr. Messer, the business manager. From small beginnings the works have grown to large proportions. The annual product now is ten thousand dozen scythes, one thousand dozen hay-knives, and five thousand dozen axes. These are all shipped by railroad to wholesale dealers in Bangor, Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cincinnati, Chicago, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, California, Scotland, and Sweden. The wholesale agent is Horace F. Sise, 100 Chambers street, New York city. It is a remarkable fact, that the manufactured goods should be shipped to Sweden, from which country the iron entering into the composition of the scythes and axes is originally exported in bars. The competing in Scotland with goods of English manufacture speaks volumes for the skill of the American artisan.

Two hundred tons of iron and fifty tons of steel, made in England for the firm and imported by them, are annually manufactured in this establishment,

and five hundred tons of coal are consumed. The iron comes in bars, twelve feet long, two inches wide, and five eighths of an inch thick.

The works are in four large buildings. The stone forge shop, built in 1866, is thirty by one hundred and thirty feet; another new shop is thirty by one hundred and twenty feet; the grinding shop is thirty by sixty feet; the polishing shop is thirty by one hundred feet. There are numerous sheds and store-houses conveniently arranged for iron, coal, and manufactured goods. Each of the four large shops are supplied with fifty to seventy-five horse-power by water-wheel, sand four Hoadley's Portable Engines are ready to furnish power in case the water supply fails. This contingency has happened but twice in the forty-six years of the company's organization.

As one approaches the village in work hours he is saluted by an "Anvil Chorus," which is rythmical if not musical. As he enters the forge shop he can think, but, unaccustomed to the place, is soon content to reserve his comments and let his thoughts remain unspoken. A workman takes a bar of iron at a white heat and doubles over the end. Within the fold of a few inches he inserts on each side a bar of steel. This is heated, and welded, and drawn out under a trip hammer to the length of a scythe in the shape of a bar. Another workman plates out this bar to the width of three inches by another trip hammer. The third operation consists in turning up the back and forming the shape, when it is technically said to be shaped and set, this process being accompanied by the anvil music. There are fourteen of these trip hammers. A fourth workman finishes the point; a fifth forms the heel. The scythe is then taken to a dark room, in which is a furnace and cold, running water, where it is hardened. The next process is the tempering. These last are very delicate and require the skill of experienced workmen, for on the success of these operations depends the value of the tools. The scythe is then straightened. It is now ready for grinding. There are twelve grindstones in operation. These are one foot in thickness and seven feet in diameter, and are revolved so evenly by improved machinery that accidents are unknown. But one fatal accident has occurred from the grindstones in the establishment for the half century they have been used. On an average one of these huge stones, which weighs three tons, is used up every week. By the grinding the iron is worn away, leaving exposed the finely tempered steel at the edge of the scythe. After the grinding the scythe is polished. Then comes the painting and bronzing to suit the different customers. A great variety of tastes has to be satisfied; one customer requiring the patriotic red, white, and blue stripes; one, this color; another, that. They are then stenciled, packed and boxed, and placed in the store-house, ready for shipping. There are sixteen varieties of scythes made here for different markets and various uses, the favorite of which is the Clipper scythe.

Axes are made with the steel inlaid, or an overcoat. Here, as in the manufacture of scythes, skilled workmen are employed in the various stages of the work, from the crude bar iron and steel, to the beautifully polished, painted, stenciled, and finely tempered implement, the joy of the woodman, the *bete noir* of the farmer's son.

The workmen in the establishment, some seventy in number, are well paid, for the most part working by the piece, and earning from two dollars to four dollars a day. Many of them have grown old in the service of the company. Ruel Whitcomb, who tempers the scythes, has been in their employ thirty-four years.

N. T. Greenwood, the senior partner of the company, was born in New London, January 24, 1827, was educated at Colby Academy, was in business in Boston and Natick eight years, and at the age of twenty-six joined his father in his present business. He represented New London in the legislature in 1869, has been trustee of Colby Academy for fifteen years, and is now treasurer of

that institution. He is the general manager of the outside business of the firm, attending to the purchase of stock and the sale of goods.

C. C. Phillips, born in New London, December 22, 1842, superintends the work at the factory, assisted by his brother J. S. Phillips, born December 12, 1846. The former was representative in 1875.

C. E. Folsom, a practical mechanic, is the foreman in the manufacturing process. He was born August 1, 1833; learned the trade at North Wayne, Maine; was a member of the firm of Hubbard, Blake and Co., West Waterville, Maine; came to New London in 1869; 32 years in the business. Harry Greenwood is the book-keeper. He was born Nov. 27, 1857; admitted as partner, July, 1880.

Each member of the company has his work to do and does it. The gross business of the concern amounts to one hundred thousand dollars annually.

The village of Scytheville has been built up chiefly by the scythe factory. There is, besides, a tannery owned by E. A. Jones, who employs from ten to fifteen workmen. There is a store, two halls, a post-office, and many comfortable homes. A daily stage connects the village with New London and Bradford to the west, and with Wilmot Flat and Potter Place to the east. About half a mile down the stream, on the latter route, is the hosiery mill of Green Johnson and Son, where thirty employés are at work. Under the energetic management of the members of the New London Scythe Company, the future of their business and of the village can be safely predicted. J. N. M.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The nation mourns to-day for James Abram Garfield. Grandly he stood at the helm of state, guiding the destinies of this great country, when he was stricken by the bullet of the wretched assassin. For weeks he lingered, his life slowly ebbing away, till at last he crossed to the other shore. The readers of the magazine will remember a sketch of Gen. Garfield's ancestry, from the pen of L. P. Dodge, which appeared in October, 1880. The general acknowledged the receipt of the sketch by sending to the publisher his Life, by J. M. Bundy, with his compliments on the fly-leaf. The book is highly prized. From it we learn that James A. Garfield was the youngest son of Abram Garfield and Eliza (Ballou) Garfield, and was born in Orange, Ohio, November 19, 1831. His mother, Eliza Ballou, was a native of Richmond, N. H., of a race which has ever been distinguished for intellectual power as the Garfields have been noted for physical strength. The father died when James was an infant, leaving his young family in very humble circumstances.

The after career of James A. Garfield, from poverty and lowly station to the highest honors in the gift of the American people, will be classical, illustrating the advantages secured by a free government, the power of will over obstacles, the gratitude of which republics are capable, and the love and esteem which one man can gain from a powerful nation.

He was elected President of the United States, November 2, 1880, and was inaugurated March 4, 1881. July 2d, he was shot and wounded unto death by a thing in human form, and lingered until September 19, 1881. September 26, the day of his burial in Cleveland, Ohio, was observed throughout the United States with appropriate ceremonies.

Travellers from northern and eastern New England, journeying towards New York, will find the Stonington Line the most attractive and pleasant on many accounts. At the Boston and Providence depot, in the latter part of the afternoon, one enters a train of cars

which is a poem in decoration and an essay in convenience. With a scarcely perceptible motion one glides from the depot, and is only aware of the speed attained by the panoramic changes in the landscape. The easy motion is attributable to the extraordinary size of the car wheels, the perfect road-bed, and the steel rails. But one stop,—of a moment,—is made between Boston and Stonington to exchange engines, and the connecting steamboat is boarded in the early evening. Thence onward through the Sound the way is landlocked, and after a refreshing sleep in a well-ventilated state-room one awakens at an early hour to watch the approach to the modern Babylon, and by breakfast time steps upon the wharf, pier 33, North River.

One is especially pleased by the courtesy of the employés of this line, from the conductor and brakeman on the train to the officers and waiters on the steamboat; even the ticket agent and clerk are evidently gentlemen.

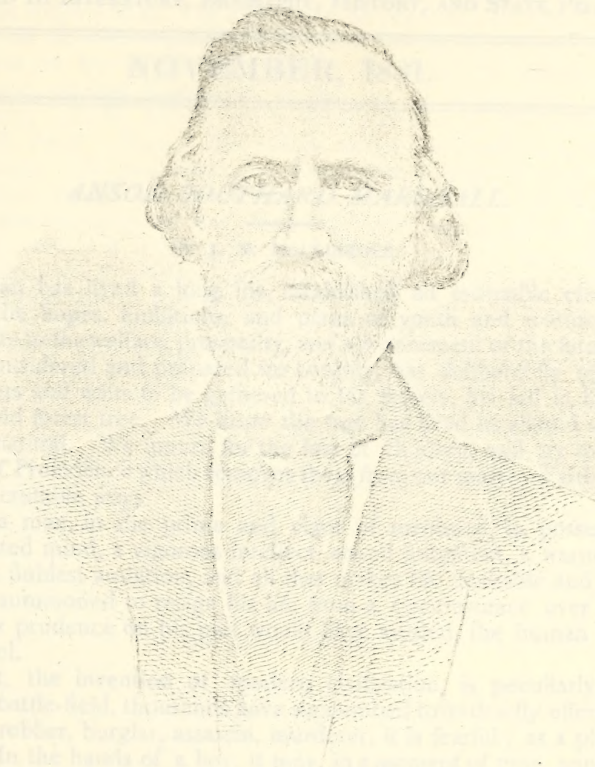
One has to visit New York occasionally to appreciate the gigantic strides of progress with which our civilization is booming ahead. The elevated railroad winds in and out through the older part of the city, with its double track constantly in use. A gigantic bridge, beside the towers of which the largest ship seems a toy, and man but a pigmy, spans the East River and connects the metropolis with the great suburb of Brooklyn. At midnight the building of the massive blocks continue under the noon-day glare of electric lights. The elevator in an instant raises one story above story to a dizzy height. The number of wires suspended in the streets is legion, connecting this heart of commerce with the most remote extremity of the nation, and the most distant people. One realizes that New York is unrivalled in the race to control the trade and commerce of the world. In a few years the city will be preëminently ahead in wealth, population, and influence.

The attention of our readers is invited to the attractions offered by the New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute, at their new building on Huntington Avenue. This Grand Exhibition is contributed to by over one thousand exhibitors, from all parts of New England, comprising nearly every branch of manufactures, many of them in active operation, showing methods of making Boots and Shoes by machinery, Pottery, Glass Manufactory, Looms for Weaving, etc., etc. All classes of Sewing Machines, Artistic work of all kinds. It is estimated that there are in all ten acres of shops and factories. At night this exhibition is lighted by thirty electric lights, and three thousand gas burners. Horse cars from all railroads make connections direct with the exhibition. Excursions will be arranged for from all the principal cities and towns in New England, and the total attendance is estimated at not less than a half a million.

Will Carlton is the author of a new book of poems entitled *Farm Festivals* published by Harper and Brothers. In some of his earlier works he touched the popular heart; and this book will be received by its many admirers, and welcomed for its many gems of sentiment and pathos. Among the many good things offered are:—"Eliphalet Chapin's Wedding," "The Death Bridge of the Tay," "The Lightning Rod Dispenser," "The Tramp's Story," and "The Song of the Reapers." Like all of Harper and Brothers' publications, the book is very attractive in the make up, and is a model of artistic work in book making.

Will some interested party, conversant with the facts, contribute to the GRANITE MONTHLY an account of the Norwich University company, who offered their services to the government during the Rebellion? Let it be a companion picture to the "Dartmouth Cavalry," by John Scales.

This number of the magazine is the first of the fifth volume.



Susan S. Marshall

—THE—

GRANITE MONTHLY,

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND STATE PROGRESS.

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ANSON SOUTHARD MARSHALL.

BY J. N. McCLINTOCK.

When a man has lived a long life, established an estimable character, accomplished the hopes, ambitions, and plans of youth and mature years, has added his mite to the welfare, prosperity, and advancement of the human family, has calmly considered and prepared for eternity, has deliberately adjusted his temporal affairs and waits to be gathered to his fathers, his fall is like that of some noble old forest tree. We know the tree has lived its alloted span of life, its death is natural. We mourn for the loss of children, and try to penetrate the decrees of Providence which removes them from our midst. Faith reconciles us to the inscrutable ways.

But when a man, in the prime and vigor of manhood, in possession of a highly cultivated mind, a vigorous intellect, sound judgment, a warm and tender heart, the noblest ambition, and all that makes life desirable and the future promising, is summoned to resign his life from a circumstance over which no forethought or prudence on his part would have availed, the human heart will and must rebel.

The bullet, the invention of modern civilization, is peculiarly fatal to man; on the battle-field, thousands have succumbed to its deadly effects; in the hands of the robber, burglar, assassin, murderer, it is fearful; as a plaything, it is dreadful. In the hands of a boy, it may, in a moment of time, annihilate the most useful life in the nation. When once it leaves the projectile it speeds to fulfil its mission, its end only known when accomplished. By a deflected bullet was destroyed the life of one of the noblest of the sons of New Hampshire,—

ANSON SOUTHARD MARSHALL.

Macaiah Marshall,* the father of Anson S. Marshall, the oldest inhabitant of Lyme, died May 23, 1881, after an illness of seven weeks, at the advanced age of ninety years. He was the father of sixteen children, all respected and beloved by the community at large; only three remain, one son and two daughters, to mourn his loss. He was ever a true friend of the poor, and in his long record of years, many a deed of charity and whole-souled benevolence is warmly remembered by a large circle of friends. His public enterprise led him to assist in building churches and school-houses, and he contributed liberally of his means in every way for the public good. He belonged to no church, but God, who "looks at the heart," and declares "by

* Macaiah Marshall was born in Chelmsford, Massachusetts, and removed with his parents to Lyme, at the age of eighteen.

their fruits ye shall know them," will doubtless say in the end, "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Besides his three children he left a widow, who kindly cared for him in his last days, in company with the son and family; also, five brothers and sisters of the original household, the oldest of whom is ninety-two and the youngest seventy-three.

ANSON SOUTHARD MARSHALL, son of Macaiah and Martha (Southard) Marshall, was born in Lyme, December 3, 1822. His boyhood and youth were passed on his father's farm. In early years he evinced a love for learning, and a high ambition which prompted him to seek a liberal education, and to choose the profession of law as his life pursuit. He fitted for college at Thetford Academy, and entered Dartmouth at the age of twenty-one. Among his classmates were Levi W. Barton, Albert H. Crosby, M. D., James W. Patterson, and Henry P. Rolfe. During his college course he taught school during the winter vacations. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1848, and for two years thereafter taught the Fitchburg (Massachusetts) High School. As a teacher he was very popular and successful, and won a host of friends; but teaching was merely a stepping-stone to the profession of law. Accordingly, he came to the town of Concord, and entered the law office of Franklin Pierce and Josiah Minot, then in partnership; and under their instruction pursued his studies until, in 1852, he was admitted to the practice of law. The following year he formed a partnership with his former classmate and friend, Henry P. Rolfe, which continued until 1859, when it was dissolved. In 1863 he was associated with William M. Chase in the practice of law, and maintained this relation for eleven years, or until his untimely death, July 4, 1874.

In 1852, Mr. Marshall served a few weeks as assistant clerk of the House of Representatives, during the sickness of Thomas J. Whipple: the following year he was elected to the office. During the administration of Mr Buchanan, he was appointed U. S. District Attorney for New Hampshire. In 1867, he served as chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, and was earnestly and actively engaged in politics for many years, rendering his party effective services, during many campaigns, by taking the stump and pleading for the cause which had his sympathy. From 1870 he was clerk and counsel of the Concord Railroad.

The main effort of Mr. Marshall's life was the law. In this direction he was preëminent. His law practice was extensive, never more so than at the time of his death. He was connected with many important suits, and was distinguished for earnest and persistent fidelity to his clients. He was a pleasing speaker, a good advocate, and a strong and successful pleader before a jury.

Socially, he was a very genial man, an excellent conversationalist, and always entertaining, mingling instruction and mirth, and being quick at repartee. He entertained the respect of his fellow citizens generally, and was active, public spirited, and generous. He ever manifested much interest in measures of public welfare, and was devotedly attached to the city of his adoption.

April 9, 1861, Anson S. Marshall was joined in marriage to Mary Jane Corning, a sister of the late Robert N. Corning. Their son, Anson Southard Marshall, Jr., was born March 29, 1863; fitted for college under the instruction of Moses Woolson and Amos Hadley; and entered Dartmouth College in the class of 1885.

From the Boston Journal of Monday, July 6, 1874, the following succinct account of the tragedy of Mr. Marshall's death is taken:—

"The community was shocked and grieved at one o'clock on Saturday afternoon, by the intelligence that Anson S. Marshall, a prominent lawyer and influential citizen of Concord, had been accidentally shot, and it was feared fatally injured, at

Penacook Lake, West Concord. It appears that Mr. Marshall, with his wife and child, drove to the lake during the forenoon to pass a few hours there and join in a picnic which is annually held on the 4th of July. After spending an hour or more talking with friends in Tamblyn's Grove, he was invited to partake, with others, of refreshments, but politely declined, saying that he had brought his lunch basket, and thought he had better pass round to the side of the lake and have a family party under the trees. Arriving there he left his carriage, and spreading a blanket upon the ground, opened his basket for dinner. Just at this moment his wife heard the singing of bullets over their heads, and remarked it was dangerous to remain there. Mr. Marshall could see no one firing, and shouted to them to be careful. He then rose to his feet, and at that instant a bullet struck him in the abdomen, passing into his body. He exclaimed, "I am shot and fatally wounded," and sank down. His wife called for assistance, when two men from a party near by promptly responded, and taking him to his carriage drove him to Mr. Tamblyn's house, nearly half a mile distant. With the assistance of the men he walked into the house. A messenger was dispatched at once to the city proper for physicians, and five of them promptly went to the aid of the wounded man. The surgeons were unanimous in the opinion that he had received fatal injuries and could live but a few hours. While waiting for medical aid he was conscious, although suffering intensely. He was very calm, talking at intervals with those around him, and still impressed with the idea that he could live but a few hours, bade his wife and son good by, telling little Southard, his only child, to be a good boy and to care for his mother. The sufferer lingered until ten minutes past one, and then passed away.

There has been much excited discussion concerning the circumstances of Mr. Marshall's death. It seems that the City Guards, a newly formed military company of Concord, went to Lake Penacook on Saturday morning for target shooting. They went into a pasture bordering the lake, Capt. Putney stating that they had previously obtained permission, and put up the target. Their arms were rifles, carrying minnie balls. The firing distance is in dispute, but was probably about forty yards. Seven shots were fired, two of them by Capt. Putney himself, and the target shows the marks of seven bullets. Mr. Marshall was about one hundred and fifty feet out of range as the target now stands, and the officers say it has not been removed from its original position, and the theory of the police is that the fatal bullet after passing through the target struck an iron hinge and diverted from its course. The placing of the target where there was an exposed area in its rear, is pronounced an act of gross, if not criminal, carelessness.

The funeral services were held at his late residence on Pleasant Street on the following Tuesday. The services began with a chant by the choir, "Remember thy Creator." Prayer was then offered by Rev. S. L. Blake, which was followed by the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Rev. Mr. Blake then read selections from the Scriptures, and made extended remarks on the life and death of the deceased. He spoke of his many virtues, and the noble traits of character that had endeared him to his relatives and associates, and the integrity that characterized his life and won for him hosts of friends. He spoke in words of consolation to his bereaved family, and alluded to the great loss that was sustained by all in his death. The remarks were very appropriate and affecting.

The services closed with the hymn, "Heaven is my Home." A very large number of friends of the deceased were present to pay the last sad tribute to his memory, far more then could find places in the house, and crowds stood in the yard and about the house.

Among those present were members of the Bench, with a large representation of the Bar of the State, the State Senate, members of the Council, and the Board of Directors of the Concord Railroad.

The services were throughout very solemn and affecting. The funeral was directed by L. D. Stevens; Horace E. Chamberlin, Hon. Geo. G. Fogg, C. C. Webster, Henry P. Rolfe, Thomas Stuart and G. H. H. Silsby acted as pall bearers. The floral tributes were nearly all of beautiful fresh white flowers, disposed about the casket containing the remains. At the conclusion of the service the remains, which retained a remarkably life-like look, were viewed by

many of the friends present, after which they were taken to Blossom Hill Cemetery for interment.

At the next regular term of the Supreme Court, after his sad death, at a meeting of the Merrimack County Bar, the following resolutions, presented by Hon. Asa Fowler, were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in the recent, sudden, and untimely death of Anson S. Marshall, Esq., a prominent member of this bar, struck down in the vigor of life and the full possession of all his powers, through the culpable, if not criminal, carelessness of others, we regret the loss of a frank and courteous gentleman, a kind and genial associate and companion, a generous and public-spirited citizen, and an active, zealous, and able lawyer, always untiring in his devotion to the interests of his clients, and ever laborious and patient in the practice of his chosen profession.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of our deceased brother, our sincerest sympathy in the afflictive dispensation which has deprived them of an affectionate husband and indulgent father.

Resolved, That these resolutions be presented to the Court, with a request that they be entered upon their records, and their clerk instructed to transmit a copy of them to the family of the deceased.

At the conclusion of the business of the Court, Judge Fowler presented the above resolutions and made eulogistic remarks upon the character of the deceased, and was followed by Samuel C. Eastman and H. P. Rolfe, who spoke in the highest terms of the character and attainments of Mr. Marshall. The presiding justice, Hon. W. L. Foster, spoke as follows:

"The Court most cordially approves of the resolutions, and it is ordered, That they be entered upon the records of the Court, and that the clerk transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The Bar seems to have adopted unusually appropriate terms in their brief allusion to the characteristics of our lamented friend and brother: 'a frank and courteous gentleman; a kind and genial associate; a generous and public-spirited citizen; an active, zealous, able lawyer; devoted to the interests of his clients; laborious, but untiring, faithful, patient.'

This would almost seem to be extravagant praise, but our experience fully verifies it. He was conspicuous in all these qualities so praiseworthy and commendable, so essential, moreover, to the constitution of an accomplished and successful lawyer.

Snatched from us in the middle of the conflict of life, whilst his desires were as warm, and his hopes as eager as ours; his untimely departure reminds us again, even as we are constantly reminded, 'that life's but a walking shadow'—a brief dream of the night—a vapor of the dawn, floating away and fading in the blue, eternal sky.

Our thoughts inevitably turn into the channel of such reflections as these when amid these common scenes we look around us in vain for faces so recently familiar and conspicuous, and sadly miss Judge Perley, and Judge Bellows, and ex-Judge Bartlett, of the bench, and Brother Marshall from the bar.

Happy were it for us, who linger yet a little longer amid these scenes, if the examples of the departed inspires us to fulfil the purposes of our existence by doing our several duties in our allotted stations,—most happy, indeed for us, if these frequent suggestions of life's brevity might teach us so to live that we may not fear to die—so to live that our yesterdays may smile upon us, and not, like Parthians, wound us in their flight."

The following resolutions were unanimously passed at a meeting of the Board of Trade of the city of Concord:

Resolved, That in the sudden and untimely death of Anson S. Marshall, Esq., this Board of Trade is called to deplore the loss of one of its earliest and most valued members.

Resolved, That the Board hereby expresses its sense of the great loss which the city has sustained in the removal of a citizen, whose ability and success in his profession, whose public spirit manifested in his support of all measures calculated to advance the public welfare, whose genial disposition, rare conversational powers, and gentlemanly bearing, will cause his memory to be long cherished by his friends and fellow citizens.

Resolved, That this Board tenders its heartfelt sympathy to his widow in her great sorrow, and earnestly commends her to Him, who has promised to be "a very present help in time of trouble."

Resolved, That the secretary furnish to Mrs. Marshall, and to each of the daily papers published in this city, a copy of these resolutions.

"GOLDEN DAYS."

BY ARTHUR STACY.

Oh, those days of our youth, when happy and free,
When cares were unknown to you and to me!
When earth seemed a play-house, so great and so grand,
With all that it held made pleasant and bright;
When we'd nothing to do but reach forth our hand,
And gather the harvest that came to delight;
How oft we recall, in the world's busy maze,
The bright, happy hours of youth's "golden days!"

The aged man turns with the keenest of joy
To think of the pleasures that came when a boy.
'Tis far, far away,—such a long line of years,—
Since youth and its happiness gladdened his heart;
And yet fresh as ever that time now appears,
Awaking dear mem'ries, that ne'er will depart;
While the long and sad years he since has passed through
Make dearer than ever the days that he knew!

The sports he engaged in, the contests he won,
The many long rambles with rod and with gun,
The longing to haste from the world's busy scene
To find a retreat in some fresh, shady nook,
To follow the game in the forest so green,
Or capture the trout in the clear, sparkling brook,—
These scenes are as clear as though but a day
Had sped on its course since youth passed away!

When tired of roaming, what joy to repose
Where all that is fairest in nature's home grows!
What pleasure, as on the green carpet you lie,
To hear the birds sing you a song from the trees,
To watch the white clouds as they sail through the sky,
Oft changing their form as they fly with the breeze!
In moments like these all around you seems fair,
And the soul has no place for trouble or care.

The man who is striving so fiercely for wealth
Oft thinks of the days that brought pleasure and health;
And even the one who has gained a proud name,
Whose honor and greatness have often been sung,
Will turn from the thoughts of his glory and fame
To think of the hours that visit the young;
And, weary of honor and vain worldly praise,
He longs for the freedom of youth's "golden days."

A JOURNEY FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE TO PHILADELPHIA HALF A CENTURY AGO.

CONTRIBUTED BY HON. GEORGE STARK.

THE active business man of the present day scarcely realizes the advances that have been made during the last half century in facilities for travel and transportation. So accustomed has he become to the easy transition, in a single night, by palace car, or by more palatial steamer, from his place of business, in almost any of the southern New Hampshire cities or towns, to the great commercial centres of New York or Philadelphia, that such a magical annihilation of time and space seems to him as much a matter of course as the rising and setting of the sun.

It may be interesting to learn how this journey was accomplished by our fathers a single generation ago.

In the year 1828, the late Frederick G. Stark resided in Manchester, and kept a country store near the site of the present city. He was also superintendent of the old Amoskeag Canal. His goods were bought in Boston, and two or three trips a year to the "New England Metropolis" comprised the extent of his customary travel. But occasionally his affairs required a more extended journey, and being a man of method and close observation, he was in the habit of noting down what he saw when travelling out of his usual course. His journal, written during a journey from Manchester to the "City of Brotherly Love," before the days of railroads, has been preserved, and reads as follows:—

Saturday, October 4, 1828. Left home at about 9 A. M.; passed across the Amoskeag falls with my brother Charles, who went with me to help carry my trunk; had with me a change of clothing, and just a thousand dollars in money; went to Amoskeag Hotel and waited for the stage, which came along in about half an hour, and I got on board of it and proceeded to Boston, where I arrived about 8 o'clock in the evening.

Sunday, October 5. Clear, fair morning. After breakfast went down the head of Central Wharf, to see the vessels going out and coming into the harbour. While I was standing there Mr. Rand, the portrait painter, came along. I spoke to him, but he did not know me until I told him my name, when he appeared glad to see me, and after standing there some time, conversing upon different subjects, he invited me to go to his room and see his paintings, which invitation I accepted, and was much gratified and pleased with the beauty and workmanship exhibited to me in several portraits which he had finished. I staid with him some time, when a gentleman came in that had engaged Rand to take his portrait, and I went out and left them talking about it and returned to the Malborough Hotel, where I had taken lodgings. In the afternoon it rained, and I staid in doors most of remainder of the day.

Monday, October 6, 1828. Went and settled with Bridge & Stevens, and paid them balance of account, $264.72. Went and settled with R. B. Sherburn, Clerk of Boating Co., paid him $21.15. Went to see Mr. Eddy, the Canal agent, and paid him $300.00 on account of Canal tolls. Bought a new hat and paid $5.00 for it. Bought two door locks, &c., and paid for them $1.75; these, and my old hat, I carried to Bridge & Stevens, and left them there. Mr. Stevens went with me to the Telegraphic Observatory, and viewed the establishment. I went down and spent the remainder of the day walking about the city.

Tuesday, October 7. Took the Providence stage at five o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Providence between eleven and twelve, and went directly on board the steamboat Chancellor Livingston, and soon after twelve left the wharf for Newport and New York. Arrived at Newport about half past three, and took in more passengers, making in all about a hundred; left the wharf in about half an hour, and proceeded on for New York. Wind strong ahead; at sunset we were in the open sea, N. W. from Block Island, which was just in sight, and a heavy sea was going, which pitched and rolled the boat so that few of the passengers walk the deck without staggering and stumbling, as if they were drunk; this was a source of some merriment for a while, but before nine o'clock all the women but one and most of male passengers were sea sick; the ladies confined themselves to their cabin, thirty or forty of them all sick together, and the female servants said there was a devil of a time amongst them. I stood it tolerable well, but could not eat any supper; I sat down at the table, but it was in so much motion that my head began to fly round, and I cleared out for the deck again. I staid above until the tables were clearedoff and then went down and turned in. The lower cabin of this boat is used for a dining hall, and two tables are set the whole length of it, at which a hundred people can be comfortably seated, and the fare and attendance is much the same as it is in the first rate hotels. The upper cabin is not quite so large and is appropriated solely for the ladies. Gentlemen, however, are not denied access thereto. Both cabins are elegantly furnished with curtains and brass clasps all around the sides, and behind these curtains are the berths to sleep in. These berths are sufficiently large for one person each, and are in two rows, one over the other, so that those who sleep in the upper tier have to climb up by the lower one to get into them; they are furnished with a mattrass, bed sheets, counterpane and pillow, and are quite comfortable; they are all numbered, and when the passengers come on board they make it their first business to obtain the Way-Bill and enter their name against such number as they select, and I found that the stern berths were first taken up, they being further from the machinery and least exposed in case of bursting of the boiler or other accident. In the fore end of the vessel there is another cabin, furnished in somewhat the same style of the others. In this cabin is kept a bar where passengers resort for refreshment; there is also a passage way from this room to the stern cabin on one side of the vessel, with a row of berths on one side of it, so that the berths go the whole length of the boat on one side. The machinery occupies the middle of the boat, and the cook room or kitchen the side opposite the passage way between the bow and stern cabins; these are all on the lower deck. The middle deck is occupied by the ladies' cabin in the stern, baggage rooms, captain's room and captain's office amidships, machinery in the centre, and an open deck forward, with wood rooms and convenient dressing rooms on each side. The upper deck is open, with railings all around. At the stern end of this deck is a kind of summer house, called the ladies' saloon, with glass windows all round, and seats within. The boat is about as long as a common ship, has three masts and sails to use when the wind serves. She travels at the rate of about eight or nine miles an hour with the steam alone, and ten or twelve when she has the advantage of a fair wind. The crew consists of the captain, his mate and clerk, a bar keeper, two engineers, about a dozen sailors, and porters, cooks, and servants, I don't know how many. This description applies to the Chancellor Livingston, but not to all the steamboats. The Livingston is of the largest class of boats, and is an elegant vessel.

Wednesday, October 8, 1828. Got up this morning at 6 o'clock. Wind blew hard all night, and been in heavy sea all night, the vessel rolled and pitched exceedingly, but the wind has abated some and the water is not so

rough, we having got into Long Island Sound. About seven o'clock the boat stopped, and on enquiring the cause, was informed that the center shaft was broken off, and that the boat was thereby entirely unable to proceed. The captain ordered the anchor cast, which was done immediately, and he despatched his clerk and four men with the smaller boat, and directed him to go ashore onto Long Island, and obtain the quickest possible passage to New York, and get another boat to tow the Livingston up. This took place off Huntington Light House, about 45 miles from New York. Here we were, about eight miles from the shore on one side, and about three miles from Long Island on the other. Another boat was despatched for the Connecticut shore, which gave information of our situation to the steamboat John Marshall, which came to us about 12 o'clock, and all the passengers and baggage was transferred to her, and also the dinner which had been prepared on board the Livingston. The Marshall is a smaller boat than the Livingston, and both lots of passengers together, say about 200, made the people pretty thick, and for the dinner we had to wait until the ladies had dined, as there was not room for all; we however got some dinner at last. We left the Livingston about one o'clock, and arrived at New York about nine in the evening. I and two other gentlemen went to a Mrs. Johnson's in Pearl street, and put up; had a pretty comfortable night's lodging.

Thursday, October 9, 1828. Walked out in the morning before breakfast, to take a peep at the famous city of New York, and returned to Mrs. Johnson's to breakfast. After breakfast went to the landing place of the Union Line Steamboats to engage passage to Philadelphia; wrote a letter to brother John and put it into the Post-Office; went back to Mrs. Johnson's, paid my bill of entertainment, and got a porter to carry my trunk to the landing, and went on board steamboat Bellona, bound for New Brunswick, where we arrived about 4 or 5 o'clock, and took stages for Princeton and Trenton. New Brunswick is situated far up a deep, narrow, crooked river, over which there is a handsome bridge, just above the landing place. The town is situated on the west side of the river, has a pretty handsome College building, but the dwelling houses generally look rather mean. From this place to Princeton the land is very level and of a redish color, and appears to be productive; the corn had been cut up, stalks and all together, and was standing in shocks, while the ground had been sown with wheat, which was up and looking quite green. There were many large orchards, but they asked me three cents for a glass of cider at the tavern which we stopped; and I saw the hogs in as fine a field of clover as can be found in Hillsborough County. These Jerseymen's barns were generally covered with thatch—straw—and great quantities of hay was stacked. I saw seven large stacks of hay in one place, and in some places, instead of putting the hay into the barn, it was stacked on the top of it. Princeton is a handsome place, although it was dark when I passed through there; I could discover that the land lied handsome, and the College and other buildings stood a little back from the road, and were to be seen through the rows of trees which stood between them and the road. We arrived at Trenton about nine o'clock, where we took supper and lodging, for which they charged 75 cents, besides paying the boot blacker in the morning. About 4 o'clock, Friday morning, we were called up to go on board the steamboat for Philadelphia, so that I saw very little of Trenton, more than to ascertain it to be at the head of sloop navigation on the Delaware river, and considerable of a place. We all got stowed on board and went on down the river very prettily. When it became daylight I found out that there were a company of Germans on board, chiefly on the upper deck, and I went up to see them, and there they were, men women and children, some standing, some sitting, and some lying

right in the open air, some asleep and some awake, and all mixed up like a flock of cattle. They were the most miserable and motley looking set I ever saw. I understood from the captain that they were emigrants, late from Amsterdam, but I could not understand them any more than I could a flock of blackbirds. We however got along very well and arrived at Philadelphia about nine o'clock. Here is a beautiful city, the streets are wide and strait and cut each other at right angles, and consist of 13 or 14 streets from north to south, I do not know how long, but probably two miles, and a great many streets from east to west, extending from the Delaware river to the Schoolkill; the market extends this way through the center of the city, and consists of a low, regular line of buildings, with vacancies for the transverse streets. But it will not do for me to undertake here to give a minute description of the city, as I am incompetent to the task. Therefore, suffice it to say, the public buildings are numerous and elegant, fresh water is conveyed to almost every house, which is drawn from the Schoolkill river above the tide water, which is a great convenience. The city is level, and has an extensive range of shipping lying at the wharves on the Delaware side. I took lodgings at the Mansion House Hotel, and spent the remainder of the day in walking about the city and reading newspapers.

Saturday, October 11, 1828. Became acquainted with William Badger, Esq., attorney-at-law, with whom I had business, and I also made myself acquainted with Rev. Mr. Fisk, a Universalist minister, formerly belonging at Wilton, N. H., and now settled in Philadelphia.

Sunday, October 12. Spent chief of the day at my lodgings, but exercised myself some walking the streets. Just before night I called on Mr. Fisk, at his boarding house, and after spending some time with him, he informed me that he had a meeting that evening, and invited me to attend. I accepted his invitation and went with him; the meeting-house was very full, and they had what they called excellent singing, part of which I liked very well, and a part not. The preaching was to me singular, but the speaker displayed considerable oratory and an extensive acquaintance with the scriptures, but he tore it all to pieces by exposing apparent contradictions, and making out that it never was the intention of a just and a merciful God to condemn his own created creatures to an everlasting punishment for a few short years of disobedience. Because he said the punishment would be altogether disproportionate with the crime, and never could be inflicted by a just judge, &c.

Monday, October 13, 1828. Attended the United States District Court most of this day. Judge Washington held the court *solus*.

Tuesday, October 14. Went with my friend Fisk to a Quaker funeral. No parade, no noise, the hearse was brought before the door, and the coffin was brought out of the house and placed into it. The old people, relatives of the deceased, came out and got into a carriage that was prepared for them, and proceeded on after the hearse, and the younger relatives came out and formed procession with friends and spectators behind, and proceed directly to the burying ground. When the hearse arrived opposite the gate it stopped, the coffin was taken out and carried into the yard and set down beside the grave. The procession gathered up around it and stood there for some space of time All silent. The old ladies were seated in chairs previously placed there for them. After some time, the coffin was let down into the grave, and then again all was still and silent. By and by the relatives move up to the grave and stand there some time looking down into it, and then turn about and walk out of the yard, not a word said during the whole time. I and Mr. Fisk left the company at the gate and went to see the United States Mint. There they were, striking off half dollars in one room, and cents in another. The other part of the works were

not in operation. I enquired how many half dollars they struck off in a minute, and they said 43. The pieces of silver were plated out and cut to the right size previously, so that they were only given the impression. It took three men to do this; all of them had hold of the machine at a time, and it appeared to be pretty hard labour. From this we went about two miles up to the Schoolkill Falls to see the water works, &c.; here we found a great work and a great curiosity. The water is thrown up a precipice 90 feet into a reservoir or basin, in quantity sufficient to supply the whole city, and is carried from thence in cast iron pipes into all the streets. The forcing engines are carried by large water wheels, similar in construction to the breast wheel of a factory. There are four of these wheels in the buildings, but only two of them are in use at present, these being sufficient for the present supply of water. There is a large hotel connected with the building in which these wheels are, both made of hewn stone with brick walls around; the canal passes on the opposite side of the river against the water works. I shall not undertake to give an adequate idea of this place, for if I should attempt it I should fail to do it justice, therefore if you want to know how it looks you must go and see it. I and my friend Fisk returned to the city, and as we passed through the streets the boys were bawling *Hurraw for Jackson!* and now and then one said *hurraw for Adams!* It was election day for members of Congress and city officers. We passed down by the State House where they were voting; there was a great crowd of people, and a great many flags displayed from the neighboring windows. The bell rang from 6 o'clock in the morning till 9 at night. There were two buildings burnt during the day, which added to the bustle and confusion. In the evening, after the state of the votes for members of Congress were ascertained, the populace assembled before the house of the successful candidate in the city, and gave him about *30 cheers;* they then proceeded to the house of the opposite and unsuccessful candidate and saluted him with *nine groans;* they then proceeded to opposite Binn's printing office and held a *council* and discussed the question, whether to *tear it down or not.* Many were for tearing it down over his head immediately, but after much clamour and noise they went off hurrawing for Jackson.

Wednesday, October 15, 1828. The administration party acknowledge a complete defeat. Some of the Jackson candidates were elected by above a thousand majority, and the Jackson candidate for congress (Judge Hemphill), opposed to the Adams candidate (John Sargent), had 557 majority. This was the unkindest cut of all, as the Adams' party were confident of reëlecting Sargent. I believe that every possible exertion was made by both parties, and the elections were certainly in direct reference to the presidential question. I heard one Adams man say, "Well, we have got beat, but I worked hard and I have been mad enough all the morning to knock down every Jacksonite I met. I believe however that he did not knock anybody down. I have spent the day some how or other. Read five or six newspapers. Traveled the streets. Bought me a surtout, and a pair of scissors for Juliet.

MY WIFE'S ÆSTHETIC SOUL.

BY LUCIA MOSES.

It was the sham wood-box that proved to be the culminating point of my long extended patience, and forced me into the awful determination to bring my heretofore carefully-guarded family skeleton into the light of day, and before the eyes of what I hope will be a pitying public.

Yes, were I not sure of finding at least one sympathetic soul, I could never thus expose the secrets of my hearth and home; but there are entangling circumstances that warrant great breaches of various forms of trust. Yet, how little did I dream, when I took upon myself the solemn oath to honor Laura, that the time could ever come when I should be compelled to do otherwise! But that time is come, and I must bring her iniquities before the world. So, without further preface, let me disclose the dread secret: my wife has an æsthetic soul!

This may seem, to some of my inexperienced and youthful readers, a most desirable thing to have. O, how little do they realize what it involves!

To begin at the beginning, I will say, most emphatically, that when I married Laura, her soul had no yearnings toward the æsthetic or infinite. Indeed, I should never have sworn allegiance to any human being with such an atrocious incumbrance as an æsthetically inclined soul. No, Laura was simply a bright, mentally and physically active, honest, innocently unconventional New England girl; a staunch Methodist, with the usual "academy" education of a country village. After our quiet wedding we settled ourselves in a plain, little house, in one of the many suburbs that our good Boston shelters under her wing, in a "motherly-hen" sort of way. I felt the calm of a great peace brooding over my soul, when, lo! a change came over all my dreams. Laura began, in the second year of our wedded life, to have aspirations not at all in keeping with her tastes as I had known them. A strange restlessness and discontent seized her. I was much troubled, and carefully studied these strange symptoms, at the same time concealing the fact of my diagnosis from the sufferer. After a week of hard work all the mystery lay revealed to my horror-stricken mind: she was trying to be æsthetic! The awful truth destroyed with one merciless blow my fondly-cherished hopes, routed my Lares and Penates, and left me the broken-hearted man I now am. The whole scheme of Laura's mental disturbance was only too apparent. She had been subtly poisoned by the "cultivation" miasma, that penetrates even to Boston's most distant suburbs. In a moment of weakness I thought I would say nothing, but enjoy the amusing spectacle of my simple-hearted wife "high-flying" at high art, advanced thought, and all that genuine Boston souls do fly at. I vainly supposed the harmless disease, as it was then, would die soon in so healthy a mind as her's. But oh, how bitterly have I since repented my course. Unchecked in the first light forms, the trouble increased daily, even hourly, in violence, until my once quiet home became an arid waste.

Her aspirations for a "higher soul culture" were first manifested in her endeavors to make her house "a reflex of her mental life,"—I quote her own words. This desire, in itself, was eminently worthy; but since she determined to do it at any cost, the results have been terrible. I do not mean cost in dollars and cents, for I was but a salaried dog, so the poor girl was obliged to study days before she could decide just where her money would show to

the best advantage, and I will credit her with an astonishing faculty for making a dollar "tell." But there was such an expenditure of time, and precious bodily and mental vitality, that my heart ached for her.

What do I care for an elaborately wrought table-cover after the South Kensington patterns, if, when evening comes, Laura is too tired to sit and play a game of chess with me? A squat Japanese tea-pot and Eastlake furniture in the dining-room, though *comme il faut*, are no compensation for her tired face and nervous headache. How many nights has the dear, misguided child smiled a ghastly smile over the tea-tray, telling me in such a pathetically enthusiastic way of a successful hunt in bric-a-brac shops, yet so worn and jaded she could not break bread with me!

O, tempora! O, mores! when will China and Japan take back their own, and leave us the simple comforts and homely art of our forefathers?

Well, so the story runs. During the last few years my experience has doubtless been undergone in a thousand homes, yet, it is none the less sad. I, in common with many another true-born American citizen, am obliged to sit in uncomfortable chairs, arrogant with rampant British lions in red flannel impaled on toweling. I rest my aching head on a tidy, where a melancholy white felt stork stands listlessly on one leg, amid brown velvet rushes, or one on which "conventional" dull oranges hang stiffly on dismal, cold, grey linen. Since it has grown to be the fashion to arrange one's rooms with the frank disorder one hitherto only expected to find in an artist's studio, I dare not go into the library in the dark, lest I knock over Venus de Milo, or have a pass with Mercury. Even during the daytime my limbs are in peril, because Laura would have inlaid floors, and Persian rugs will slip under one's feet as well as "hooked" ones.

But why go on? 'Tis too late for help. Michael Angelo's prophets stare reproachfully at me as I write. What can I, an uncouth man, know of the delicate fancies of the bright Psyche, who, butterfly-like, has settled down by my side? Yet a traitorous thought poisons my soul: she is shamming! In her heart of hearts she is still a good Methodist, though she would exclaim indignantly were I so much as to hint that she was not born and bred a high-church Episcopalian. Her Dante club always sends her home cross, with a headache, though she tries to make me believe it "elevates" her. Poor little thing! how she toils away at Huxley, Spencer, Gêrman, and china-painting! How my heart yearns over her, as I see the smile on her pretty mouth fade away, her round cheeks grow hollow, and her fascinating ingenuousness giving place to meaningless cant on art, religion, and science!

Possibly you think I have greatly exaggerated the evil; that so few hideous tidies, more or less, and a superficial course of German, are harmless enough, but this is not all; Laura thinks I do not care for art or "culture;" that our tastes are sadly unlike, that I am not sympathetic. The necessary consequence is that we are drifting surely but slowly apart. I cannot be a brute and tell her that after all her labors that my house is not a home; that it is not comfortable; that I can find in it no rest for the sole of my foot; that after all has been said and done, it is far from being æsthetic. Nor can I be rude enough to say frankly that it is folly for her to spend so much time "cultivating" her mind.

Ah me! my honest little wife is gone, and in her stead there is a nervous, tired, prematurely careworn woman, who lives in a whirl of silly gush over worthless tea-cups and modern thought. I hear her now talking with the children in her newly-acquired Boston tone, and with a startlingly new pronunciation. Tom is saying that he got his hands dirty playing marbles with the Jones boys. She corrects him severely with, "Do not say dirty, Tom

but soiled; you must learn such common expressions from those boys; they have no manners, and you must not associate with them." I pity the child, but I cannot interfere. She has "mannered" their childishness all away, but she ought to know better than I, since I am only a man.

Come back to me, wife of my youth! Sit on my knee as you did when we had an airtight stove, ingrain carpet, and "Lincoln and his family." Pour my tea from the old brown tea-pot into an honest stone china cup. Come back, O doors, and leave, O currents of cold air and portières! Call in the children, and let us sing together a rousing Methodist hymn.

I dream wildly. Laura is asking me if I will put some wood on the open fire, and there I am again at my chief grievance. I go grimly to a something covered with Turkish towelling, and made odious by flaming red dragons. This is supposed to be a wood-box. Heaven keep us when we have reached such a pass; when a thing that looks like an overgrown ottoman is a wood-box! Dear friends, let me draw again the veil which I fear I have lifted too rudely. But ye Gods defend me! After a hard day's work do I deserve to have the wife of my bosom ask, in a hard, didactic voice, if I have read thoroughly the last essay on "Sanscrit Roots," and do I not think we had better have a dado in the hall?

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

BY GEORGE KENT.

"Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?"

Not in the course of Nature's fix'd decay,
Obedient to the summons, waiting all,
Where, soon or late, death makes his final call;
Nor yet in front of battle's fierce array,
The spirit of our CHIEF has passed away;
But stealthily, the assassin's blow did fall,
Casting the gloom of deep funeral pall
Over a land where he bore righteous sway.

He rests in peace; not so the murderer vile,
Whose blood-stain'd hands a blacker heart betrays,
And tell of crime so rank "it smells to heaven;"
Guilt, so atrocious that not fullest Nile,
Nor ocean's surges, e'er could wash away,
Or mercy's self implore to be forgiven.
The assassin's brand is on him, deeper far
Than brand of Cain in fratricidal war.—
This slew a brother for a private end,
That killed a nation's hope, a FATHER, BROTHER, FRIEND.

MASSACHUSETTS COINAGE AND COINS.

BY JOHN B. HILL.

THE PINE TREE MONEY.

SAMPLES of the coined money of the Province, or rather the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, are very rarely seen among us, perhaps I may say never at this day, except in the cabinets of our collectors. Few of the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY have seen a specimen of this coinage, undoubtedly the first established by law in the United States, but I have thought that many of them would read with interest a copy of the order of the court by which it was directed to be coined and issued, which I have copied as follows :—

"1652, May 27. It is ordered by the court and the authoritie thereof, that the printed order about money shall be in force untill the first of the seventh month next and no longer, and that from and after the first of September next, the money hereafter appoynted and expressed shall be the current money of the commonwealth, and no other unless English, except the receiver consent thereunto. In persuance of the intent of this court herein, be it further ordered and enacted by the authorities of this court, that all persons whatsoever have liberty to bring in unto the mint house at Boston all bullion plate or Spanish coyne, there to be melted and brought to the alloy of sterling silver, by John Hull, master of said mint and his sworne officers ; and by him to be coyned into twelve pence, six pence, and three pence pieces, which shall be for form, flat and square on the sides, and stamped on the one side with N. E., and on the other side with XIId, VId, and IIId, according to the value of each piece, together with a private mark, which shall be appoynted every three months by the governor, and known only to him and the sworne officers of the mint ; and further the sd master of the mint afforsaid is hereby required to coyne all the sd money of good silver of the first alloy of new sterling English money, and for value to stamp two pence to a shilling of lesser value than the present English coyne, and the lesser peeces proportionable, and all such coyne as aforesaid shall be acknowledged to be the current coyne of this commonwealth, and pass from man to man in all payment accordingly, within this jurisdiction only. And the mint master for himself and officers for there payens and labours in melting, refining and coyning, is allowed by this court to take one shilling out of every twenty shillings which he shall stamp as aforesaid. And it shall be in the liberty of any person who brings into the mint house any bullion, plate, or Spanish coyne as aforesaid, to be present and se the same melted, refined, and alloyed, and then to take a receit of the master of the mint for the weyghts of that which is good silver alloyed as aforesaid, for which the mint master shall deliver him the like weyght of coyned money, viz every shilling to weyghe three penny troy weight, and lesser peeces proportionably, deducting allowance for coyning as before exprest.

And that this order being of so great concernment may not in any particular thereof fall to the ground, it is further ordered that Mr. Richard Bellingham, Mr. Wm. Hibbings, the p'sent Secretary, Capt. John Leverett, and Mr. Thomas Clarke, be a com'ittee appoynted by this court to appoynt the mint house in some convenient place in Boston, and to give John Hull, master of the mint, the oath suitable to his place, and to approve of all other officers, and determine what else shall appear to them as necessary to be done for the carrying

out of the whole order, and that all other orders concerning the valuation or coyning of money passed by the court shal be repealed."

Of the coin made under this order, I have never seen any sample. A further order was passed October 19, 1652, which I copy, as follows :—

"For the p'vention of marking or cliping of all such peeces of money as shal be coyned within this jurisdiction, it is ordered by this court and the authoritye thereof, that hence forth all peeces of money coyned as aforesaid, both shillings and smaller peeces, shall have a double ring on either side with this inscription (Massachusetts) and a tree in the center on the one side, and New England and the date of the years on the other side, according to the draught herewithall presented."

This describes the famous Pine Tree Money, which was for a long time the current money of Massachusetts, pieces of which would now sell for many times their weight in gold.

John Hull, master of the mint, by means of his duties and rights under these *orders*, acquired great wealth, some, perhaps, much of which he loaned on mortgages. An evidence of his wealth and liberality is the dowery or wedding gift he bestowed on his daughter, who, when married, was directed by him to stand out in the room, in her wedding dress, while he heaped about her the coined shillings, sixpences, and threepences, until she became the centre of a *cone* of coined silver as high as her head.

BEAVER BROOK.

BY MARY H. WHEELER.

There is a grassy, winding lane
  Beyond the pasture gate,
Fenced off from fields of waving grain,
  And corn rows, long and straight,
And where you enter, for a sign,
There nods a red, wild columbine.

A silent bowlder, lichen crowned,
  Stands sentinel within,
Where in the green-turfed mellow ground,
  The hoof-marked trails begin,
And, as you follow on, you may
Find sheep there, feeding by the way.

The lane is wider, as you go,
  With trees upon your right,
And, as you pass the bars below,
  The pasture comes in sight,
And, walking o'er a mossy ledge,
You come upon a wild rose hedge.

The wide-spread pasture leads away,
  From rock to hillock green,
With trees and shrubs and bowlders gray,
  And ferny dells between.
And from a knoll you catch a view
Of Gunstock mountains, steep and blue.

And farther on are woods of pine,
As to the East you look,
And alder bushes mark the line,
Where runs a rapid brook,
And, ere you reach the lower ground,
You hear the water's constant sound.

A well-worn path leads to the brink,
Where wider spreads the stream,
For there the cattle go to drink,
And chew their cuds and dream.
When, sleepy-eyed, they seek the pool,
And stand knee deep in waters cool.

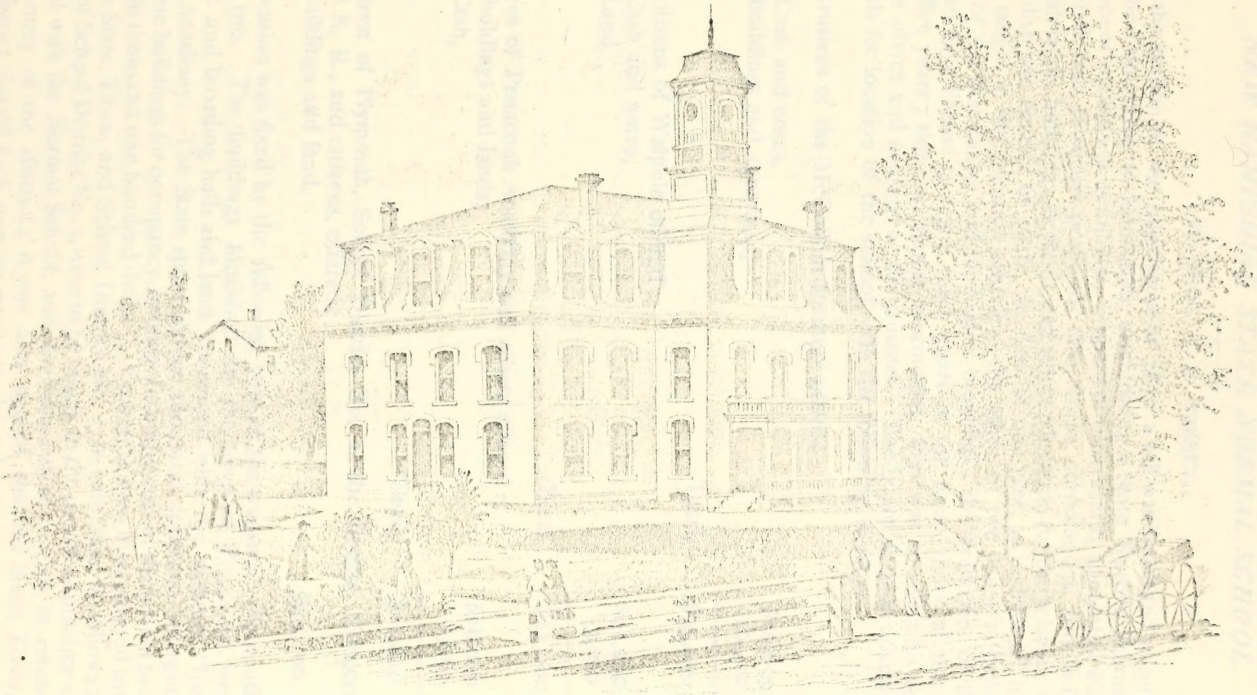
A broken dam of logs and clay
Bridges the stream across
(The water finds an unseen way
Beneath the twigs and moss).
'Twas built by beavers long ago,
At least the people told me so.

And if beyond the beaver bridge,
From rock to rock you glide,
And follow by the water's edge,
Upon the farther side,
An overhanging rock you'll see,
And, just beyond, a tall elm tree.

Creep to the ferny brink, and look
Down in the deep, dark pool,
Where half the waters of the brook
Are falling, bright and cool,
And, nicely poised on narrow fin,
You'll see a speckled trout therein.

You'll see? Ah, no; I saw, I mean.
If you are good and kind,
Then wander down that pathway green,
And see if you can find
The brook and bridge, and last of all,
The trout beneath the waterfall.

But if you are a man or boy,
Who loves, with baited hook,
The harmless fishes to decoy
From every pond and brook,
Perhaps I'd better let you know
I saw this twenty years ago.



NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

BY. PROF. H. P. WARREN.

AT the session of the Legislature of 1870 a bill was drawn and submitted by the Committee on Education, establishing a State Normal School. The substance of the bill was as follows: a board of trustees was appointed which was authorized, first, to secure proposals from towns, corporations, and individuals to furnish lands, buildings, or funds, and select a location for the school; second, to establish two courses of study, the first, of one year, to include all branches usually taught in the common schools,—the other, of two years, to include the studies of the first course and the higher branches: the graduates of the first course to have license to teach three years in the State, those of the second course five years; third, to choose a principal, who was to select his assistants with the advice and consent of the trustees. The board at once advertised for proposals for location of the school, with the following result:—

The trustees of the McCollom Institute offered:

Cash and notes,		$16,650
Buildings and apparatus,		16,400
	Total,	$33,050

The citizens of Walpole offered:

Cash and notes,		$41,000
Land,		3,000
	Total,	$44,000

Trustees of Penacook Academy and others offered:

Buildings and lands,		$20,000
Cash,		1,050
	Total,	$21,050

The town of Plymouth, School District No. 2, the Boston, Concord and Montreal R. R., and citizens, offered:

Buildings and land,	$22,100

The location was fixed by the following vote of the trustees: Plymouth five, Walpole two. The buildings furnished by the town of Plymouth, were the academic and boarding halls and land connected with the defunct Plymouth Holmes Academy. The State spent sixteen thousand dollars in enlarging and fitting these buildings for occupancy, making the entire cost of the school property thirty-eight thousand one hundred dollars. Contracts were then entered into between the State, Town, and School District No. 2, in substance as follows: The children of School District No. 2, were to be taught in the model or practice school connected with the Normal School, and the State was to receive, in return, the school money of the district; it was also agreed that the State, Town, and School District should each own an equity in the school property proportionate to their contributions to its cost. For the last two years the district has raised and paid to the State fifty per cent. more than obliged by law.

The school opened March 15, 1871, under the charge of Silas H. Pearl, A. M.; he was called from the Johnson (Vermont) State Normal School, of which he had been principal for some years. With him was associated Amos Hadley, A. M., of Concord. Under their joint management the school grew rapidly in numbers, and in the confidence of the State: the work was largely academic, but it was honest and thoughtful. Mr. Pearl, with one assistant, taught the English branches, Mr. Hadley the classics. In the summer of 1873 Mr. Pearl broke down in health, and soon after died. He was an enthusiastic teacher, thoughtful, exact, keen in criticism but kindly; in his life and in his instruction he emphasized the fact that all true success in teaching must have a spiritual basis. Mr. Hadley, owing to the poverty of the school, had resigned some months previous to Mr. Pearl's death. It should be borne in mind, that the State, until 1875, made no appropriation to pay the running expenses of the school; it was expected that these would be met by tuition and moneys earned by the teachers at Institutes. Mr. Pearl was followed by Rev. Horatio B. Ladd, A. B. He stayed with the school three years, until the fall of 1876; he was enthusiastic, full of resources, and keenly sensitive to popular demands. Under his administration the attendance was largely increased. The criticisms of the school, which commenced during the administration of Mr. Pearl, now ripened into bitter opposition. The economy, prejudices, and certain interests of the State were combined to destroy it; doubtless the school did, for the most part, academic work, but it was academic work in the elementary branches and sadly needed. The standard of qualifications to teach in New Hampshire was and is very low; any fairly intelligent person could get a school. These persons—all of them teachers—came to the Normal School, and showed not only ignorance of subject matter, but, worse, they could not think. They could not be rejected; they brought to the Principal certificates of successful work from superintendents. They were part of the teaching force of the State, and for whom was the school created, if not for them? The first work with them was to train them to think (and this must precede the study of methods and work in the training school), and the poverty of these pupils compelled them to leave before they were fitted to receive much of the theory and practice of teaching. Mr. Ladd bowed before the storm, and resigned in the fall of 1876. He was followed by Ambrose P. Kelsey, A. M. He attempted to make the school distinctively normal in its work; the teaching of the classics and modern languages was given up, and has not been resumed; his plans were good, and he labored zealously to bring about his aim; but the more distinctively normal he made the work the less was the number of pupils, showing that the *felt* want of the State was an English academy doing thorough elementary work. During Mr. Kelsey's administration the number of pupils decreased, until at the time of his resignation, February, 1879, the attendance was a mere handful, and at the end of the year only two pupils were left in the school. At this, the darkest hour in the history of the school, the trustees made the decision which should have been made in 1871 that, while the school stood ready to train any one who gave evidence of power, no diplomas would be given until there had been a careful study of subject matter, of the logical development of each study, and finally, that the power to apply this knowledge of matter and theory must be evinced in the training school which was then established. To gain time for this extended study, ten weeks were added to each school year. The trustees then asked the State for an *annual* appropriation of five thousand dollars. This was granted, with, two years later, a special appropriation of thirty-five hundred dollars for repairs of the school buildings. Henry P. Warren, A. B., then took charge of the school. The change in plan brought about this result:

graduates, or attendants upon high schools and academies have for the past two years made up a large proportion of the classes. The statistics for the year ending, 1881, are as follows :—

Whole number of pupils during the year,	50
Number who have taught.	32
Average number of terms taught by them,	4.47
Graduates of high schools or academies,	18
Attendants upon high school or academies one year or more,	44
Number who have attended district schools only,	8
Average age,	20 years, 10 mos.

The school is now provided with ample buildings, well furnished ; steam has just been put into both buildings, and running water with all the conveniences incident to it. Three thousand feet of new black-boards have been built into the walls. A cabinet is to be fitted up for the very complete mineralogical collection belonging to the school. All this has been accomplished with such reduction of expense to the pupils, that one hundred and thirty-six dollars covers every charge for a school year of two terms of twenty weeks each. This amount includes even the use of text-books, as well as excellent board, washing, fuel, lights, and rent of furnished room, making it the least expensive Normal School in New England. Three of the teachers have been connected with the school since the last change in administration, the fourth, a graduate of Harvard College, has just been added.

Three steps are recognized in training a person to teach : first, the knowledge of the subject matter ; second, the logical development of that matter ; and third, the theory of teaching, together with practice in the training school. Those pupils who have a fair knowledge of the subject matter give the most of their time to the second and third steps ; those who are poorly fitted must needs take all. With the present low standard of qualification for teaching, the trustees do not consider that they have the right to reject any applicant showing power, but the pupil must expect to advance slowly.

The Normal School, had it been established fifty years ago, would have met a great need, the training of teachers for the district schools ; to-day it is called upon to meet, in addition, a pressing necessity,—the training of teachers for the graded schools of our State. Twenty-eight per cent. of New Hampshire live in six towns ; forty-six per cent. in twenty-six towns. Other facts, shown by the last census, were these : no distinctively agricultural town held its population during the last decade, while our cities and villages uniformly showed a gain in population ; a majority of our children attend schools more or less perfectly graded. The report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction for 1880, shows that we had two hundred and ninety-seven schools with an average attendance of six scholars or less, seven hundred and eighty-five with an attendance of twelve or less, and that the number of these little school districts increased last year one hundred and thirty-nine. Two fifths of the schools of our State average less than nine scholars. What follows from the change in the occupation of our people? A shortened school course for the children. A generation ago this was the school life of a majority of our boys and girls : two months in the summer and two in the winter for the boys until twelve, and the girls until fifteen ; then two months in the winter until they were of age or even older. This was the education of the average ; a few enjoyed the advantages of the academy, very many had no education except a few terms at the district school. This protracted school course decided largely the plan of teaching. The books thumbed at twelve were identical with those studied at twenty. The work in geography, arithmetic, and grammar, was a round of

reviews; only geniuses were expected to master the tasks when first set,—and what did it matter? For each year's additional maturity would clear up a portion, at least, of the mysteries of the previous year, and in due time the pupil would graduate from the common school with a very fair acquaintance with the branches taught. But the plan was an absolute failure unless the pupil remained in school until the puzzles in arithmetic, the riddles in grammar, and the facts in geography were solved or arranged.

New Hampshire is suffering beyond estimate to-day because the same plan, to a considerable extent, is followed in altered circumstances. This may be disputed, and we shall be pointed to the array of primary arithmetics, geographies, language lessons, and elementary readers; but a book does not necessarily teach, any more than a plough necessarily turns a furrow. We claim that these inherited methods of teaching, which availed fairly well under the conditions we have described, are constantly used in spite of the silent protest of the primary book in the teacher's and scholar's hands. For example, in our State figures are generally taught before facts in number, the forms of words before their meaning, rules before principles, chronologic history before details of events; in other words, the teaching is analytic instead of synthetic, and this was the characteristic of the teaching of fifty years ago. Once it mattered little if a boy called words until he was in his teens; if percentage was jugglery and English grammar a guess or the facts of geography were independent; some strong-willed, enthusiastic master would put life into dead word forms, would show that there was a beautiful system to percentage, that English grammar had fixed laws, that the facts of geography were interdependent. The pupil had only to wait, and if the master did not come, the endless reviews would reveal to him most of these facts

The want of our State to-day is a high grade of elementary instruction. Three quarters of the pupils of the graded schools, and a painfully large per cent. of those who attend the ungraded, leave before they are fifteen. The demand for child labor in our State is large and constantly increasing. Can the wasteful method of a generation ago be continued to-day? Follow it and where is the child at fifteen? He leaves school with nothing fixed, for the clearing up term of the old system has not yet come to him. He cannot read understandingly, nor can he clearly express himself orally, or on paper. What is the remedy for this? Professional training. By this I mean, first, the study of the development of each subject; the teacher must learn in what order the mind in childhood grasps number, history, and geography; how in reading it grows into a recognition of the idea, the thought, and the thought paragraph; in other words, that beautiful development of each study which chords with the laws of mind growth, and which makes of teaching a science. Can this development be learned by practice? Geniuses learn in this way, for they alone can criticise themselves. Is there anything more pitiable than to see the strong man or woman ignore the thought stored in books and to be won at the schools, and waste years in developing a subject *de novo?* If this development is to be learned, where can it be gained better than in a training school? Can it be acquired by observation? The untrained teacher cannot observe; he cognizes results, but does not understand causes. He rarely sees the method; he sees only the mode. But this knowledge of the development of subjects is not teaching, although an indispensable preparation for it. Teaching is leading, and he who leads wisely is a good teacher. Now leadership in the ungraded school, with its small classes, was difficult enough; but what shall we say of the folly which expects mere girls, just from the high school, to lead classes of forty? Enthusiasm cannot do this, it is as apt to be a destructive

as a conserving force; leadership results from poise, from self-forgetfulness born of self-confidence, a lively imagination, and tenacity of purpose. The elements of this power are in-born, are in early education; the development comes of practice. How shall this practice be gained? By teaching, it is said. Yes, possibly, but probably if left to himself he who has the power of leadership within him will become merely a disciplinarian, who believes that there is a moral force in quietness, who confuses staring with attention, who, charmed by the clock-like regularity of the movements of the human machines about him, forgets that he is a leader and not a drill-sergeant. Now real leadership is based upon the knowledge of the soul, and how can the knowledge of the beauful unfolding of the mental and moral powers be so correctly gained as by studying them in company with one whose life has been given to this work! The children in the training department of a Normal School furnish the material, the method teachers, the sympathizing critics to lead the pupil-teacher.

What is the future of the Normal School? A slow success. It will win, because it is indispensable; it will win slowly, because it is based upon a truth imperfectly recognized—that teaching is a profession, that it has its science and its art as clearly defined as any of the learned professions. To this truth this State and this Nation must come, and will come when the success of the little handful of trained teachers in our land show how wasteful and wicked are our present makeshifts.

LETTER FROM JOHN FARMER TO GOV. WILLIAM PLUMER.

CONCORD, 25 July, 1825.

Dear Sir: It is gratifying to learn that you are preparing your biographical memoirs of distinguished persons for publication. I herewith communicate a few dates which may possibly relate to some of the characters you will notice. Hon. Jacob Abbot, son of Dea. Joseph Abbot, was born at Andover, 20 February, 1746; settled in Wilton, was Judge of the C. C. P., and Councillor in the Revolutionary war; moved to Andover, was trustee of Phillips Academy; removed to Brunswick, Me., was overseer of Bowdoin College, and Senator for Cumberland county in the Legislature of Massachusetts. He also resided in this town, I believe. He died 5 March, 1820, aged seventy-four.

Hon. Abiel Foster, of Canterbury, was born in August, 1735. His mother was an Abbot. Allow me to make a few inquiries. How may I obtain a list of the Councillors during the Revolution? Can you inform me the names of those elected for 1777, 1778, 1779, 1780 and 1781? Have you the dates of the deaths of Peter Green, Francis Blood, Moses Chase, Ithamar Chase, S. Kingsbury, Samuel Holmes, Jonathan Freeman, and William Tarleton? I believe I have the time when all the other Councillors (deceased), since 1784, have died. If you could furnish me with the above dates, the favor shall be reciprocated in any way in my power. Ought not our Publishing Committee to be collecting materials for another volume of collections? Mr. Moore is willing to print upon the same terms a second as he published the first.

I am respectfully your obedient servant,

JOHN FARMER.

WILLIAM H. Y. HACKETT.

BY REV. JAMES DENORMANDIE.

THE patronymic of the subject of this paper belongs to some early English emigrants to Massachusetts and New Hampshire. About the middle of the 18th century, one Ephraim Hackett is prominent among the early and enterprising settlers of Canterbury, and here Allen Hackett, an influential man in his neighborhood, was born in July, 1777. His wife was of the family of Youngs (who, in company with the Folsoms and Gilmans of Exeter, became the early settlers of Gilmanton), and they first met at the opening session of the Gilmanton Academy, in 1797. Coming from the neighboring town of Canterbury, Allen Hackett established himself as a tanner at Gilmanton, and here William Henry Young Hackett was born, September 24, 1800. His early and limited education was at the Gilmanton Academy, which, if it was not remarkable for its curriculum or discipline, was extremely successful in training young men and women together in friendship, deepening into life-companionship.

Mr. Hackett had no inclination for the work of the farm, to which his father had removed, but soon showed an interest in books and study, and a love for good literature, especially in the department of history, which never left him. Books were rare and expensive, and instead of a habit of extravagance, there was a necessity for self-exertion, so that Mr. Hackett would go into the forest, cut a cord of wood and take it to some purchaser, to procure the means for buying his text-books at school, and the studies, if fewer, were pursued with a thoroughness and discipline often wanting in the number and superficiality of our modern courses; so that having occasion to go to West Point recently to look after a rejected cadet, Gen. Schofield said to me, that the proportion of boys now being rejected from our high schools, was larger than twenty-five years ago it has from our common district schools.

Mr. Hackett began the study of law, to which he early turned his thoughts, when he was twenty, and two years later found him in the office of Ichabod Bartlett, at Portsmouth. This city was at that time remarkable for eminent men in its business, its professional, and its social life. The interests had not then greatly declined, which made it large enough and prosperous enough to invite the most distinguished ability in business, or in the professions, to make there a home, and the old social habits of a somewhat exclusive and aristocratic tendency, which at an earlier date separated the settlement at the Piscataqua from the Massachusetts, were not yet lost. The Piscataqua was in church and state very different from the other colonies, and it was only after a lingering opposition, and as a consideration of safety, that the Episcopal gave way to the Puritan element. The South Parish, strictly Congregational, preserved its historical formation, in the name of wardens for its officers, which the other Congregational organizations have followed, but which, we believe, no church in New England, except the Episcopal, would endure; and it is supposed to be the South Parish to which Mather, in the Magnalia, refers the story of the Puritan clergymen, who, preaching there, and disgusted with the liveries and wigs, and fashionable appearance of the congregation, gave them a tirade upon their luxuriousness, told them they ought to be ashamed of it in a country to which their fathers had come, that all might be free and equal. Whereupon an old gentleman in the broad aisle arose and said "that their fathers came over to this country to make money," which was just as strictly true of the Massa-

chusetts, only generally not stated so openly. Webster had just gone to Boston, when Mr. Hackett came, but Mason and Bartlett, and Woodbury and Cutts, and N. A. Haven, Jr., show how eminent the bar was, while among their students were the names of Franklin Pierce, John Elwyn, Lory Odell, Charles W. Cutter, and others prominent in the later affairs of the State or city.

Mr. Hackett was admitted to the bar in 1826, and soon after was invited to a partnership in the law with Mr. N. A. Haven, Jr., a man of great promise, whose early death Portsmouth has always looked upon as one of the most serious personal losses in her history; but the brief association with Haven, gave to Mr. Hackett, together with his own faithful industry, a rapidly increasing business. In that same year he was married to Olive Pickering, a lineal descendant of Capt. John Pickering, one of the prominent men in the early affairs of the Piscataqua settlement, and especially active in all its religious concerns, where he had his way not always with a gentle and forbearing spirit, when year after year the legislature was called upon to decide the struggle, which for a long time divided the town, as to which should be the old parish and have the right to the glebe land, and the town tax.

Thereafter, for a little more than fifty-two years, Mr. Hackett lived in the dwelling on Congress street, where he began house-keeping immediately after his marriage, and for all this period was a prominent figure in the interests of his adopted city. He was fond of a quiet, regular, well-ordered life; of his home, and his large circle of companions, with whom conversation was a great pleasure; of his books, whose reading never wearied; of his party, which he warmly defended; of his church, which he loyally sustained. He knew no idle moments, and by method and regularity, and a disposition unfretted by the sensitiveness or criticism which wear other lives away, he accomplished an amount of varied work which would surprise many of younger years or greater vigor. In his chosen profession, he had a large practice until his death; he was for many years, more or less, in politics; he was largely engaged in banking interests, and organized the First National in the country, through his friendship with Secretary Chase; he wrote a great deal for the press, and took a real interest in the system of education; he was an admirable presiding officer, so rare a gift, that for a whole generation he was gladly sought, upon all occasions of greater or less importance; he was exceedingly fortunate in his gift of paying tributes to his departed friends, which came sincerely out of a kind heart, which was ever willing to see the best in others; and, withal, he always found leisure to meet with his circle of friends at the Athenæum, to converse upon the topics of the day, or those personal reminiscences in which he abounded. There was nothing censorious in his nature, and for an unusually long life he was an example of diligence, fidelity, temperance, success in all public duties and private relationship; of uniform kindness and hospitality; one who attained wealth, position, influence, not by a fortunate turn of speculation, but by persevering toil; a representative of a generation fast passing away, which held that steady application to a chosen pursuit was a characteristic of all true manhood, and all useful living.

It was on the twentieth of January, 1862, that I first met Mr. Hackett. I had preached the day before at the South Parish, and on Monday was taken to the First National Bank to meet some of its directors, a most venerable body, of which ex-Gov. Goodwin remains the sole representative. Mr. Hackett met me with that genial manner and encouraging spirit which many now no longer young can testify was his custom towards the young, and particularly towards young men of his own city. I have personal knowledge of several whom he assisted, so as to open the way for them to be prominent and useful citizens. It will be a hard thing for the smaller towns of New England to hold their own

in the coming years. Places where industry and commerce, prosperity and promise were sufficient to attract the most energetic and ambitious of a former generation, are now regarded as slow, as offering insufficient inducements; the best business and professional capacity seeks the wider field of some great or growing metropolis; but if there is one thing beyond others which shall help such towns, it is encouragement from those who have been successful, it is a cheering word from your own town, it is an expression of sympathy from the older about to depart, and this Mr. Hackett was ever ready, heartily, to bestow.

If, however, these smaller cities are not so open to great business enterprises and speculations, by which large fortunes are quickly made and often as quickly vanish, as the centres of trade, they offer, perhaps, a better field for the cultivation of habits of persistent application and economy,—and here Mr. Hackett was a remarkable example..

Within a few years, and chiefly as the result of our civil war, our social life has undergone a great change. Expensive habits of living, an aversion to the quiet, plodding, but certain means of competency and success, a determination to gain wealth rapidly, all fed by the same spirit of speculation which the false prosperity of war always arouses, spread over the land from the Stock Exchange of New York to the raffle, grab-bag, or lottery in some form or other of every village church which consecrates gambling in the name of Christ. Persistent, steady application to employment has greatly gone out of fashion. The Englishman was complaining of this country, because there were no gentry,—persons, he said, who did nothing, and whose fathers before them did nothing; and the American replied that we had plenty such, only we called them tramps. It is the tramp spirit, even in spite of our excellent law, which possesses only too many, a willingness to do anything rather than lead a life of patient, persistent, and accumulative labor. There is a well-known algebraical puzzle, by which the assumption that nothing equals nothing leads us to the unexpected result that one equals two. This is what all illegitimate business is attempting to do, but it is only a puzzle and deception still. Young men are fatuously blind to the lengthening shadow which these faults of overreaching and business dishonor throw adown their whole future. It is the fleck of mildew which eats and grows blacker and spreads from year to year. It is the steady purpose of square dealing which in the vast multitude of cases brings even the surer outward success in the long run,—like the divine favor falling as dew upon the fleece of Gideon, though all the earth besides is dry and sterile in dishonesty.

But while Mr. Hackett was a conspicuous example of patient industry and careful economy, he was not neglectful, from the beginning, of those expenditures on which the social welfare rests. He was never reluctant to bear his part in all educational, charitable, political, and religious affairs. He did not wait for that until all interests grew weak and fitful; and because of his support of all these, as essential to the purity of society, he became, year by year, a more prominent citizen; and because of a sturdier avoidance of those early and later dissipations which exhaust the body as well as the fortune, we found him, at the age of seventy-five, full of manly strength and vigor, his natural force unabated, his interest and generosity in the public welfare only increasing. This was nowhere more observable than in his loyalty to the church of his choice. It is fashionable for young men to say that the church is too costly; but the truth is their own interests centre upon other things; or with a thoughtlessness, and indecision, and indifference to all doctrines, they really go where whim or fashion carries them, or go not at all. There is not the finest church in any city where one cannot find a seat for the tenth part of what his cigars are costing him, if only he thought a tenth part as much of God as of a cigar;

but the life of every church, the solidity and welfare of every community, rests upon those few persons who choose out of conviction, and then by their example show that the church really has a place in their being, in their affection, in their necessities, and out of this conviction Mr. Hackett was hardly absent from his accustomed pew, morning or evening, for nearly fifty years. In the easy-going faith of our day, which means no concern for religion at all, it is strange how persons forget that real character, influence, position, comes from conviction, and though the doctrines may be erroneous, the life which conscientiously holds them, and proves their vitality by integrity, is the immortality which living men honor, and dying desire.

There is another feature in the life of Mr. Hackett. With no remarkable advantages for an early education, but with that same patient industry which he carried into all his affairs, he passed a long life in the accumulation of historical and biographical knowledge, until his mind was stored, and his conversation rich and interesting with reminiscences of leading characters in the immediate or more distant past. The settlement at the Piscataqua in the interests of Episcopacy, at the time of the settlements in Massachusetts in the interests of Puritanism, and at the very culmination of the religious troubles in England, and the building of the first chapel for worship, the very year that Episcopacy was abolished in England, open to the careful historical inquirer and observer of human nature so much the same in like exigenices in every age, an explanation of the misrepresentations of one colony by the other, to which due attention has not yet been given. The early histories have all been written in the interests of the Bay Colony and the Massachusetts; and their biased statements have been followed without due examination ever since, and the settlement at the Piscataqua regarded as less religious, because it was of a different religion. But without making any special boast of the piety and godliness of the settlers at the Piscataqua, there is ample evidence that they had just as much interest in their kind of religion, and the heat of ecclesiastical troubles in the old country was reproduced in these neighboring settlements. In these historical questions Mr. Hackett had always the greatest interest. The two hundredth anniversary of the Piscataqua settlement, at Odiorne's Point, was perhaps the occasion of the organization of this society,* at whose first meeting, held in Portsmouth, on the 20th of May, 1823, Mr. Hackett happened to be present, but was then too young to be identified with its plans, which at a later period and for years he heartily embraced.

A long association with the principal jurists, lawyers, and politicans of this State, many of whom combined great ability with a rugged and uncouth manner, gave to Mr. Hackett a fund of anecdotes which was an exceeding enjoyment to his friends, for he remembered with accuracy and repeated with zest. An evening with him and Chief Justice Bellows, when each was relating personal reminiscences of the men of two generations past in the State, was not to be soon forgotten.

On the 21st of December, 1876, there was the happy celebration of the golden wedding, when the couple, venerable, but still unbroken by the experiences and cares of half a century, stood in the room of the same house to which they repaired upon their marriage, consecrated by so many home associations, while friends, relatives, and children, and children's children came to bring their offerings; and the house was thronged with the few who could go back over the whole period, and the many who were friends of later years.

In the midst of our restless and sensational ways, it is no light matter when a citizen who has gone in and out before us in so genial, regular, temperate,

* The New Hampshire Historical Society.

industrious, and honored a life,—a life of exceptional personal purity, a life which has filled so many positions of private and public responsibility, and filled them without reproach,—meets the sentence which has been passed upon all. His seemed a greater loss because of that activity of life which had given no impressions of the inroads or infirmities of old age. In undecayed vigor of mind, he asked for his children and children's children, and with calmness and confidence spoke a parting word to each, and before any disabilities came, which by his strong nature might have been ill-borne, he was gathered to his people. Portsmouth and Concord, and all this State, have, within a few years, lost many men, who, like Mr. Hackett, were justly prominent in all their best affairs. We will not indulge in any reflections about the superiority of the past generation, its greater honor, or power, or reverence. Society is forever gathering the resources, the knowledge, and the experiences by which life may, and must, grow nobler, even though in the presence of venerable lives, of whom we have every reason to be proud, to crown with honors and to keep tenderly in our memories, we may for a moment be anxious or despair. There are for us advantages they fondly yearned after and had not. In our little country villages there are those whom an inexhaustible, impartial, and lavish Providence is bringing forward to take the places which our leading men have left vacant, but we may leave them the assurance that it will be no easy task. It cannot be done without toil and fidelity; without self-control and honor; without a willingness to bear one's share of the social burdens; without an independent and conscientious interest in those spiritual realities upon which rest eternal issues.

LETTER FROM JOHN ADAMS TO GOV. WILLIAM PLUMER.

QUINCY, April 11, 1815.

Respected Sir: I am this week embarking two grandsons to meet their parents in England. They go for Liverpool in the new Packet, Captain Bronson.

How my son will terminate his career, or how any other man in public service in this country will come out at last, no intelligence short of divine wisdom, I believe, can foretell. It is probable he will lose in England, as his father did, all the little popularity he ever had. And the sincere wish of my heart is, that he may return to his country and enjoy in private life as much tranquility and comfort as his father has done for the last fourteen years.

With respects to yourself, and compliments to your son.

Your servant,

JOHN ADAMS.

LAUDATE DOMINUM.

BY S. P. DRIVER.

From mountain-top, from brook, and brae, and dingle,
From surge-swept beaches, and from sleepless pine,
Sounds the full cadence of the Song Eternal,
Swells the Great Anthem taught by Lips Divine.

To every ear attuned to Music's numbers,
For each true soul alive to Music's sense,
Mingle the drum-beats of the marching cycles
With solemn lyrics of Omnipotence.

The air is full of chime, and dirge, and pæan,
From heaven's own thunder, to the babe's low cry,
From chirp of linnet to Niagara's choral,
One long, unbroken throb of harmony.

The Storms dread lyre is voiced to variant measures,
When dewy fingers press its viewless strings;
And, over frozen seas, the Snow-King's fairies,
Like song-birds, beat the thin air with their wings.

Across the leaf-hung harp-strings of the forest,
God's breezes sweep, with fingers deft and free;
While bird and bee, with wing-beats in rehearsal,
Thrill the hot air with wealth of chord and key.

Day unto night shouts jubilant hosannas,
And night to day, in starry chords, replies,
All speech and language, many-tongued, preluding
The Symphony Eternal of the Skies.

The lips, slow-parted, of the thronging Ages,
Bring us stray snatches of melodic rhyme,
Glad Jubilates of the golden present,
And grand Te Deums of the ancient time.

Thro' the dim archways of the past, come stealing
The half-spent echoes of Creation's Hymn;
And, high above the noisy strife of Nations,
Peal the responsive chants of Cherubim.

Down through the misty portals of the future
The years go singing past our narrow ken;
"Glory to God!" the burthen of their singing,
While Heaven's far echoes answer, "Peace to men!"

All hail! blest gift of song! the Omnipresent!
Peal on! O, Symphony of God's high praise!
Till, in the presence of the One Great Master,
Song-pupils, we attempt th' unending lays.

Then, over seas of glass and pastures greener,
"Glory to God!" shall echo once again,
And Heaven's great chorus, with unnumbered voices,
Sing "Hallelujah," and the long "Amen."

A CURIOUS RELIC.

BY E. P. JEWELL.

AMONG the noted war ships of the olden day, the Ranger, built at Portsmouth, N. H., upon what is known as Badger's Island, and launched in May, 1777, is one of the most conspicuous. This ship carried eighteen six-pounders, and a crew of one hundred and fifty men. The Ranger first bore the American flag to Europe, and there is little doubt that the stars and stripes first floated over the waves from its mast head. At the mast of this New Hampshire ship, the flag, which has since commanded the respect of the world, received its first salute from any power. This was from a French fleet, in February, 1778. M. de LaFayette was on board the French fleet and witnessed this first salute.

June 14, 1777, Congress passed the following resolution :—

Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.

Resolved, That Capt. Paul Jones be appointed to command the Ranger, Ship of War, &c.

Jones took command, and sailed from Portsmouth, December 2, 1777, for France. On the 10th of April, 1778, he sailed on a cruise in the Irish Channel, and took several prizes. The last engagement of the Ranger, while under command of Jones, was with the sloop of war Drake, a vessel larger than her antagonist, with two more guns and a stronger crew. After one of the fiercest naval engagements on record the Drake surrendered. During the contest of one hour and five minutes, the Drake lost in killed and wounded, forty men, including Capt. Burden and the First Lieutenant; Jones lost Lieut. Wallingford and one man killed, and six wounded. About this time 1st Lieut. Simpson was ordered to command the Ranger, and Capt. Jones was transferred to another vessel. After returning to Portsmouth, and refitting, the vessel made several cruises, and was finally captured at Charleston, in 1780, by the British. The Providence, Queen of France, and the Boston, also fell into the hands of the enemy at the same time. One hundred years have passed since the sturdy old ship was captured, and now an interesting relic, the Log of the Ranger, from Monday, August 18, 1778, to Wednesday, May 10, 1780 (which I think was the time of the capture of the vessel), has accidentally fallen into my hands. It was discovered among rags, which had been picked up in different sections of New Hampshire, in a remarkably good condition. It contains two hundred and forty-eight large and well filled pages. The record of every day is complete.

MONDAY, Aug. 24, 1778. 3d day out. The first part of this twenty-four hours fair and pleasant, light winds E. B. N.; at 4 P. M., fresh breeze and cloudy; at 8 P. M., fired a gun to bring too a Dutchman. The middle part cloudy, the wind N. N. E. At day light saw a sail on our lee bow, gave chase, and at 6 A. M. spoke her. She proved to be a brig from London to Pensacola, loaded with provisions for the garrison there, called the Sally, Capt. Ward. The Commodore manned and ordered her to America. At 8, spoke a Swedish Snow and a Dutch ship. The latter part of this twenty-four hours hazy weather and wind from the N. B. W.

TUESDAY, Aug. 25, 1778. Beginning with fresh winds and hazy weather; at 1 P. M., Commodore brought too a sloop from Carolina, bound to Nantes. The Boston gave chase to a ship, and 6 P. M.

brought her too, a Frenchman bound to Boston, the prize brig astern. These twenty-four hours ends with fair weather, winds having been variable from the E. B. N. to the E. B. S.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 26, 1778. These twenty-four hours commence with fresh gales and fair weather. Brought too a Dutch ship bound to Riga. Moderate breezes and fair weather. The wind these twenty-four hours has been from the E. N. E. to the E. S. E.

THURSDAY, Aug. 27, 1778. Begins with light winds and cloudy weather, under an easy sail, in company with the Providence, Boston, and prize brig. Hazy weather; sailmakers employed making lower steering sails. The wind has been S. S. E., and S. E. B. E., these twenty-four hours.

FRIDAY, Aug. 28, 1778. This twenty-four hours begins with fair and pleasant weather. Our light sails set, in company with the Providence and Boston. Latter part more winds. Sailmakers employed about steering sails; winds S. and S. S. E.

SATURDAY, Aug. 29, 1778. First part fresh gales and hazy weather, handed our light sails. Hawled up our courses. Latter part wind increases with rain, close reefed our topsails: wind S. B. W.

SUNDAY, Aug. 30, 1778. First part of this twenty-four hours cloudy and fresh gales, now and then rain. Middle part light breezes, cloudy; at day light spoke with a Danish brig from St. Croix, bound to Denmark, forty days out. Light airs of wind and all sail set; wind from W. B. S. to S. W.

MONDAY, Aug. 31, 1778. Light and easy breezes, a large swell from the S. W. Hoisted out the yawl to go on board the Providence; sailmaker employed in repairing one of the new top sails that was damaged on the last cruise. The twenty-four hours ends with easy weather, wind having been S. W., and S. W. B. S.

TUESDAY, September 1, 1778. This twenty-four hours begins with easy weather; at twelve at night discovered a sail, made our signal lights which the Commodore answered and we gave chase; at two the wind freshened with rain; lost sight of her, gave over chase; made our false fires to the other ships and joined them again. Wind increasing with hard squalls and rain, down top-gallant yards and handed our top sheets; at day light the weather clearing and proving moderate; discovered a sail to the eastward; gave chase. At eight in the morning, saw a ship in the S. E. quarter, standing to the eastward; wind has been S. W. these twenty-four hours.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 2, 1778. These twenty-four hours begin with a fresh gale and hazy weather; at two in the afternoon the Commodore gave our signal to chase the ship to windward, accordingly tacked and stood after her, fresh breeze and a head sea; at three carried away our fore top mast and fore and main top gallant masts, got in the wreck with little loss of rigging, and at seven in the evening had another top mast up and the top sail set; by ten at night our top gallant masts up and all complete. The twenty-four hours ends with thick weather and wind; the wind has been at S. W. B. S.

THURSDAY, Sept. 3, 1778. From the first to the middle of these twenty-four hours very light breezes, cloudy and rain; the latter part, the wind freshens with showers of rain. The wind has been at S. E. B. S.; top sails close reefed.

FRIDAY, Sept. 4, 1778. First part moderate breezes and hazy weather, with a large swell; out reefs and set the light sails. The latter part clear weather; wind N. E. B. E., up top gallant yards.

SATURDAY, Sept. 5, 1778. This twenty-four hours begins with light airs and pleasant weather, laying by for the Providence and Boston. In the night squally, with rain; down top gallant yards, and close reefed the top sails. At eleven in the forenoon, saw a sail to the eastward, gave chase; up top gallant yards and set the light sails. The wind has been at E. B. S., S. W., W. S. W., and north.

SUNDAY, Sept. 6, 1778. Begins with fine weather; still in chase, at half past nine in the evening brought her too, proved to be a French Snow from Newfoundland bound to Havre DeGrace. The twenty-four hours ends with pleasant weather; the Commodore's boat came on board; the wind has been N. N. E., N. B. E., and S. W. B. W.

MONDAY, Sept. 7, 1778. These twenty-four hours light airs, fair weather and a smooth sea; the wind W. B. N., W. B. S., N. N. W., and N. B. W.; hauled our cables upon deck, shook some water casks, cleared the hole, coiled down our cables again, and stowed some lumber from other rooms in the hold.

TUESDAY, Sept. 8, 1778. Light airs of wind from the north N. B. E., N. E., and east; the weather fair.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 9, 1778. The first part pleasant breezes and fair weather, under an easy sail, the wind at south. At seven in the morning fresh breezes and cloudy weather; took a brig from Granada bound to Glasgow, called the Friend Duncan, McFarland, master, hav-

ing on board one hundred and thirty-six punchions rum and ten bales cotton. Informs us that he had parted with a fleet of West India Men eighteen days before, bound for Europe under convoy of the Deal, Castle and Beaver; put on board Joseph Green, Prize master; Daniel Jackson, Samuel Holbrook, James Smith, Oliver Pommett, Samuel Chandler, Benjamin Quint, and Simon Staples.

THURSDAY, Sept. 10, 1778. Begins with heavy squalls of wind and rain, with large swell; handed our top sails. The prize brig in company; at seven in the morning wind to the S. W.; thick weather and rain; set the stay sails. The wind has been S. E., and S. S. E.

FRIDAY, Sept. 11, 1778. This twenty-four hours begins with a fresh gale and thick weather. In the morning the ships and prize brig hove too; took from out of her for the use of the Ranger four puncheons of rum, for the Providence eight, and for the Boston two; delivered to the brig 220 bread, 1 barrel of beef, half a barrel of pork, 32 pounds butter, 40 yards light canvas 7 pounds twine, 14 sail needles, 10 pounds candles, 3 palm irons, 1 bushel corn, 2272 pounds cheese. Condemned as unfit for use 124 pounds of butter, and 2 casks of pease containing about 14 bushels, also 12 pounds of cheese. Capt. Tucker having a disturbance on board the Boston, was obliged to send two mutineers on board the Providence, and on board the Ranger the following prisoners taken in the Friends, viz.: Thomas Marshall and William Haggart, passengers; Daniel Johnson, William Sharp, Malcolm M. Isaac, and John Bogg, seamen; and John Thompson, boy.

SATURDAY, Sept. 12, 1778. Begins with light breezes and clear weather; at eight o'clock in the forenoon saw a sail to the westward; set our studding sails; at noon a very light breeze, out oars to row after the chase, she being about eight or nine miles distant. Winds for the twenty-four hours N. B. W., N. N. W.

SUNDAY, Sept. 13, 1778. The twenty-four hours begin with light winds and variable; at four gave over chase, a light air coming from the S. W. At sunset lost sight of the chase, a light air from the west; light winds W. S. W.; in company with the ships and prize brig; wind S. W.

MONDAY, Sept. 14, 1778. The twenty-four hours begin with a fresh breeze at S. W., and clear weather; fresh breezes and cloudy, double reefed our topsails. Wind increases, close reefed the fore and main and handed the mizzen top sail; at eight in the morning saw a sail bearing N. N. E., gave chase; at ten came up with her, she proved to be our prize brig. Wore ship to the westward; the Commodore ordered Mr. Green, the prize master, to make the best of his way to America.

TUESDAY, Sept. 15, 1778. Fresh breezes and squally wind at N. W. B. W., up courses; light breezes and cloudy weather; at eight this morning out all reefs, up top gallant yards, and set the sails; sail maker employed making a mizen stay sail out of one of our heavy lower studding sails. The Boston made a signal for a sail in the N. W.; gave chase.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 16, 1778. Light breezes and hazy weather. The Boston's boat boarded the chase; bore up for the Commodore; proved to be an English Snow fourteen days from Newfoundland. Capt. Whipple manned and dispatched her for America. Rain, double reefed topsails, stood to the S. W.; saw two sail to the southward; gave chase. At half past seven tacked to the eastward after the chase. The wind has been variable, from the N. E. B. E. round to S. B. W.

THURSDAY, Sept. 17, 1778. Light breezes; the chase to windward near them; set in foggy; lost sight of the chase, Boston and Providence. At six, clear again; saw that our chases, had tacked to the northward, and were on weather beam about four miles distant, tacked after them. At seven the Commodore made a signal to give over chase. Bore up and spoke with the Commodore. At midnight double reefed each top sail; three in the morning hard squall, and rain, handed the top sails; at five spoke the Commodore; at eight, Capt. Tucker made signal for a sail; made sail.

FRIDAY, Sept. 18, 1778. Fresh gales and rain; double reefed our top sails; lay too for the Commodore to come down, spoke with him at five, handed all our sails, but the fore sail, down top gallant yards. Rain and a large sea. At five in the morning the weather moderates a little; set our main sail and close reefed fore top sail. The twenty-four hours ends with hard squalls and rain, with a large sea.

SATURDAY, Sept. 19, 1778. Strong gales and rain, a large swell from the westward; bore up for the Providence; set fore stay sail, main top mast stay sail, mizen and mizzen stay sail; set double reefed top sail; handed the fore and close reefed the main top sail.

SUNDAY, Sept. 20, 1778. Fresh gales, handed the top sails and the fore and mizen stay sails; set the main top sail,

and ditto stay sail; set whole top sails, little wind; set jib and stay sails, and the light sails. Swell from the eastward.

MONDAY, Sept. 21, 1778. Up top gallant yards and set the sails; light airs of wind; handed top gallant sails and single reefed top sails, and hauled up our course to wait for the Commodore. Expended 4135 gallons of water, remains 5365 ditto; returned by the doctor nine people sick. Fresh gale; trebble reefed fore and main top sail, and handed the mizen top sail; handed fore top sail. Hard squalls, handed main top sail; moderated, set main top sail and stay sails; set fore top sail.

TUESDAY, Sept. 22, 1778. Smooth sea and light airs of wind; squalls of wind, handed the top sails, main course and mizen stay sail; moderate, set main sail and main top sail; winds light and variable. Ven'd ship. Out reefs and set all the sails, up top gallant yards and the studding sails.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 23, 1778. Fresh gale, bent a new main top sail and mizzen stay sail. Wind increases, handed both top sails; more moderate, set main top sail, double reefed, set the fore and mizzen top sail, set the main sail.

THURSDAY, Sept. 24, 1778. Out reefs, set fore top sail. Sounded, no ground at 95 fathoms, aired the light sails, no observation.

FRIDAY, Sept. 25, 1778. Fresh gales, top sails reefed; sounded, no ground at 90 fathoms; sounded no ground at 100 fathoms; out all reefs, double reefed top sails.

SATURDAY, Sept. 26, 1778. Down stay sails, laid the main top sail to the mast, fired seven muskets and two swivels, signals for the ships; cleared, sounded, and had ground in eighty fathoms, quality of the bottom white sand and large stones; handed all our sails except the mizzen and mizzen stay sail, under which we lay by as did the other ships; caught some fish in forty-five fathoms water, laying by still on account of the fog. Weather cleared a little, both ships in sight.

SUNDAY, Sept. 27, 1778. Foggy and fresh gales; fired one six-pounder and two swivels, signal guns to prevent our seperation; at 4 o'clock ships brough too under a mizzen and mizzen stay sail; at six the weather clears, saw a sail to the northward and a small island of ice made sail and gave chase; at half past nine brought the chase too, a brig from Amsterdam called the William, Rob't Stonehouse, master, bound to Boston and owned there.

MONDAY, Sept. 28, 1778. Thick fog, lying by under the top sails; dismissed the brig. Tacked to the southward at five; still foggy by the master's return; have expended 723 gallons water since the 21st of this month, remains on board 4642 gallons. Weather clears a little, shut in thick of fog; hove too under the three top sails, little wind; Commodore and Capt. Hinman came on board to dinner, Capt. Tucker laying by with the Boston, scrubbing her bottom; foggy and rain.

TUESDAY, Sept. 29, 1778. Light winds, made sail to the westward, Commodore fired signal gun to keep company; clears, weather fine, loosed our sails to-day and all hands employed in fishing.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 30, 1778. Clear and calm; catched some fish.

THURSDAY, Oct. 1, 1778. Delivered eight barrels of beef to the Boston frigate, Sam'l Tucker, Esq., commander. Lost a hand lead, seven pounds weight, in fishing; unbent the fore and main courses and fore top stay sail, bent new ones.

FRIDAY, Oct. 2, 1778. Fair and a fine breeze, a long swell from the eastward; close reefed the top sails, down top gallant yards; at 6 o'clock sounded forty-two fathoms water, strong gales; at ten handed fore top sail and reefed the main course; at eleven handed the main top sail, strong gales and a large sea.

SATURDAY, Oct. 3, 1778. Rainy, squally weather, strong gale of wind and a high sea; reefed top gallant mast under courses, set close reefed main top sail, handed main top sail. The twenty-four hours end with a strong gale of wind and high sea.

SUNDAY, Oct. 4, 1778. Begins with a strong gale of wind and high sea, much rain, reefed the fore sail; at 6 o'clock brought too under mizzen stay sail as did the other ships; continues squally with rain; set close reefed top sails; in top sails.

MONDAY, Oct. 5, 1778. The twenty-four hours begins with a fresh gale and clear; out all reefs; loosed the light sails to-day, up top gallant masts; at 7 squally with showers of rain; at midnight hard squalls with rain. Saw a ship to windward about four miles, gave chase; blowed hard, thick weather, lost sight of the ship. Carrying a pres'd sail in chase, shiped a heavy sea, some of which got into the sail room and magazine.

TUESDAY, Oct. 6, 1778. Strong gale and high sea; weather clears and moderates; set up our main rigging; at 5 o'clock saw a sail to the S. S. E., under one fore sail and mizzen stay sail, hard squalls from the N. W. Blowing very

heavy with a high sea, reefed our courses, wore ship and set them; broached a cask of water of 110 gallons, which had leaked one third out; moderate, set the reef out of the main sail, and set the mizzen stay sail.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 7, 1778. A hard gale and a large sea from the northward. Set the main top sail close reefed, let a reef out of the fore sail; at twelve set close reefed fore and mizzen top sails, handed ditto; fresh gale, no observation.

THURSDAY, Oct. 8, 1778. Fresh gale; sail maker mending sails; set the fore and mizzen top sail; ends with clear weather and a moderate breeze.

FRIDAY, Oct. 9, 1778. Fresh gales and showers of rain, moderate. Wore ship to the westward, out reefs and set the light sails; light airs of wind, up top gallant yards; delivered fifty pounds of candles to the Providence.

SATURDAY, Oct. 10, 1778. Sent four cask on board the Providence, which they filled with water, quantity 168 gallons; scrubbed the ship's bottom; delivered the Boston one barrel of pork and one firkin butter; sail maker employed mending the sails, tacked ship; light air and variable.

SUNDAY, Oct. 11, 1778. Shifted the main and main top sail; delivered to the Providence 6 cwt. 2qr. 20lb. of bread and one firkin butter; a light breeze, set all sail; handed top gallant sails.

MONDAY, Oct. 12, 1778. Cloudy, fine breeze; blows fresh, hand jib and main top mast stay sail; at four handed top sails; at ten handed courses and lay too under mizzen stay sail; saw sail and gave chase.

TUESDAY, Oct. 13, 1778. Squally, strong gales; set main sail; more moderate, set main and fore top sails; set jib, out reefs, set single reefed top sails and stay sails; sent up top gallant yards and set sails; Cape Ann, bore W. B. N., 72 N., 57 leagues.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 14, 1778. Came up with the chase, which proved to be our prize the snow Adventure; bent both our cables. Set main top mast steering sails, handed down ditto; set top gallant sails, small sea; light airs and hazy weather; saw a sail to the N. N. W.; Cape Ann, bore W., 18 leagues distante.

THURSDAY, Oct. 15, 1778. Pleasant, light airs and pleasant weather; set steering sails below and aloft; light winds and variable, down steering sails; thick foggy weather; sounded, had ground 120 fathoms; sounded, 110 fathoms muddy ground, thick fog; fired signal guns.

FRIDAY, Oct. 16, 1778. This morning begins with thick foggy weather; at 2 P. M., saw Cape Ann, bearing W. S. W., about seven leagues distant; at 6 P. M., set steering sails below and aloft, bore away for Piscataqua harbour, at 9 P. M., came to anchor at Great Island, in company with the Providence and Boston; hoisted out the jolly boat; the captain went up to town; cleared ship, dryed some of our light sails.

SATURDAY, Oct. 17, 1778. This morning begins with fair weather; hoisted out the cutter; gave liberty for twenty-five of the hands to go to town to see their wives; received on board 400 weight beef; loosed our sails to dry, cleared hawser; people employed clearing ship, handed sails; saluted the forts with 13 guns.

SUNDAY, Oct. 18, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant (wind S. S. W.); six coasters arrived here from the eastward; near 50 of our hands absent from the ship; moored ships, captain came on board; the Sullivan Privateer arrived here this evening, Captain Thomas Dalling, commander.

MONDAY, Oct. 19, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant; tarred our sides; sent Lieutenant Wallingford's trunks &c., ashore; two prizes, a brig and a Snow, arrived here; the latter part fair and pleasant. (Wind S. S. W).

TUESDAY, Oct. 20, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant (wind S. S. W); loosed our sails to dry, cleared hawser; most of our people absent from the ship; a schooner from New York, with a cartel of 22 prisoners, arrived here; handed sail. (Wind W. S. W).

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 21, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant (wind N. W); a pilot came on board to pilot the ship up to town; unmoored, got both anchors to the bows, came too with the small bower; heavy squalls; got down top gallant yards; at 9 A. M., sent Sergeant Ricker, with four marines, on board the Cartel, to relieve the Commodore.

THURSDAY, Oct. 22, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant (wind N. N. E.); at 6 A. M., the Providence and Boston hove up and came to sail, bound to Boston; at 7 weighed our anchor and went up to town; saluted with 13 guns; let go our anchor in the stream; at slack tide warped in alongside of the prize ship Durkingfield; received a gondelow from Captain Tobias Lear, for ship's use.

FRIDAY, Oct. 23, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant; employed landing stores.

SATURDAY, Oct. 24, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant; the first part employed in washing ship, the latter in landing stores.



Very truly yours
E. A. Rollins

—THE—

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HON. EDWARD ASHTON ROLLINS.

BY J. N. McCLINTOCK.

IN a modest, yet elegant residence in the beautiful suburb of West Philadelphia resides a gentleman who has honored the highest official trusts, and who has retired from public life with the esteem of his fellow citizens,—Hon. E. A. Rollins. The house is in a spacious lot, and is surrounded by trees and vines artistically arranged. Within is a home where the cultured taste of the owner is everywhere apparent, from the well-appointed and richly stored library throughout every room in the well-ordered mansion.

An active life, in which so much has been accomplished, deserves an extended biography; in preparing a short sketch of such a career, the leading facts only can be placed on record and the character outlined, leaving to the historian of the future the task of doing justice to the subject.

EDWARD ASHTON ROLLINS, son of Daniel G. and Susan Binney Rollins, was born in Wakefield, New Hampshire, December 8, 1828. At the age of seven he was taken by his parents to Great Falls, and in that flourishing village he grew to manhood, receiving his early education at the excellent common schools of the town. He was a studious youth and gave such promise of future prominence that it was determined in the family councils to give him the advantages of a liberal education. Into these plans he heartily entered, and commenced to fit for college at the Rochester Academy, under the tuition of Harrison C. Hobart, a graduate of Dartmouth. He afterwards attended the Gilmanton Academy and received instruction from Rev. Charles Tenney, another Dartmouth graduate. In 1847, young Rollins entered the freshman class of Dartmouth College, and for four years thereafter attended to the routine of class and chapel exercises, graduating with honor in 1851. Among his classmates were Hon. Charles Hitchcock and D. L. Shorey, of Chicago; Hon. Charles W. Willard, Governor Redfield Proctor, and Judge Jona. Ross, of Vermont; Hon. George W. Burleigh and Hon. Joshua G. Hall, of New Hampshire. It was considered the proper thing for young men in college to improve their vacations by teaching school; accordingly Mr. Rollins followed the fashion, and taught for three seasons, at Rochester, at Great Falls, and at the academy at Elliot, on the eastern bank of the Piscataqua.

Immediately after graduation he entered upon the study of the law in the office of Hon. G. W. Brown and Hon. F. W. Brune, of Baltimore, and remained there one year. The second year he studied with Hon. Nathaniel Wells, and Hon. Charles H. Bell, of Great Falls. The third year he studied

with Hon. Josiah H. Hobbs, of Wakefield, and at Harvard Law School, and was admitted to the bar in Strafford County in August, 1854. He commenced the practice of his profession in Great Falls. The following year he was elected cashier of the Somersworth Bank. In 1856 he resumed the practice of law, and formed a partnership with Hon. Ichabod G. Jordan.

In the spring of 1860 Mr. Rollins was elected to the Legislature, from Somersworth; was reëlected the two following years; and was called upon to preside, as speaker, over the largest legislative body in America, in 1861 and 1862, when the nation was in the turmoil of a great civil war.

In the fall of 1862 the Bureau of Internal Revenue was established, and in April, 1863, Mr. Rollins was appointed, by President Lincoln, cashier of that department. The following year he was appointed deputy commissioner. In November, 1865, he was appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue, being the fourth officer appointed to the position,—Hon. George S. Boutwell being the first; Hon. Joseph J. Lewis, the second; and Hon. William Orton, the third.

Mr. Rollins held this office until March 8, 1869, or until President Grant was established in the executive chair, when, completely worn out and exhausted by the mental strain and pressure of business, he insisted upon his resignation being accepted. To appreciate the difficulties under which he labored, it must be understood that he was at the head of a department in which there were about six thousand officers and employés, all dependent upon him for instruction in duty, and many for their continuance in office. President Johnson, unfortunately, had abandoned the Republican party, and consequently antagonized Congress. He committed arbitrary acts which led to his impeachment and almost to his conviction. The tenure of office act had been passed, and under its provisions Mr. Rollins, although at variance with the executive, continued to hold his office and protect his subordinates in their positions. It may be here stated that the personal and friendly relations between the president and commissioner, in abeyance during their respective terms of office, were cordially renewed in after years, when each had thrown off the cares and responsibilities of political positions.

Mr. Rollins only consented to hold his place because strongly urged to do so by the "old guard" of the Republican party. Blaine, Chandler, Washburne, Schenck, Colfax, Maynard, Morrill, Garfield, and many others personally appealed to him, by letter, for the good of the revenue, and for party purposes, to maintain his position. He did so for several years. All this time the transactions of the department were stupendous. The war had been brought to a close, and the country was in debt three thousand million dollars. The money to meet and reduce this indebtedness had to be obtained by the direct taxation of a thousand and one things manufactured and in daily use in every home in the land. All had to share their part of the enormous burden,—nearly one thousand dollars for every man, woman, and child in the land, red, black, or white. In this office Mr. Rollins's great executive ability had full exercise. At times a million of dollars were the average daily receipts of the department.

In the summer of 1869 Mr. Rollins removed to Philadelphia, and was elected Vice-President of the National Life Insurance Company of the United States of America. Upon the resignation of the president, Mr. Clarence H. Clark, in 1872, Mr. Rollins was elected to that office, and continued to hold it until, in 1874, the stock of the company was sold and transferred to John V. Farwell and others of Chicago, when he was succeeded, at his request, by Mr. George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia.

Mr. Rollins took advantage of the leisure thus afforded him to travel in this country and in Europe several months with his family, making a tour through England, Ireland, France, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. After a long

rest from toil of every kind, his active mind sought a new outlet for its energies; and, upon his return to Philadelphia, he conceived the idea of establishing a new National Bank. The Centennial Exposition was about to be opened, and at the request of the Centennial Board of Finance the bank became its fiscal agent, was named the Centennial National Bank, and he was elected its President. This office Mr. Rollins continues to hold, to the great advantage of the bank.

In addition to his presidency of the Centennial National Bank, Mr. Rollins is a director of a bank in the West, and of several railroad companies, where he has large interests. For most of his life he has been an active member of a Christian Church, and always a scholar or teacher in the Sunday-School. At the present time he is a member of the session of the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, in Philadelphia,—of which Rev. S. W. Dana, D. D., is pastor,—and he is also a trustee of "The Presbyterian House," and a manager of "The Presbyterian Board of Publication."

"Mr. Rollins's studies and large experience have made him cultured and well-informed on all subjects of current thought. A constant reader, he is also a careful and logical thinker. His mental judgments are never hastily formed, and are, therefore, almost always sound and true. His inability to take a partial or one-sided view of any question makes him a most valuable friend and counsellor, and, with his habits of patient research, would make him a model judge in any court. New Hampshire has seldom produced a man of such well-balanced mind and well-rounded character, or more intellectually complete or capable than Mr. Rollins. In family and social life, his patience, vivacity, and cheerfulness make him much beloved. No more united or happier family than his could be found, and their social life always sparkled with innocent mirthfulness. It should also be said, with truthfulness, that his whole plan of existence is founded upon deep religious convictions, which have never ceased to control his private and his official and public life. With few or no enemies (for a man so just can really have but few or none), Mr. Rollins is appreciated, respected, and loved by his troops of friends."*

Mr. Rollins was married, September 27, 1855, to Ellen Hobbs, daughter of Hon. Josiah Hilton Hobbs, of Wakefield, New Hampshire. Of their children, Willard Ashton and Margaret Ellen died in infancy; Marion, a beautiful child of eleven years, died in Washington, in 1867; Lucy Ward, Louise McCulloch, and Philip Ashton brighten their father's home. The only son, Philip Ashton Rollins, born January 20, 1869, is a studious boy, already preparing for college. Mrs. Rollins died May 29, 1881, and was buried in Great Falls.

At our request, the following sketch of Mrs. Rollins has been prepared by the Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, who, as her neighbor in her Philadelphia home, enjoyed her friendship, and had opportunities of knowing her well.

Mrs. Ellen H. Rollins

was born in Wakefield, New Hampshire, April 30, 1831. She was a descendant of one of the three families which, in 1623, made the first settlement on the Piscataqua river, and by themselves and their descendants did so much to give an impress to south-eastern New Hampshire.

From her two parents Mrs. Rollins inherited strong and opposite qualities, which showed themselves in her nature in a striking and admirable combination. Sound good sense was enlivened and adorned by an active imagination;

* Letter to Mr. McClintock from Hon. William E. Chandler.

and practical wisdom held in due constraint an exuberant fancy and an inclination to dwell in the range of her own varying moods.

Her education was furthered at the well-known female seminary of Ipswich, Massachusetts,—then under the wise charge of Rev. and Mrs. J. P. Cowles, and where Mary Lyon did so much before going to South Hadley. There she formed friendships which lasted through life; and there her love of knowledge and her tastes in its pursuit received an added impulse and a life-time direction. While quite young she united with the Congregational Church, and her simple and hearty faith in her Saviour was childlike to the end.

Among her marked characteristics were her keen sense of the beautiful; her contempt for all shams; and the strength of her likes and dislikes. Common things had their poetic side to her, and whatever was beautiful in nature or art, in word or in work, or better than all in character, she was quick to see and sure to delight in. She had no tolerance for pretence or assumption; nor could she find pleasure in that which was all on the surface. The artificial she could not endure; the superficial she could not enjoy. She loved that which was real, and which was not all show. Her fidelity to her friends was as sincere as it was unswerving. One to whom she fairly gave her confidence, she would stand by on all occasions, and she could never forget an attachment. It was inevitable that her repulsions should be hardly less strong than her attractions. There was no half-way work in the sway of her opinions. All her impressions and all her convictions were positive. Yet there was no lack of kindly courtesy toward those whom she could not be drawn to. Her regard for the feelings of others forbade all show of her dislikes before those who excited them.

As a wife and mother, Mrs. Rollins was wrapped up in her home duties and her home enjoyments. She lived for those whom she loved. Society, in its ordinary sense, had few charms for her. Yet her home circle was so widened as to include others than her immediate family; and she constantly gave the benefit of her positive character and her refined tastes and her varied culture to more or less of the young people about her who sought her guidance, and who delighted in the inspirations of her enthusiasm. By the very characteristics, however, which made her so attractive to those who knew her intimately, she was shut off from being known and appreciated, at her best, outside of that limited sphere. It required the insight of sympathy to give a full understanding of her. She expressed a just estimate of herself on this point, when she said, in one of the closing days of her life: "I never thought very much of the world, as such. I have loved my friends, and have loved to have them love me; but what is called the world never had any attractions to me."

Yet there was no selfish disregard of the welfare or the needs of others, outside of her immediate sphere. Her heart was quickly touched by any appeal of sorrow or want, and her hand was as quickly outstretched to minister for its relief. There are no sincerer mourners,—now that she has passed away,—than can be found among the many to whom she had spoken comfort or given help in their hour of need, and who knew her only through such experiences of her goodness of heart.

To the public Mrs. Rollins was best known under the pseudonym of "E. H. Arr," as the author of two charming books in reminiscent description of the scenes and scenery of her early life in New Hampshire: "New England By-Gones," published in 1880; and "Old Time Child-Life," published in 1881. These works most admirably illustrate her keen appreciation of the poetry of common life, her rare insight of mind and character, and the freedom and the graceful flow of her thought and diction. Although published anonymously, they at once commanded wide attention and unstinted praise. So competent and appreciative a critic as the poet Whittier said of them, unqualifiedly:

"New England life was never better interpreted. I am delighted with their pleasing style and the photographic accuracy of their descriptions and characterizations."

But these books were by no means the first literary work of Mrs. Rollins. So far back as the days of the *National Era*,—which first brought "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to the light,—she was a valuable contributor to the pages of that periodical. During the war, a series of letters from her pen, at Washington, to the *Springfield Republican*, attracted much attention. On her tour in Europe, with her husband and family, she corresponded with the *Boston Advertiser*, in sketches of travel, which showed her rare powers of observation and description, and gave glimpses of her deeper nature and her higher culture. Of the qualities of Mrs. Rollins's mind and heart, which could not but show themselves in what she wrote, as well as in what she was, "Gail Hamilton," who was one of her attached friends at Ipswich and ever after, says, enthusiastically: "I never saw a more brilliant, piquant, intellectual, unexpected sort of woman. When you add to this, that she was large natured and generous, you have a rare combination."

Of Mrs. Rollins, as she seemed to those who knew her best, the Hon. William E. Chandler, who enjoyed relations of intimacy with herself and her family for years, says, comprehensively:—

"The complexities of woman's nature, especially of one so sensitive and retiring as that of Mrs. Rollins, make it difficult to describe her character. It developed in quiet conversations with the few people whom she fancied; in letters to her friends, full both of sense and sentiment; and finally, blossomed into full view in her books, where it may be better read and felt than it can be stated in words. Intensely thoughtful, and with great command of language, she was capable of vigorous intellectual productions; but with her feeble health, and controlling love of domesticity, she preferred to write about familiar subjects of common life; and her beautiful pictures of the homes and scenes of New Hampshire will long attract and charm her readers. Unselfish and thoughtful for others, devoted to her husband and children, pure, spiritual and religious in her whole nature, full of intellectual aspirations, and adorned by womanly graces, she has left to her family and friends recollections only bright and beautiful, which they will never cease to cherish."

THE ANCESTRY OF EDWARD ASHTON ROLLINS.

1. Susan Binney Jackson, born in 1805, was named for the sister of Hon. Horace Binney, of Philadelphia, whose mother married, 2nd, Dr. Marshall Spring, of Watertown, Mass. (brother of Rev. Alpheus Spring, Susan's grandfather), by whom Horace, after the age of ten, and his sisters were reared and educated. She was married February 3, 1825; lived in Portsmouth until 1827; in Wakefield till 1835; afterwards in Great Falls, where she still resides.

2. Hon. Daniel G. Rollins was born in 1796, was member of the New Hampshire legislature in 1843, 1853, and 1855; judge of probate for Strafford County from 1857 to 1866, when he reached the constitutional limit of seventy years and retired; was for many years president of the Great Falls and Conway Railroad Company. He died in 1875.

3. Sally Spring was born in Elliot, Maine, in 1773, and died in Watertown, Mass., in 1825.

4. Simon Jackson, born in 1760, was second son of Gen. Michael Jackson, and captain in his father's regiment, the 8th Continental, in the Revolutionary war. In the same regiment were his four brothers, and four paternal uncles. All endured the severe winter with the army in winter quarters at Valley Forge, the general being accompanied by his wife. Charles Jackson, youngest brother of Simon, entered the army as drummer at the age of twelve; he was afterwards United States District Attorney of Georgia. Simon Jackson died in 1818.

5. Betsey Shapleigh was born in Elliot, Maine, in 1773; was married in August, 1791; was a woman of rare merit, and died in 1854.

6. John Rollins was born in 1771; removed from what is now Rollinsford to Lebanon, Maine, 1792; died in 1855. At the burial of his wife in 1854, he was present with seven of their eight sons and their wives, and with two daughters and their husbands. The mother's death was the first in the family for nearly half a century.

7. Sarah Frost, born in Elliot, Maine, in 1751; was married May 18, 1769, and died in 1815.

8. Rev. Alpheus Spring was born in 1739; graduated at Princeton in 1766; was ordained in 1769; received the degree of A. M., from Dartmouth College, in 1785, and was the second minister settled at Elliot, Me., and died in 1781. Of his three daughters, Mary married Dr. Hezekiah Packard, from whom descended Profs. Alpheus and William Packard. Lydia married Rev. Mr. Chandler, his successor, of whom M. S. and Dr. Elisha Shapleigh are descendants. All these daughters are represented in a letter from Hon. Horace Binney, with whose step-father they spent much time, as women of rare social and intellectual qualities.

9. Ruth Parker was born May 24, 1731; was married January 31, 1759, and was buried in Newton, Mass.

10. Gen. Michael Jackson was born in 1734. He was a lieutenant during the French and Indian war. He was chosen captain on the day of the battle of Lexington, and received thanks from Gen. Warren for his services. He was major of Gardner's regiment at Bunker Hill, where he killed a British officer in a personal encounter, and received a bullet wound in the side. He was again wounded at Montressor's Island in 1776. He was colonel of the eighth regiment of the Continental line. He died in 1801, and was buried with distinguished military honors. His pall-bearers were Gov. Eustace, Col. Ward, Gov. Brooks, Jos. Blake, and Gen. Knox, Washington's first Secretary of War. Two of Gen. Jackson's nephews were members of Congress, one from Massachusetts, and one from Connecticut.

11. Elizabeth Waldron was born in 1752; was married April 3, 1770, and died in 1809.

12. Elisha Shapleigh was born in 1749; was a captain in the Revolutionary war; owned a large estate in the town of Shapleigh, Maine, and was there collecting rents when he suddenly died of heart disease in 1822.

13. Mary Carr, the third of twelve children, was born in 1744, and died in 1823.

14. John Rollins was born April 2, 1745; lived in what is now Rollinsford, in house one mile below South Berwick, subsequently and long owned and occupied by Samuel Hale, and where his son Frank now lives. He was representative to the general court in 1789, and died January 23, 1828. In a private cemetery at the old place, John Rollins, his wife and many others of the family, lie buried.

15. Mercy Sewall was born in 1718. At the time of her marriage to Mr. Frost, February 20, 1749, she was the widow of Hon. Joseph Harmon, of York. She died in 1807. The letter from Judge Sewall to Simon Jackson, announcing her death, is preserved by Mr. Rollins.

16. Hon. Simon Frost was born in 1706; graduated from Harvard College in 1729; was Assistant Secretary of the State of Massachusetts; was Register of Probate for York County, and Judge of Court of Common Pleas. He died in 1766, and was buried in Elliot, Maine. A book from his library is in the library of Mr. Rollins.

17. Keziah Converse.

18. Henry Spring was born July 19, 1692, in Watertown, Mass., and passed his life there.

19. Sarah Stevens.

20. Ebenezer Parker was born in 1702, and died April 14, 1783.

21. Phoebe Patten was married in 1733, and died in 1776.

22. Michael Jackson was born in 1709; was the father of eight sons and six daughters, and died in 1765.

23. Mrs. Smith of Durham.

24. Col. Richard Waldron lived in Dover, near Garrison Hill, where Taylor Page lived in 1855, and later.

25. Elizabeth Plaisted was born in 1731. After the death of Mr. Shapleigh, her first husband, she married: 1. Rev. Samuel Hill. 2. Colonel Richard Waldron. 3. Mr. Atkinson, and 4. Mr. Bartlett,—forty years having elapsed between her first and last marriage. She died in 1798.

26. Nicholas Shapleigh was born in 1720; lived in Elliot, and was accidently killed in Berwick, Maine, in 1756.

27. Mary Gerrish, born August 15, 1719, was the mother of twelve children. The third child, Mary, married John Rollins.

28. Dr. Moses Carr lived at what is now Rollinsford Junction; practised medicine sixty years; was town clerk for nearly forty years, and a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas from 1776 to 1784. He died in 1800. A book from his library is in the possession of Mr. Rollins.

29. Abigail Wentworth was born February 12, 1723, and died October 17, 1798. This was one of several matrimonial alliances between the Wentworth and the Rollins families.

30. Hon. Ichabod Rollins, the youngest son of Jeremiah, was born in 1722; was a member of the Revolutionary Convention of 1775 and 1776, which resolved itself into an independent State government. During the war a stock of powder and balls kept as a reserve were stored in his house by vote of the town and the committee of safety. He was Judge of Probate for Strafford County from 1776 to 1784, and was Councillor in 1789. He married, 2d, Margaret, widow of Hon. Jos. Frost, a descendant of Nicholas Frost. He owned slaves, and lived where Hon. William W. Rollins lived his whole life, in the town of Rollinsford. He died in 1800.

31. Lydia Storer, of Wells, Maine.

32. Samuel Sewall was born in 1688; he was an elder in a Congregational church. His second wife was Sarah Bachelor; they were the parents of nine children, one of whom was Hon. David Sewall, the first United States District Judge of Maine, whose mansion is still standing in York, Maine. He died in 1768.

33. Sarah Wainwright was born July 17, 1682, and died June 5, 1714.

34. Hon. Charles Frost was born April 17, 1678; was the father of ten children; was Judge of Probate for York County, Maine, and died December 17, 1724.

35. Ruth Marshall lived in Woburn, Mass.; was the mother of four daughters and one son, Josiah. She died in 1736. Dr. Marshall Spring was named for the family of Ruth Marshall, and Marshall S. Shapleigh for Marshall Spring.

36. Josiah Converse died in 1717. Dr. Josiah Converse, of Watertown, son of Josiah, and brother of Keziah, was a physician for fifty years. Marshall Spring was his student, executor, and successor, living in his house after his death.

37. Lydia Cutting was born September 1, 1666.

38. Henry Spring was born in 1662; was married in 1685; was the father of nine children, of whom Henry was the third; and died in 1749.

39. Mercy.

40. Samuel Parker lived in Newton, Massachusetts.

41. Mary.

42. Edward Jackson was born in 1672; lived in Newton, Massachusetts, and died in 1748. His youngest son, Jonathan, graduated at Harvard College in 1733, and died in Kittery, Maine, in 1736.

43. Mrs. Mary Horn, probably widow of William Horn, who lived near Heard's Garrison, in Dover, and was killed there in 1689, was married to John Waldron, August 29, 1698.

44. John Waldron was a relative of Major Richard Waldron, of Dover, who for many years was in command of the forces of New Hampshire, and who was killed by the Indians in 1689.

45. Hannah Wheelwright was born in 1674; was married at Wells, Maine, September 18, 1712, and died in 1755.

46. Captain Elisha Plaisted was accompanied from Portsmouth by a full escort of friends, who were present at his marriage. The ceremony was interrupted by an attack from a large body of Indians, which was repulsed. After the marriage the settlers made an attack upon the Indians, when the bridegroom was led into an ambush, captured, and afterwards ransomed by the payment of £300. In 1714 he was representative from Berwick.

47. Martha Langdon was born March 7, 1693; was married July 7, 1715. She was an aunt of Gov. John Langdon.

48. Major Nicholas Shapleigh was born in 1680. When his father was killed by the Indians, Nicholas was carried captive by them to Canada, where he had his fingers cut off by them. He was one of the founders of the church at Elliot.

49. Mary Leighton, sister of Elizabeth, who married Benjamin Wentworth. See No. 53, this registry.

50. Paul Gerrish lived in Dover; was represenative several years, and died in 1743.

51. Elizabeth.

52. John Carr was born in 1684. He had three children, of whom the oldest was Moses.

53. Elizabeth Leighton, sister of Mary and daughter of John and Oner (Langdon) Leighton. See No. 49.

54. Benjamin Wentworth was born in 1691, and lived in Rollinsford, near Quamphegan bridge. He died while a member of the legislature, in 1724-25.

55. Elizabeth Ham was born in Dover, January 29, 1681.

56. Jeremiah Rollins lived in Rollinsford, where family of Hon. William W. Rollins, lineal descendants, now live. The homestead has been in the family for one hundred and fifty years. He was one of the petitioners for the incorporation of the parish of Somersworth, in 1729; was a slave holder, died in 1768, and was burried on the farm.

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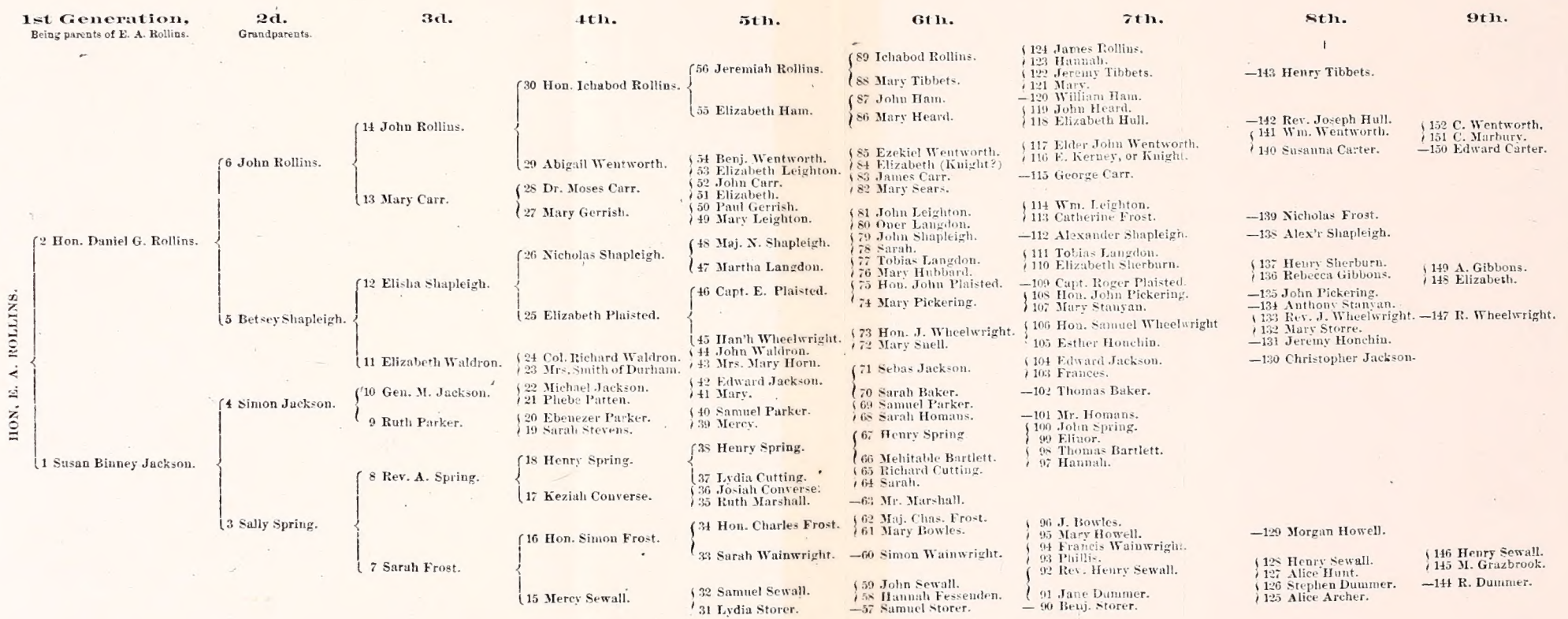
8th.	9th.
—143 Henry Tibbets.	
—142 Rev. Joseph Hull.	
141 Wm. Wentworth.	152 C. Wentworth.
140 Susanna Carter.	151 C. Marbury.
	—150 Edward Carter.
—139 Nicholas Frost.	
—138 Alex'r Shapleigh.	
137 Henry Sherburn.	
136 Rebecca Gibbons.	149 A. Gibbons.
	148 Elizabeth.
—135 John Pickering.	
—134 Anthony Stanyan.	
133 Rev. J. Wheelwright.	—147 R. Wheelwright.
132 Mary Storre.	
—131 Jeremy Honchin.	
—130 Christopher Jackson.	
—129 Morgan Howell.	
128 Henry Sewall.	146 Henry Sewall.
127 Alice Hunt.	145 M. Grazbrook.
126 Stephen Dummer.	—144 R. Dummer.
125 Alice Archer.	

involving the title of New Hampshire.

109. Roger Plaisted was born in England, and became quite prominent in the affairs of the colony. He was killed by

nearly eighty years of age. He was the ancestor of the colonial governors of the same name.

118. Elizabeth Hull. Mather's Magnalia and Pike's Diary narrate her won-


1st Generation, Being parents of E. A. Rollins.
2d. Grandparents.
3d.
4th.
5th.
6th.
7th.
8th.
9th.
HON. E. A. ROLLINS.
2 Hon. Daniel G. Rollins.
1 Susan Binney Jackson.
6 John Rollins.
5 Betsey Shapleigh.
4 Simon Jackson.
3 Sally Spring.
14 John Rollins.
13 Mary Carr.
12 Elisha Shapleigh.
11 Elizabeth Waldron.
10 Gen. M. Jackson.
9 Ruth Parker.
8 Rev. A. Spring.
7 Sarah Frost.
30 Hon. Ichabod Rollins.
29 Abigail Wentworth.
28 Dr. Moses Carr.
27 Mary Gerrish.
26 Nicholas Shapleigh.
25 Elizabeth Plaisted.
24 Col. Richard Waldron.
23 Mrs. Smith of Durham.
22 Michael Jackson.
21 Phebe Parten.
20 Ebenezer Parker.
19 Sarah Stevens.
18 Henry Spring.
17 Keziah Converse.
16 Hon. Simon Frost.
15 Mercy Sewall.
56 Jeremiah Rollins.
55 Elizabeth Ham.
54 Benj. Wentworth.
53 Elizabeth Leighton.
52 John Carr.
51 Elizabeth.
50 Paul Gerrish.
49 Mary Leighton.
48 Maj. N. Shapleigh.
47 Martha Langdon.
46 Capt. E. Plaisted.
45 Han'h Wheelwright.
44 John Waldron.
43 Mrs. Mary Horn.
42 Edward Jackson.
41 Mary.
40 Samuel Parker.
39 Mercy.
38 Henry Spring.
37 Lydia Cutting.
36 Josiah Converse.
35 Ruth Marshall.
34 Hon. Charles Frost.
33 Sarah Wainwright.
32 Samuel Sewall.
31 Lydia Storer.
89 Ichabod Rollins.
88 Mary Tibbets.
87 John Ham.
86 Mary Heard.
85 Ezekiel Wentworth.
84 Elizabeth (Knight?)
83 James Carr.
82 Mary Sears.
81 John Leighton.
80 Oner Langdon.
79 John Shapleigh.
78 Sarah.
77 Tobias Langdon.
76 Mary Hubbard.
75 Hon. John Plaisted.
74 Mary Pickering.
73 Hon. J. Wheelwright.
72 Mary Snell.
71 Sebas Jackson.
70 Sarah Baker.
69 Samuel Parker.
68 Sarah Homans.
67 Henry Spring
66 Mehitable Bartlett.
65 Richard Cutting.
64 Sarah.
63 Mr. Marshall.
62 Maj. Chas. Frost.
61 Mary Bowles.
60 Simon Wainwright.
59 John Sewall.
58 Hannah Fessenden.
57 Samuel Storer.
124 James Rollins.
123 Hannah.
122 Jeremy Tibbets.
121 Mary.
120 William Ham.
119 John Heard.
118 Elizabeth Hull.
117 Elder John Wentworth.
116 E. Kerney, or Knight.
115 George Carr.
114 Wm. Leighton.
113 Catherine Frost.
112 Alexander Shapleigh.
111 Tobias Langdon.
110 Elizabeth Sherburn.
109 Capt. Roger Plaisted.
108 Hon. John Pickering.
107 Mary Stanyan.
106 Hon. Samuel Wheelwright
105 Esther Honchin.
104 Edward Jackson.
103 Frances.
102 Thomas Baker.
101 Mr. Homans.
100 John Spring.
99 Elinor.
98 Thomas Bartlett.
97 Hannah.
96 J. Bowles.
95 Mary Howell.
94 Francis Wainwright.
93 Phillis.
92 Rev. Henry Sewall.
91 Jane Dummer.
90 Benj. Storer.
143 Henry Tibbets.
142 Rev. Joseph Hull.
141 Wm. Wentworth.
140 Susanna Carter.
139 Nicholas Frost.
138 Alex'r Shapleigh.
137 Henry Sherburn.
136 Rebecca Gibbons.
135 John Pickering.
134 Anthony Stanyan.
133 Rev. J. Wheelwright.
132 Mary Storre.
131 Jeremy Honchin.
130 Christopher Jackson.
129 Morgan Howell.
128 Henry Sewall.
127 Alice Hunt.
126 Stephen Dummer.
125 Alice Archer.
152 C. Wentworth.
151 C. Marbury.
150 Edward Carter.
149 A. Gibbons.
148 Elizabeth.
147 R. Wheelwright.
146 Henry Sewall.
145 M. Grazbrook.
144 R. Dummer.

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—138 Alex'r Shapleigh.	
137 Henry Sherburn.	149 A. Gibbons.
136 Rebecca Gibbons.	148 Elizabeth.
—135 John Pickering.	
—134 Anthony Stanyan.	
133 Rev. J. Wheelwright.	—147 R. Wheelwright.
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—131 Jeremy Honchin.	
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93. Phillis.

94. Francis Wainwright came from Chelmsford, England, to Ipswich, Massachusetts, in 1635. In fighting the Pequod Indians, in 1637, he killed two with the butt of his gun. He was an enterprising and successful man. He died suddenly in Salem, in 1692.

95. Mary Howell.

96. Joseph Bowles, of Wells, Maine.

97. Hannah, died in July, 1676.

98. Thomas Bartlett, born in 1594, emigrated from Ipswich, England, in the Elizabeth, in 1634, and was one of the original proprietors of Watertown, Massachusetts.

99. Elinor, born in 1588, died in 1656.

100. John Spring, born in 1589; left Ipswich, England, on the Elizabeth, April 10, 1634; and was one of the original proprietors of Watertown.

101. Homans, of Dedham, Mass.

102. Thomas Baker, of Roxbury, Mass.

103. Frances.

104. Edward Jackson was born in 1602, settled in Newton in 1644, and took the freeman's oath in 1645. His brother John settled there in 1639. He was a slave-holder; a representative seventeen years; bought the Mayhew farm, of five hundred acres, of Gov. Bradstreet, including what is now Newtonville. He died in 1681, and was buried in the cemetery at Newton. He bequeathed four hundred acres of land to Harvard College. Forty-four of his descendants were in the Revolutionary War.

105. Esther Honchin.

106. Hon. Samuel Wheelwright lived and died in Wells. He was judge of probate and representative, and prominent in church and State affairs. He died in 1700, and was buried in Wells, where his grave is suitably marked.

107. Mary Stanyan had eight children, one of whom was Mary.

108. Hon. John Pickering was born in Portsmouth; was member of Assembly from 1697 to 1709; speaker 1697, 1698, 1699, 1704, to 1709. He was an able and influential lawyer, and won distinction in the great case of Allen *vs.* Waldron, involving the title of New Hampshire.

109. Roger Plaisted was born in England, and became quite prominent in the affairs of the colony. He was killed by the Indians, October 16, 1675, and was buried near South Berwick, where his grave is historically marked. Gov. Plaisted of Maine, and Gov. Goodwin of New Hampshire, are among his descendants.

110. Elizabeth Sherburn was born in England, in 1638, and died in Portsmouth. Elizabeth's brother Henry had a daughter Sarah, who married Woodbury Langdon, brother of Gov. John Langdon; Sarah's daughter married Gov. Eustace of Massachusetts.

111. Tobias Langdon was born in England, and died in Portsmouth in 1664. A marble monument has been erected on the homestead farm to commemorate him and his decendants. This farm of five hundred acres has been in the possession of the family for two hundred and thirty years.

112. Alexander Shapleigh was born in Devonshire, England, in 1606. It is uncertain whether he was ever in America. His death occured about the time of the birth of his son John, who was brought to America by his grandfather Alexander.

113. Catharine Frost, a sister of Major Charles Frost, was born in 1632, and died in 1715. See No. 62.

114. William Leighton. There is a tradition, that crossing from England his ship was wrecked, that he was rescued and brought to Kittery, Maine. He died in 1666.

115. George Carr was born in England. He was in Ipswich in 1633, in Newbury in 1638. In 1641 he maintained the ferry at Salisbury. December 29, 1649, he gave one quarter of a vessel to William Hilton, formerly of Dover, and an ancestor of Mrs. E. A. Rollins, "for James my Indian."

116. Elizabeth (Kerney or Knight). She survived her husband William, and was administratrix of his estate.

117. Elder William Wentworth was born in England, probably in the neighborhood of Alvord or Bilsby. He was baptized March 15, 1615. He was a nephew of Anne Hutchinson, and a parishioner of Rev. John Wheelwright, Vicar of Bilsby. He was a member of the Exeter combination in 1639; in Wells from 1642 to 1649, and afterwards in Rollinsford, living near Garrison Hill, on land which still continues in the family. He was a ruling elder in the Congregational church, and received a salary for preaching at Exeter when nearly eighty years of age. He was the ancestor of the colonial governors of the same name.

118. Elizabeth Hull. Mather's Magnalia and Pike's Diary narrate her won-

derful escape from Indian massacre in 1689, when Major Waldron was killed. She died November 30, 1706.

119. John Heard of Dover, in 1643, of Heard's Garrison, near Garrison Hill, died January 17, 1687. (N. E. Hist. Gen. Reg., April, 1851.)

120. William Ham, born in England, was of Exeter in 1641. (N. E. H. G. R. 1872.)

121. Mary.

122. Jeremy Tibbets was born in England in 1631; lived at Dover Point, directly across the river from Ichabod Rollins and his father James. He was constable in 1663.

123. Hannah outlived her husband, and received property by his will.

124. James Rollins, born in England about 1605, came to Ipswich in 1632, and was at Dover in 1634. The hundred acre farm on which he settled is still in possession of the family. He owned slaves. He was reprimanded by the governor for harboring Quakers. More than twenty-five of his descendants were under arms in the Revolutionary war, and over fifty in the war of the Rebellion—all on the right side.* The family name of Rollins, sometimes spelled Rawlins, is common in England. There are many monuments and memorial tablets in Warwickshire, and elsewhere, and one in the church at Stratford on Avon.

125. Alice Archer was born in England.

126. Stephen Dummer was born in England, and was one of the early settlers of Newbury, Mass. Because he was there, his nephew, Henry Sewall, preferred Newbury to Boston for his new home.

127. Alice Hunt of England.

128. Henry Sewall was born in 1576, and lived in Coventry, England. From dislike of the English hierarchy he sent his son to America, in 1634, and soon followed him. He afterwards returned to England and lived in Warwick.

129. Morgan Howell of Kennebunk, Maine, was of a committee, in 1660, to adjust line between Wells and Cape Porpoise.

130. Christopher Jackson of London, England, lived with his family in the parish of White Chapel and was buried there, or in the parish of Stepney, December 5, 1633.

131. Jeremy Honchin of Boston.

132. Mary Storre, of England, landed in Boston with her husband May 26, 1636. Was admitted with him to "The First Church," June 12.

133. Rev. John Wheelwright, born in Lincolnshire, England, in 1509, was a classmate, at Cambridge University, of Oliver Cromwell, where a friendship was formed which lasted through life. He was Vicar of Bilsby from 1623 to 1632. Being one of the low church ministry, he was silenced by Archbishop Laud, and came to Boston in 1636. There he preached a fast-day sermon that year, and gave great offence by stating that "ministers and magistrates walked in such a way of salvation as was no better than a covenant of works," and was accordingly banished from the colony. In 1639 he was of the Exeter combination; afterwards settled in Wells, Maine. Later he preached in Salisbury, Mass., where he died in 1679, the oldest New England clergyman. He was a remarkable man.

134. Anthony Stanyan was of Hampton, New Hampshire.

135. John Pickering was born in England, and came to Portsmouth, from Massachusetts, in 1636. He became rich and influential. To him alone was entrusted the settlement of the boundary line between Portsmouth and Hampton. He died in 1669.

136. Rebecca Gibbons, only daughter of Ambrose Gibbons, was married November 13, 1637, and died June 3, 1667.

137. Henry Sherburne, born in England in 1612, settled in Portsmouth in 1631. He was warden of "The Church of England Chapel," in 1640, which was broken up by the Bay Colony Puritans. His descendants have been prominent in New Hampshire history. He died in 1681.

138. Alexander Shapleigh, born in 1585, was a merchant and shipowner of Devonshire, England. As agent of Sir Ferdinando Gorges he came to America as early as 1630, and lived and died in Elliot, Maine. His death occurred about 1650. Some of the land he owned still remains in the family. His daughter Catherine, married his supercargo Trueworgy (?); her daughter Elizabeth, married Capt. John Gilman of Exeter, an ancestor of Gov. Gilman.

139. Nicholas Frost, born in Tiverton, England, about 1589, came to the Piscataqua river in 1635, and settled in Elliot, Maine, at the head of Sturgeon Creek, on the south side of Frost's Hill, where, at his death in 1663, he was buried. His grave is still to be seen on land which has always remained in the family. He was constable in 1640–41, and selectman in 1652. Through his son Charles (62) he was an ancestor of Mrs. D. G. Rollins, and through his daughter Catharine (113), of her husband.

* See Rollins Genealogy by John R. Rollins.

140. Susanna Carter, first married Uther Flemming of Alford, England. After his death, in 1614, she married Wentworth.

141. William Wentworth was baptized in the city of Lincoln, England, June 8, 1584. The first child of William and Susanna was William, the emigrant (see Wentworth Genealogy).

142. Rev. Joseph Hull, long in Massachusetts and the Isles of Shoals, died in the latter place, November 19, 1665.

143. Henry Tibbets from England, was an early settler of Dover.

144. Richard Dummer of Bishop Stoke, England, was born in 1544.

145. Margaret Grazbrook was born in 1556.

146. Henry Sewall, born in 1544, was mayor of Coventry in 1606. He was a linen draper of large wealth. (N. E. H. G. Reg., Vol. I.)

147. Robert Wheelwright lived in Salsby, England, and was never in America.

148. Elizabeth Gibbons died in America, May 14, 1655.

149. Ambrose Gibbons came from Plymouth, England, in barque Warwick, in 1630, and settled in Portsmouth in July, 1631. He was a merchant at Sander's Point (Salmon Falls), in 1632. He was agent for John Mason, Assistant Governor in 1640, and died in Durham in July, 1656.

150. Edward Carter of Well, England, a small village two miles from Alford.

151. Catharine Marbury, youngest daughter of William Marbury of Girsby, England, and Agnes, daughter of John Lenton. Catharine was married August 19, 1583; she was an aunt of Anne Hutchinson, celebrated in Boston history.

152. Christopher Wentworth, born in 1556, was a lineal descendant in the nineteenth generation from Reginald Wentworth, or "Rynold de Wynterwade," of the Domesday Book, 1085, of William the Conqueror. It was a Saxon family.*

*For valuable information about the Wentworth family, see "Wentworth Genealogy," by Hon. John Wentworth, LL. D.

The accompanying chart represents the ancestry of Hon. Edward Ashton Rollins.

THE MASTER'S APRON.

BY BRO. HENRY O. KENT.

(Written as a sentiment at a public banquet of North Star and visiting Lodges, at Lancaster, on the Festival of St John the Evangelist, A. L. 5880.)

There's mony a badge that's unco braw,
Wi' ribbon, lace or tape on;
Let Kings and Princes wear them a',
Gi'e me the Master's Apron!
The honest Craftsman's apron,
The jolly Free Mason's apron.
Bide he at hame or roam afar,
Before its touch fa's bolt and bar,
The gates of Fortune fly ajar,
'Gin he but wears the apron!

For wealth and honor, pride and power,
Are crumbling stanes to base on,
Fraternity suld rule the hour,
Amang all worthy Masons,
All Free Accepted Masons,
All Ancient Crafted Masons.
Then Brithers let a halesome sang,
Arise your friendly ranks alang,
Gudewives and Bairnies blithely sing
To the ancient badge wi' the apron string,
That is worn by the MASTER MASON.

STARK PLACE, DUNBARTON.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

DUNBARTON, originally Stark's town, but now bearing the name of the old Scottish town and the royal castle on the Clyde, is a triangular township in central New Hampshire, lying in the southern part of Merrimack County and bordering upon Hillsborough County, distant about nine miles south from Concord, and about the same distance north from Manchester. The borough has an area of twenty-one thousand acres, of which nearly seventeen thousand acres is improved land. Hilly but not mountainous, with salubrious air, good water, and a soil of the best quality, Dunbarton is one of the best agricultural towns in the county, and its people are noted for their wealthy and prosperous condition. Perhaps the latter fact is attributable as much to the thrifty Scotch descent of the inhabitants, as to the advantages of air and soil. Much of the prosperity and activity of a people are due to ancestry, to that heritage of race and blood which always tell. The Scotch-Irish element, which largely predominates among the Dunbarton yeomany, has produced some of the best and greatest men of our nation. Warren, Knox, and Sullivan had this blood in their veins, blood that had more than one drop of the *sangre azul* in it, derived from ancient Irish chiefs and Scottish kings of medieval times. The same blood lighted the eyes and stirred the pulses of Whipple, Thornton, and Montgomery. This blood mingled proudly in the veins of many of the settlers of Dunbarton, and stirred the mighty soul of her noblest pioneer, who, among Pages, Rogers, Putneys, Fosters, and Stinsons, rose towering above them like a colossus, and wrote his name in marble that shall endure forever,—John Stark.

According to the statement of the able and accurate historian of his family, vide *Memoir of John Stark,* page ninety-four, the Starks originated in Germany. When Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, the widow of Charles the Bold, sent over to England a body of German troops under Gen. Martin Smart, to support the claim of Perkin Warbeck to the crown of England, in the reign of Henry VII, the Starks, so tradition reports, for the first time put feet on English soil. Warbeck and all his supporters were defeated on the plain of Stoke, by Henry's general, the Earl of Lincoln, and the fugitives sought refuge in Scotland. In the northern kingdom, the Starks soon rose to eminence. The book of heraldy contains a legend that one of the name saved the life of a Stuart, James V, King of Scotland, by slaying a wild bull which attacked his majesty while hunting. The following, copied from the book, gives the arms and motto of the family :—

"STARK—SCOTLAND AND AMERICA ;
A bull's head erased, ar,
(distilling blood, p. p. r.)
Fortiorum fortia facta."

Whether the tradition is true or not, it was left for the Starks to achieve their proudest laurels not under royalty in the old countries, but in the new western land of freedom. Archibald Stark was one of that band of heroes who braved a king's tyranny at the ever famous siege of Londonderry. In 1720, he embarked with a small company of adventurers for the new world. Settling first at Londonderry, and subsequently at Derryfield, N. H., our adventurer gradu-

ally acquired wealth and substance. He was one of the early proprietors of Dunbarton, and owned many hundred acres in that town. By his wife Eleanor Nichols, whom he married prior to his departure for America, he was the father of four sons. He died at Derryfield, now Manchester, June, 1758, at the age of sixty-one years.

His second son, John, was pioneer, hunter, ranger, general, and stamped his name indelibly in the annals of American patriotism. Few heroes of any age have performed braver deeds than John Stark performed for his country's weal. His name blazes across half a century of heroism, in letters of fire. Among our Revolutionary worthies, he stands forth like some grim, rugged, iron-handed paladin. Even his faults were heroic. In his character he combined the qualities of a Regulus, a Quinctius Fabius, a Godfrey, and a Bayard. Like Homer's men, he seemed to dwarf his predecessors in his grandeur, his heroism, and his hardihood. He was brave as Cœür de Lïon; he was frank even to bluntness; he was eccentric, but only to differ from those less able than he was; he was stern, but the kindest of friends; he was cautious, but when he acted it was with the whirlwind's rush; above all, he was an incorruptible patriot and an honest man. There is not a single spot on his name. As a hero, the early annals of our country are full of his exploits. As a general, the glorious victory at Bennington attests his genius and emblazons his name. Brave, grand old soul, he rests now in the beautiful valley of the Merrimack, and few there be who deserve a nobler grave.

In 1758, in August of that year, while at home on furlough, John Stark married Elizabeth Page, daughter of his father's old friend, Captain Caleb Page, one of the principal proprietors of Dunbarton, whose name still clings to a rural neighborhood in that township, viz.: Page's Corner. After Quebec had surrendered and the war was concluded, Stark directed much of his attention to the settlement of the new township. He and his brother William, and Capt. Page, owned two thirds of the borough, and though Stark retained his residence at Derryfield, he built a mill on his lands, and from his military services and respectable standing, was a person of influence and consideration among the population. In subsequent years the larger part of his property in this town fell into the hands of his eldest son, Major Caleb Stark.

Caleb Stark was born at Dunbarton, December 3, 1759, while his father was still absent with the army. His mother at the time made her home under the roof of her father, the wealthy magnate of the region. To this grandson, who had been born under his roof and who bore his christian name, Capt. Page ever bore the strongest affection. He adopted him, and under his indulgent care the youth remained until the harrassing and exciting days of the Revolution. In the division of his large estate, Capt. Page, at the close of his life, did not forget the child of his adoption; he was assigned an equal portion with his own children.

Though under sixteen years of age, Caleb Stark was present at the battle of Bunker's Hill, standing side by side with some of the veteran rangers of the old French war, near the rail fence that extended from the redoubt to the beach of Mystic river. In order to be at the scene of conflict, he had left home secretly, mounted on his own horse, and armed only with a musket. He reach Medford the very night before the battle, and at once proceeded to his father's head-quarters. When the veteran saw the youthful warrior, his first greeting was: "Well, son, what are you here for? You should have remained at home." Answered young Stark: "I can handle a musket, and have come to try my fortune as a volunteer." "Very well," replied the Colonel, and then turning to Capt. George Reade, he continued: "Take him to your quarters; to-morrow may be a busy day. After that we will see what can be done with him."

Young Stark withstood the baptism of fire on the dreadful following day without harm. One man was killed by his side, but he fought on, handling his musket with skill and execution in his country's cause. Just before the battle, as the British troops were marching up the hill, Col. Stark determinedly stepped out in front of his regiment, some forty yards, and thrust a stick into the ground; then returning to his line he said: "There, don't a man fire till the red coats come up to that stick; if he does, I will knock him down." Of course none dared to disobey the bluff old ranger, and not a man fired till the British reached the stick and Stark gave the word "fire." The New Hampshire troops occupied the most dangerous position on the field, and probably did most of the fighting. If the other parts of the lines had been defended with equal bravery, it is not too much to assume that the entire British force would have been driven down the hill or completely annihilated. In front of that brush fence behind which Stark and his men stood, there was literally a harvest field of death. When retreat was inevitable, the New Hampshire troops retired from the field with the order of veteran troops.

Caleb Stark remained with his father during the rest of the campaign. Their head-quarters were at the famous Royall house, and the ladies of the family, graceful and high-toned Tory beauties, proved themselves charming hostesses. So young Stark not only acquired the military discipline of the cadet, but, in the society of the educated and noble royalists, fell under the most favorable influences in the formation of his habits and manners. He grew in grace and in knowledge.

In the fall of 1776, he received his first commission as ensign in Capt. Reade's company. He accompanied Gen. Sullivan to Canada the next May, where that officer rendered important service in checking the advance of Sir Guy Carleton, and covering the retreat of Arnold's forces from their ill fated attack on Quebec. In July, Abiel Chandler, the adjutant of the First N. H. Regiment, died of small pox. Ensign Stark was at once appointed to the vacancy, with the rank of lieutenant. He was then not seventeen years of age, but was already distinguished for his energy and promptness, and for his proficiency in the details of military duty.

Adjutant Stark was at Ticonderoga with his regiment, then commanded by Col. Joseph Cilley, in the summer of 1777. As Burgoyne's forces came sweeping downward, the American army retreated before them. Not long after the evacuation of Ticonderoga, Gen. Gates took the command of the northern department, over the head of Gen. Schuyler. Speedily succeeded the battle of Bennington, won by Gen. Stark mainly with New Hampshire troops. Young Stark was at Gates' head-quarters, with a message from Col. Cilley, when the intelligence of that brilliant victory was received by express. An *aid-de-camp* told Gates that a son of Gen. Stark was awaiting an interview with him. "Is that so?" said Gates, "call him in." The adjutant was introduced, and the general said: "I am glad to see you, my boy. Your father has opened the way for us nobly. In less than two months we shall capture Burgoyne's army. Don't you wish to see your father?"

"If my regimental duties would permit, I should be glad to visit him," answered Stark.

"In that case I will find an officer to perform your duties, and you may go with the party I shall despatch to Bennington, and convey a message from me to your father. I want the artillery he has taken for the brush I soon expect to have with Burgoyne."

Young Stark at once started with the party, and reaching Bennington in safety had the pleasure of congratulating his father personally on his glorious achievement. After a few days absence, he rejoined his regiment, which was

the first to come into action on the 19th of September. He was wounded in the left arm, October 7th, in a sharp engagement. The wound was not a severe one, and did not prevent him from accompanying his father, after Burgoyne's surrender, on a visit to Gen. Gates's head-quarters, where he was introduced in turn to all the British officers of rank, who were assembled there as the guests of the American general-in-chief of the northern army. Adjutant Stark afterwards said that Burgoyne was, in personal appearance, one of the best proportioned and handsomest men he had ever seen. The British general was, at this time nearly fifty-five years of age. He had considerable skill as a tactician, was personally brave, and his abilities and acquirements were of a high order. He stood six feet in height, and had a lofty carriage. Stark was five feet nine inches, Gates five feet ten. Gen. Arnold was the only American of note whose presence was as majestic as that of the haughty Briton. It may not be generally known that Burgoyne was an author of no little ability. He wrote several plays and poems, which were collected and published in two volumes after his death. His comedy, "The Heiress," is still occasionally performed on the boards. At Saratoga, Burgoyne held a long conversation with Gen. Stark, apart from the other company, on the subject of the French War, of which the former then stated that he intended to write a history. But he never wrote it. He regained all his honors after he returned to England, and died in London in 1792. He left a natural son who was prominent in English history.*

After the capitulation of Burgoyne, John Stark received from Congress the commission which had long been due him, that of brigadier-general; Caleb Stark now became his father's *aid-de-camp*. During the years 1778, 1779, 1780, and 1781, Gen. Stark was commander-in-chief of the northern department, and his son remained with him, discharging the duties of *aid-de-camp*, brigade major, and adjutant-general. All the general's official correspondence passed through his hands. He served his father at the battle of Springfield, in Rhode Island, in 1780, and several times was sent on important missions to Washington. Though only about twenty-two years of age when the war closed, Major Stark had earned the reputation of a brave and accomplished officer. At the conclusion of peace he immediately left the service.

Gen. Stark ever retained his residence at Manchester, but Caleb, owner of vast estates by inheritance in Dunbarton, relics of the Stark and Page patrimonies, became a citizen of that town. In 1784, in a very pleasant spot, in the midst of his estate, and facing the broad highway leading from Dunbarton to Weare, he began the erection of a mansion worthy of the style of the great landholder that he was. It was finished the next year. In 1787, Major Stark was elected town treasurer of Dunbarton, and the same year he was married. The bride of his choice was Miss Sarah McKinstry, daughter of Dr. William McKinstry, formerly of Taunton, Mass. She was a beautiful, cultivated woman, and was twenty years of age when she became the proud and happy mistress of Stark Place.

A portrait of the noble lady on the walls of the mansion, shows her to have been of the blonde type of beauty. The splendid coils of her hair are lustrous, like gold. The complexion is very pure and fair, the lips sweet and handsome, and the dark hazel eyes look out from the frame with the charm and dignity of a Saint Cecilia. Her costume is singularly appropriate and becoming. Azure silk, with great puffs of lace around the white arms and queenly throat, is a fitting covering for that lovely form. The waist girdled under the arm pits, and the long wristed mits stamps the date 1815–20.

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* Gen. Burgoyne has been commonly represented as a natural son of Lord Bingley, but in Burke's Peerage he is mentioned as the son of Sir John Burgoyne, of Sutton Park, Bedfordshire.

Major Stark looks down upon us beside his wife, dead yet living. A person rather above the middle height, of a slight but muscular frame, with the short waistcoat, the high collar, and the close, narrow shoulders of the gentlemen's costume of 1830. The carriage of the head is noble, and the strong features, the deep-set keen blue eyes, the prominent forehead, speak of high courage, large intelligence, perseverance, and cool self-possession. He much resembled his father in person and appearance. A person went to obtain the likeness of Gen. Stark immediately after his decease. Major Stark was present, and the artist, in completing his work, frequently looked from the face of the dead to the living resemblance. By those who remember both, this portrait of Major Stark, by Prof. S. F. B. Morse, is said to resemble the general more than any of his own portraits extant.

Such were the appearance of the master and mistress of Stark place. Let us now glance at the mansion which they inhabited, and around which so many memories linger. The May breezes are blowing blandly down from the hills, the maples are tossing their branches laden with the tender springing green leaves of a renewed life, and the sunshine shines warmly upon the highway, and the green fields and the forests just bloom with beauty as we drive up before the door. It had been a delightful ride along the spring roadsides that balmy morning. What company we had had !—frogs croaking contentedly in the pools of the marsh, cat birds and orioles singing from the hedges, and thrushes pouring forth sweet melody from the highest limbs of majestic elms. From many a barnyard arose the shrill clarion of chanticleer. All around, in the forest, on the hillsides, from the meadow, came the sounds, the sweet, glad sounds of springtime. Our eyes had seen many a lovely thing. The cowslip lifted its golden chalice in the meadow. Fringing the highway was the delicate bloom of the violet and the snowy saxafrage. In cottage gardens anemones and crocuses were budding in yellow and purple glory, while on the hillsides, skirting the fences, and girdling great farm buildings, were apple and pear orchards that were in luxuriant bloom.

Other sights and scenes had flitted before us. We had passed through country villages, hushed almost to Sabbath quietness in the beauty of that spring morning. We had looked upon groups of boisterous, romping school children. In the back doorway of one farm house had stood the farmer's wife working butter, sleeves rolled to her elbow, and a jaunty white cap over her head. In another, sat the sun-browned, toil-hardened son of labor, smoking. Ah ! how fragrant was the odor of that clay pipe. No cigar, not even your boasted Havana, can rival its aroma. Two pretty girls, with breeze-tossed curls, digging dandelions, looked up smiling as we passed. Hills, streams, and valleys varied the landscape continually. But the mountain,—grim, towering, historic Kearsarge,—ever looked at us like a sentinel. Look where we would, there it stood ever visible. Escape its ken we could not any more than Bunyan's Christian could the threatening, overhanging cliff of Mount Sinai. Only the mountain was not terrible, it seem to nod to us kindly, to watch us with friendly guise. The sight of its bald, benevolent head, gave us cheer. Our home seemed not so distant, so long as that gray peak was in view.

But we are at our journey's end at last. We catch a glance of dormer windows shining through the trees, of tall chimneys upward rising ; they mark the place that we seek. Surrounded by its outhouses, its barns, its mills, and an elegant little Gothic chapel locally denominated "the Church of St. John's in the wilderness," and which was built by the munificence of one of the family, the Stark mansion rears its tall, antique front amid the shade of its ancestral trees, a not unworthy imitation of an English manor house. We know the place at once, its air is unmistakable. These are all the signs that attest its royalty.

It is pleasant to happen upon an old estate which retains so much of colonial flavor as the Stark place. The mansion itself embodies more of the idea of the country house of a provincial magnate, than the scanty horizon and limited areas of several of our old acquaintances can supply. An air of aristocratic ease, of old-time grandeur, of picturesque repose, pervades the place. The house is of wood, two stories and a half high, with twelve dormer windows, a gambrel roof, and a large two-story ell attached. It has all the distinctive marks of a now obsolete style of architecture. Like most of the buildings constructed at that time, it is very substantial. The massive doors, the staircases, and spacious apartments form a striking contrast with the same class of buildings of modern times. Tall elms bend their heads in continual obeisance to the mansion around which they stand like so many aged servitors about their master.

The mansion fronts the north. Between it and the highway is a yard surrounded by a painted iron fence. We open the gate, and walk up the path to the wide portal. The door swings open and we enter the hall, which extends through the middle of the house. It is twelve feet wide and forty long. Deer's antlers, specimens of taxidermy, and sporting weapons hang upon and adorn the walls. The first door upon the right opens into the family parlor. We enter.

The room is twenty-two by eighteen feet. The woodwork is plain, being destitute of the elaborate enrichment seen in many of the houses of the period. By the windows are deep embrasures with cushioned seats, inviting repose. The room is furnished with the antique furniture of another generation. Everything is old-fashioned, but it is rich, comfortable, and durable. Nearly every object recalls a reminiscence. The gorgeous carpet was laid under the direction of stately Sarah McKinstry, fifty years ago. Valuable paintings hang on the wall, among them family portraits done by Stuart, Prof. Morse, Harding, and Ingham, leading artists of two generations ago. A portrait of Gen. Stark, by Miss Hannah Crowninshield, shows the hero in all the glory of his continental uniform, at a time when he was about eighty. His white hair covered his head. The likeness is said to be not a good one. The forehead is too narrow, and there is too much length to the head and face. A better and a truer picture is one by Gilbert Stuart, of a young lady about twenty-four years old. The face is one of rare loveliness. The portrait is that of the present owner of the estate, Miss Charlotte Stark.

Opening from the parlor is a room some sixteen by a dozen feet, with three sides lined with book-shelves, which are filled with elegant bindings. Here are books of two generations. Some of the volumes are rare. Scientific and agricultural books lead, next in order history, and there is a large assortment of books on general topics. There are about two thousand volumes in all. The library contains other things besides books. Here are pictures, and relics, and articles of virtu to please the curious, a regular bric-a-brac collection. On the table is a fan once the property of Lady Pepperell. The cane presented to Gen. Stark when he was a major, for his valiant conduct in the defence of Fort William Henry, stands in a corner. It is made from the bone of a whale, and is headed with ivory. A bronze statuette of Napoleon I, stands on the mantelpiece. It was brought from France, as a gift from LaFayette, to Major Stark. These, with some Revolutionary mementos of the General and Major, are a few of the many curious things which abound in this almost inexhaustible mine.

There are nine rooms on the ground floor. The sitting-room and the dining-room are large, commodious apartments. The latter looks out toward the east through three windows. The view is thoroughly charming. In the second story there are ten rooms, and three in the attic. In the ell part is the kitchen, scullery, and sleeping rooms for the house servants.

The location of the mansion is fine. It is situated in the midst of a charming country, near the centre of a valuable estate of seven hundred acres. A large garden is in the rear. Several cottages are on the place, inhabited by the laborers and their families. The barns are new, and have all the modern improvements.

A quarter of a mile from the house is the church of St. John's, a miniature edifice of Gothic style. Here the people of the neighborhood congregate on Sundays. The service is Episcopalian. The church has an organ. The roof is groined, and the windows are of stained glass. Sitting in the chancel, with the solemn, dim light about you, it is easy to evoke from the past the company of fair, stately women and gallant gentlemen, who from the old mansion have wended their way to this house of worship. Noble company have congregated there, the proud, the learned, the gifted; graceful feet have tripped up the aisles; and fair faces bent reverently as the white robed rector knelt at the throne of grace. But we wander.

The owner of this mansion was one of the wealthiest men of his day in New Hampshire. He was rich in lands, and merchandise, and ships, and mills. An English gentleman would have been content to live in ease and affluence on such a goodly heritage. But Stark was no Englishman. He was a live and enterprising Yankee. He took good care of his farm, but he also directed much of his attention to mercantile pursuits. He owned stores at Haverhill, Mass., and mills at Pembroke, N. H. He was for a time interested in navigation, and owned several vessels in the English and East India trade. For several years he was an importing merchant at Boston. He made several visits to England, and for a time resided in the West Indies. The war of 1812 put an end to his commercial enterprises, and he then devoted his attention to manufacturing. His cotton mills at Pembroke yielded him vast profits. He was State Senator several terms from his district, from 1815 to 1825. In the latter year he entertained the Marquis de LaFayette and his suite at his home in Pembroke, when the illustrious guest of the nation made his tour in New Hampshire. At the ceremony of the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill monument, Major Stark was the youngest surviving actor in that battle who made an appearance.

In 1830, having disposed of his interest in the cotton manufactory, Major Stark went to Ohio to prosecute the claims of the family to lands granted to Gen. Stark for military services. In this he was successful, after a tedious litigation. He was intending to return to New Hampshire after recovering this valuable estate, but this was prevented by his sudden death. His death was probably hastened by his energy and activity, exercised at an advanced age in life. He had attended court at New Philadelphia, on the 16th of August; the 17th was an intensely hot day, and he rode a hard travelling horse from Dover to his residence, twenty-three miles, in three hours. The following week he was attacked by a disease in the head and suspension of his faculties. He rapidly grew worse, and on the 26th of August, 1838, he died, in Oxford, Ohio. His age was seventy-eight years and nine months. His remains were carried to Dunbarton for burial.

Major Stark had the widest acquaintance with characters of note, probably, of any man of his time in New Hampshire. He was on terms of intimacy with most of the officers of the Revolution, and those of the War of 1812, and was personally acquainted with all the Presidents, from Washington to Harrison, inclusive. At the ceremony of Gen. Jackson's first inauguration as President of the United States, he was one of the twelve Revolutionary veterans who stood by the side of the Chief Magistrate. The Major had the reputation of being one of the best military critics in the nation, and during the war of 1812 he

was often consulted by the leading officers. Had he devoted himself more to the public, it is hard to conceive what offices might not have been conferred upon him. But he was not an office seeker, and more ambitious men secured the honors.

By his wife Sarah, Major Stark was the father of eleven children, five sons and six daughters. His eldest son, Caleb, inherited the mansion at Dunbarton, and the surrounding estate. He was a writer of repute, being the author of a valuable memoir of his father and grandfather. He died in 1865, and two sisters, Harriet and Charlotte Stark, succeeded him in the possession of the estate. Charlotte at present survives, and though now quite advanced in years, is one of the most pleasant and beautiful old ladies to be met with. Here in the old family mansion, amid a hundred consecrated memories, she lives in hospitable state, the Lady Bountiful of the neighborhood. A nephew and a niece reside under the same roof, the solace and delight of her declining years. These latter are twice ennobled by the accident of exalted parentage, for on their mother's side they trace descent from Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and signer of the Declaration of Independence; Lieut. Charles F. Morris, who was slain at Molino del Rey, near Mexico, in 1847; and Commodore Henry W. Morris, who died near Pensacola, in 1864, were their uncles. What is quite as remarkable, Mr. Charles F. Morris Stark married, a few years since, Miss McNeil, a grand-daughter of Gen. John McNeil, a famous New Hampshire worthy.

At a short distance from the old mansion is the famous Stark cemetery, where the dust of most of the family dead is lying. It is beautifully located near the highway, surrounded by an iron paling. The waters of a small pond bound one side of the graveyard, and a mill is in sight whose activity is in contrast to the quietness of this spot. Tall, romantic evergreens wave their branches overhead. The spot is picturesque and lovely, and one almost forgets to be sad while contemplating its scenic charms. The May sunshine shone through the vista, flashing like silver upon the old mill pond, and wreathing a halo of glory around the lordly tombs of those who slept beneath my feet. The musical notes of singing birds arose from the green shrubbery. The great pines tossed their branches in a murmuring rhythm over my head. To die and to be buried there, it was a pleasant thought.

On a little knoll rises a granite monument of chaste design. We walk up to it and read the following inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF
MAJOR CALEB STARK,
ELDEST SON OF
MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN STARK,

Under whose command he served his country in the war for American Independence. He entered the army at the age of sixteen, as quartermaster of the 1st N. H. Regiment; was afterward adjutant of the same, and subsequently brigade major and *aid-de-camp* to Gen. Stark. He was present at the battle of Bunker's Hill, in 1775; at Trenton, in 1776; at Princeton; and in the actions of September 19th and October 7th, 1777, which immediately preceded the surrender of Burgoyne.

Born December 3, 1759. Died August 26, 1838.

Life's fitful fever over he rests here quietly; the clarion of a war trumpet could not disturb him. His wife, the beautiful Sarah McKinstry, sleeps beside him in the same calm slumber. She died September 11, 1839, aged seventy-two.

Numerous monuments mark the resting place of various members of the Stark and McKinstry families.

I turned from the place with regret. How solemn and beautiful everything was! It impressed me profoundly. Two Sabbath's marked that week for me: one, in the quiet village church, where I fear I gave a heedless ear; the other, in this lovely cemetery, where my head was humbled in the presence of the great and beautiful brought to dust, and where a grand sacred symphony was performed,—wanting only the genius of Liszt or Tennyson to interpret it in its wealth of harmony from the singing of the great pines to the warbling of the tiniest bird.

LETTER FROM S. HALE TO GOV. WILLIAM PLUMER.

KEENE, April 24, 1825.

My Dear Sir: I have ascertained that Daniel Newcomb was born at Norton, in Massachusetts, in 1746. He was educated at Cambridge, was a classmate and roommate of Benj. West, graduated in 1768, studied law with Judge Lowell (having Christopher Gore for a fellow student), was admitted an attorney of the Inferior Court, Suffolk county, October, 1778, came to Keene in 1779. In the interval between leaving college and commencing the study of the law, he kept a Latin School a few years at Wrentham. He married Miss Stearns, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Stearns of Lunenburg, and for his second wife Mrs. Hannah Goldthwait, formerly Miss Daress, of Boston. He was a Judge of the Inferior Court of this county and of the Superior Court, a senator from this district, and President of Cheshire Bank. He was a good classical scholar, had a remarkable memory, was fond of quotations, and read much. As a lawyer he was respectable, but had too much diffidence and sensibility to succeed as an advocate. He died in 1818, at the age of seventy-two. Perhaps I ought to add that he was intimate with Mr. West, that he invited Mr. W. to come to this county, and gave him his choice of Keene or Charlestown. Mrs. N. has several letters written by West, from Charlestown, S. C., to her late husband.

I should have sent the foregoing sketch of Judge Newcomb sooner, but waited to send with it some account of Gens. Allen and Shepard, which have been promised, but have not yet arrived. In looking over the Judge's pamphlets (who was a very bookworm), I found three relating to the constitution of this State, printed in 1791 or '92; I suspect one was written by yourself. I found, also, an Address to the Inhabitants of Berkshire, 1778; Considerations on lowering the value of Gold Coins, Boston, 1762, being an answer to Hutchinson; Narrative of the Indian School, 1772; Address to the Inhabitants of British Settlements on Slave-keeping, Philadelphia printed, Boston reprinted, 1773, which are now safe in my repository. I shall forward you notices of the other gentlemen as soon as I receive them.

Respectfully and truly yours,

S. HALE.

THE BELLAMY RIVER MILL SUIT.

BY FRANK W. HACKETT.

THE saw-mill was obviously an institution of prime necessity to the first settlers of New Hampshire. "I will now put on the sending of you the moddell of a saw-mill, that you may have one going," writes Thomas Eyre from London, under date of May, 1631,—one of the Laconia Company,—to Ambrose Gibbins, the company's agent, at Newichwannock (South Berwick). Three years later, the ship Pide-Cowe brought out from England the much needed equipment. Gibbins soon had four mills at work. Half a century passes away, and we find saw-mills on the Piscataqua and its branches, busy not only in furnishing forth material for house building, but in supplying return cargoes to the ships that sailed by the fort on Great Island into the river, from England or from the Windward Islands. Noble masts went hence for the royal navy, and pipe-staves in abundance. "The trade of this Province," say the President and Council in their report of May 7, 1681, to the Privy Council, "exported by the inhabitants of its own produce, is in masts, planks and boards, staves, and all other lumber." The President who thus wrote had himself owned and carried on mills for "masting,"—as getting out masts for ships was called,—and the sawing of other timber. No early settler evinced greater enterprise than Major Richard Waldron; no one showed himself wiser in council, or braver in Indian fight. His name is conspicuous in our annals as a foremost man at Cocheco, where he met a tragic fate,—it will be remembered,—at an advanced age, in the terrible massacre of 1689.

As early as 1640, Major Waldron had built a saw-mill at the falls, where the compact part of Dover now stands. A few miles away another settler, William Pomfret, carried on at a little later date a saw-mill on what is now known as Bellamy, or Back river,—"Bellemie's banke freshett," the records of that day term it. In 1652, Waldron entered into an agreement with the selectmen of Dover,—which was subsequently ratified by formal vote in town meeting,—to build a meeting-house upon a commanding site on Dover Neck. The structure was to be forty feet long, twenty-six wide, and "sixteen foot stud." In compensation therefor the town granted him timber on Bellamy river,—excepting that already granted to the Pomfret mill,—and three hundred acres of land there, together with the right of setting up mills on the river wherever he should see fit. Waldron erected the meeting-house "upon the hill near Elder Nutter's." Instead of going up the river and setting up new mills, he purchased the Pomfret mill of four individuals who had come to own it, viz.: William Follet, Phillip Lewis, Thomas Laighton, and Thomas Beard.

Major Waldron had two sons-in-law, the brothers Gerrish, both men of prominence: Captain John Gerrish, of Dover, who was a sheriff and counsellor of New Hampshire; and Joseph Gerrish, a minister at Wenham. The former married Elizabeth Waldron, and the latter her sister Anna. As a part of the dowry of his daughters, Major Waldron made over to the Gerrishes the mill, together with an extensive tract of adjoining land. The mill, under their management, gave employment to a goodly number of hands. An account book of the business of "masting," in 1686–87, is still preserved. Here are recorded the names of several persons, in and about Cocheco, who a few years later fell victims to the attacks of Indians upon the settlement, a foremost name being that of Colonel Winthrop Hilton, whose bravery and efficiency

as an officer are extolled by Belknap. He was massacred while working upon a tree in the forest, that had been felled for a mast.

Captain John Gerrish became sole owner, in 1701, by purchasing his brother's moiety. The property at his death fell to his sons, Captains Timothy and Paul Gerrish, who continued at this point the business in which their father and grandfather had engaged. Perhaps the growth of the town demanded the erection of other mills at some point farther up the river; at all events, it appears that in the spring of 1719 several persons joined in an enterprise to build a dam across Bellamy river, about six miles above the Gerrish mill, with a view of erecting new saw-mills at that point. The Gerrishes went there in company with the town-clerk of Dover for the purpose of cautioning the parties to desist from their undertaking. Armed with documentary proof that no one but themselves were entitled to set up mills there, they were prepared to show that the proposed dam would seriously affect the supply of water which belonged to them as of right. They found two men, named Demerett and Jackson, actively engaged with others in laying out large pieces of timber for the construction of the dam. Protest was in vain, and the Gerrishes appealed to the law. They at once, as plaintiffs, brought an action of trespass against "Ely Demerett, Junior, planter, defendant," in the inferior court of common pleas. The defendant's estate was attached to the value of one hundred pounds, and he was summoned to appear at the September term of the court. The writ, dated 16 August, 1719, bore test Richard Waldron, chief justice (a son of Major Waldron), and was issued by Theodore Atkinson, clerk of the court. The return of the officer was as follows: "Pursuant to ye within writ, I have left a sumons at ye house of ye within mentioned Ely Demerett Jun'r his abode Pr Benjamin Peirce Deputy Sheriff."

It is this suit which forms the subject of the present article. Not that it is claimed to have been in any sense a "famous case" in its day, nor was there anything remarkable in the point involved, or in the character of the parties engaged, which entitles it to be brought up from the annals of the past. Doubtless at that period the question was one of transcendent interest to all the good people of Dover, whether or not they were likely to enjoy additional and probably more convenient facilities for sawing out their logs or grinding their corn. We may well imagine that the dispute waxed warm between the friends of the newly projected enterprise and the Gerrish party. But this contest was not the small beginning of what has grown to be a great struggle against monopoly, for our ancestors had not yet learned to sink the public good in their greed for gain. I frankly admit that *Gerrish* v. *Demeritt* is not a *cause celebre*. Yet it happens, strangely enough, that the Gerrish family have preserved to this day numerous papers (originals and transcripts of record), that were used at the trial of this suit, so that one may gather the story of the grievance complained of, and the proceedings of the court thereon, without the need of resorting to the files of the court itself.* The lapse of a hundred and sixty-two years lends a certain interest to these documents quite apart from their original value. It can hardly fail to serve a useful purpose to print some of them, illustrating as they do the forms of legal procedure in our early Province courts, as well as the terms in which conveyances were then executed.

* The widow of Timothy Gerrish, of Kittery Point, Maine, owns these papers and many others of still earlier dates. To her courtesy and kindness I am indebted for permission to copy the documents used in the preparation of this article. She is now (September, 1881,) advanced in her eighty-fourth year. She tells me that a trunk filled with these valuable old papers stood in the attic of her house for forty years before anyone was aware of their existence. Among others are instruments signed and sealed by Francis Champernoune, by Nathaniel Fryer, and by Edward Rishworth, and letters, etc., of Sir William Pepperell. The late Charles W. Tuttle, of Boston, a descendant of Lieutenant John Tuttle, mentioned in this article, made extensive copies of these papers for his "Life of Champernoune," a work which it is hoped is so far completed that it will see the light, notwithstanding the death of its amiable and lamented author.

It remains, therefore, for me to append such of the papers referred to as I have selected, with a line or two explanatory of their contents.

The case came on for trial before the justices and a jury at Portsmouth on the third day of September, 1719, less than three weeks after the writ was issued. The justices of the court of common pleas were Richard Waldron, chief justice; and Shadrach Walton, James Davis, and Jotham Odiorne, associates. John Tuck, of Hampton, was foreman of the jury. The defendant pleaded "not guilty." There are no traces of counsel employed in the case. A memorandum of an authority from MSS. Cro. Jac., upon the edge of one of the papers, may have been made by one of the justices. There was an attorney-general in the Province for the prosecution of indictments, but private litigants were accustomed, in that day, to come in person into court and state their cases to the justices. The several witnesses were present and swore to the facts before the clerk, who reduced their depositions (or some one for him) to writing. The clerk certified to what the witness said; but the witness himself, it seems, did not affix his name.

The plaintiffs claimed title from the town of Dover. They introduced a certified copy of the town records,—I. 10th 1st mo. 55, 56: That no more grants should be made till all the grants already made are laid out. II. 10, 1, 55, 56: Ratifying grants previously made of land and timber by the town or selectmen, "as also the bargain of Timber and land made with capt. Richard Waldren as by his deed appeareth bearing date 5, 10, 52." III. 9, 9, 57: Confirming grants that should be laid out by a date mentioned. Then followed the agreement of Waldron with the town of Dover for the building of the new meeting-house:—

"5th of the 10th mon: *52*

Articles of Agreement betwixt M^r^ Richard Waldron of Cocheco of The one Partie and the felect men of douer.

That is to say M^r^ Vallentine Hill William furbur Henry Langstar William Wentworth in the behalf of them selves and the Towne of Douer doe giue grant Bargin and fell unto the afforef^d^ M^r^ Richard Waldron his heires executors Administrators or affigns for euer all the Timber being and growing upon the Land on the South fide on belemies Banck ffrefhett excepting fifteen hundred trees granted to belemies bank mill Lying on the north fide of the Path from bellemies bank toward oyster Riuer unto M^r^ Hills grant bounded half a mile to the eastward of Thomas Johnson's Creek with Liberty in the sd ffreshett aboue bellemies bank mill in Any Place there of to fett up mill or mills where he fhall fee fitt as allfo Three hundred Acres of Land for a farme in Any Place within the Tract of Timber affore mentioned to him and his heires and affigns for euor and Quietly to Injoy all the Premifes with out Any molleftation us felect men in our owne names or in Any other by us In Confideration whereof the affore f^d^ Mr Richard Walden doth bind him felf his heires executor, to erect a meeting houfe upon the hill neer elder nutters the dementions of the f^d^ houfe is to be forty foot long Twenty six foot wide sixteen foot ftud with windowes Two doors fitt for such a houfe with a thite Couering and to Plast [?] all the wales: with glas and nailes fitt for it and to be finifhed betwixt this and Aprill next Com Twelue months which will be in the year *54*

Att A Towne meeting the fifth of the firft month 56 this bargain and sale aboue mentioned was voated the Towne act and Confermed unto him and his heires and afsigns for euor

A Trew Coppy Taken out of douer Towne book Aprill 29th 1719

Pr *Jn^o^ Tuttle* Towne Clark"

Laighton's deed to Major Waldron is endorsed: "Tho. layton his Bill o sayell to capt. walldern." It is as follows:—

"Bee it knowne unto all men by theffe psents that I Thomas Laighton of Douer Planter have bargained ɔ fould unto Richd Waldron of the fame towne all that my quarter grant of the saw mill now erected ɔ built at Bellamys banke with all my parte of the logges cutt ɔ beinge for the use of the mill with all my right in any graunt given by the Towne of Douer for accomodation of tember for the use of the said mill, with all the Iron worke belonginge to my quarter part ɔ likewise all other priviledges ɔ Imunities belonginge to my part to haue ɔ to hould the fame for ever, likewise I doe bind my felfe my heirs executors adminifstrators ɔ affignes to maintaine the fame against any that may or cann lay claime to the fame unto the faid Richd Waldron his heires executors administrators ɔ assignes for ever, In confideration of the premifes I the fd Ricd Waldron doe bind my felfe my heires ɔ afsignes to pay unto the faid Thomas Laighton or his assignes the sum of fixty pounds in Horne cattle or English goods within two yeares of the date hereof In witnefse whereof both parties have to thefse presents fett theire hands and feales the eight day of Aprill one Thoufsand fixe hundred fifty ɔ three.

Thomas his | *Laighton* marke L S
Richard waldron L S

Beinge prefsent att the fealing ɔ delivery

william Pomfrett
Thaddeus Riddan."

Thomas Beard conveys his quarter interest, 6th December, 1654. William Follet, of Oyster River (Durham), "within the township of Douer in the Massachusetts Colony of New England" conveys his part of "the saw mill-work situate upon the Riuer of Bellimaes' Banke," at a somewhat later date. Peter Coffin and Philip Locke are witnesses. Follet's wife, Elizabeth, does not sign the deed, but releases dower by appearing in open court and joining in the acknowledgment, as follows:—

"wm ffollet came into County Court held in Douer ye 29th of June 1675 & owned this Instrumt to be his free act & deede & Elizabeth his wife at ye same in open Court rendred up her thirds & right of Dowry in the premises.

Elias Stileman Cleric.

"Seasure and possotion was given by william follet of the Land within specified by twig and turfe and also an Iron doge deliuered in behalfe of the quarter part of the mill within specified this Twentieth day of Aprill 1672 In the presense of us

witness *John Gerrish Tho: Young.*"

The next deed is that of Philip Lewis. This instrument deserves to be given at large, not only for the very unusual deference paid to Mrs. Lewis in the language of its opening clause, but for the ingenious spelling that characterizes the entire document:—

"Thes presents wittness that I phillip Lewes wth the consent of my wife in consideration of threescore pounds already fully & wholy reseued of Richard Waldern of Douer & for other good causes & considerations hereunto moving

have bargained solde & set over unto the said Richard Walderne his hairs & Assines for ever; my whole right and property at Bellermis Banke, w^h is to say, my quarter part of the saw mille, w^th all the iron worke, Ropes, wheles, sleads houseing, & all other Implements therunto belonging; w^th all the Lands, and Grants of the Toune for Timber, & Likewise w^th twenty three acars of Land, grainted by the towne, w^th all other priviledges & Implyments therunto Belonging, to have & to hold to him & his hairs & afines, for euer, & quietly & peasebely to Injoy the same without any lett, molestation or trubell from mee the said phillip Lewes, or any other by, from, or under mee claiming the same & for the performance hearof, I binde myselfe, hairs, Executors, administrators & asines, firmly by thes presents, in witnes wherof, both myselfe & wife have sett our hands & seales.

4th of June 1657

phillip Lewis [SEAL.]

Singned, seled and deliuered in the presants of us

hanah + Lewis her mark.

John hancn
James + kid his mark
Timotheus Walderne

Thes presents witnes that I Rafe hall [Ralph Hall, of Exeter,] doe wholy o surender up all my wright and pefcian [possession] I had from phillip Lewes in the mill or land or timber at belinges-bank unto Richard walderne his eres and asignes for euer witnes my hand and seall this 5 : June 1657

Signed seled and deliuered in the presents of us

raphe hall [SEAL.]

John hancn
James + kid his mark
Timotheus walderne."

Major Waldron's deed to his son-in-law, Captain John Gerrish, is the work of a hand more accustomed to the drafting of legal documents :—

"TO ALL PEOPLE to whom this present writing shall come, to be seene or understood, KNOW YEE: that I Richard Waldern of Douer; on the Riuer of pifcataque; in New-England Gentlman: For diuers good Caufes; And Conſideracõns me therunto mouing: HAVE Giuen; Granted, Aliened; Aſsigned Enfeoffed; And Confirmed, And by they prefents, doe fully; cleerly; and Abſolutely; Giue; Grant; Alienate; Affigne And Confirme, unto my son in law John Gerrish; that quarter part of the Saw-Mill, at Belny-bank or by what Name foever Called or known; by me formerly purchased of William Follat, as Allso that hundred Acres of land be it More or less; belonging unto; or purchafed therwith. TO HAVE AND TO HOLD; with All And euery the priuiledges; proffitts; libertis; Rights; Imunities; Appurtenances whatſoeuer, therto belonging, with all the Iron work, Geers, Ledges and other Implements belonging to the sayd quarter part of Mill Afore mencõned; to him my Sayd Son in law; John Gerrish, his Heirs And Aſsignes for euer; to his And their own: onely proper use; behoofe, And benefit. AND I the Sayd Richard Walderne; doe Couenant; promiſse And Grant; for mee; my Heirs; executors And Administrators, to And with the Sayd John Gerrish, my my son in law; his Heirs; And Aſsigns, by theis prefents; that I the Sayd

Richard Walderne, have good right; true Title; full power; And lawfull authoritie to Giue; Grant; Alienate; afsigne; enfeoff And Confirme; the aforefayd, Giuen; Granted And Assigned premifes, unto him; the Sayd John Gerrish, his Heirs And Assigns: AND, that he the Sayd John Gerrish; his Heirs And Assigns, shall And may; at all times; And from time to time, for euer hereafter; peaceably And quietly; Haue; Hold; Occupie; pofses And Inioy, the premises; in And by, theis prefents, Giuen; Granted Aliened; Assigned; enfeoffed And Confirmed; And euery part and parcel thereof, with All And Singuler; the priuiledges, Rights; Royalties; liberties; and Imunities whatfoever; unto the same, or any part or parcel therof, belonging, or in any wife appurteyning; without any lawfull lett; denyal; euiccõn; ecceccõn; Interrupcõn, molestacõn or Contradiccõn, of me the Sayd Richard Walderne; my Heirs; Executors; Administrators; or Afsignes; or any of them; or of any other person; or persons whatsoeuer, clayming; or hauing any Right, Title; or Interrest, therin; or to any part, or parcel therof; whether by way Dowry; Thirds; former Grant, Sale, Mortgage, Judgement, Recognifcence, execucõn; det or, Instrument whatfoeuer, By: For; From, or under mee; or by Any other manẽr of ways or means whatfoeuer. AND that on reasonable request to mee made; I will Acknowledge this Deed of Gift And Grant of mine before lawfull Authoritie; And Suffer the Same to be Recorded According to Law;

In Witness Whereof; I the Sayd Richard Walderne, have hereunto Set my hand And Seale, the first day of June In the yeare of our Lord One thousand Six hundred, sixtie and eight; And in the Twentieth yeare of our Soueraigne Lord Charles the Second: by the Grace of God: of England Scotland, France And Ireland king: Defendour of the Faith &c.

Sealed And delivered *Richard Waldron* [SEAL]
In the presence of
Peter Coffin
Paull Waldron

This was acknowledged to be yee act ɔ deed of yee saide Richard Walderne upon yee 26th day of June 1672 before me

Samuel Symonds

Recorded in ye Records of Douer & portsmº Booke ye 3d fo: 63: 64: the 18 August 1672

p *Elias Stileman* Recordr"

The depositions are written on small pieces of paper, and are nearly all in the handwriting of Lieutenant John Tuttle, at that date the town-clerk of Dover. Tuttle's own deposition is as follows:—

I.

"The deposition of John Tuttle of douer Aged about seventy-three years Testifieth and Saith

That fume time about the Latter end of may Last Past I the deponent being in Company with Captt Timº and Captt Paull Gerrifh up bellemies Bank frefhett aboue the mill by eftimation about fouer fcore or a hundred Rods aboue a Sartain brook or Riuer Comonly Called or known by the name of malligo brook or Riuer and there did fee william Jackson Eli demerett Junr and severall others who owned them selves as Partners together in order to Erectt and

fett up a mill upon s^{d} stream and accordingly had Laid Two or three Pieces of Timbe ouer aCrofs s^{d} Riuer, and further This deponant did hear the f^{d} Tim^{o} & Paul Gerrish forwarn them in Profeed Any further in the s^{d} work for the Priuiled belonged of Right to them and also desired me the deponant to Read a Coppy of the bargin and Sale of the Towne to his granfather Waldron which accordingly I did then the s^{d} Gerrishes forwarned of Profeeding any further as they might expect to Answer the Contrary at Law and further demand who was the Principle man in Erecting or Carring on s^{d} work that he might not miss in Laying ther action and they answered all as won

Sworne In Court

p. *Theod^{r} Atkinson* Clerk "

II.

"The Deposition of Edward Euons and Nath: Hanson of Douer both of full age Testifieth and faith

That we the deponants haue euer since our Remembrance been well acquainted with the ftream or Riuer Comonly Called and knowne by the name of belemies Bank frefhett and being up fd Riuer fume time aboute the Latter End of may Last Paft by Estimation 4 fcore Rods aboue the brook or Riuer called malligo brook or River and there did see william Jackfon Eli demerett Jun^{r} and others at work upon Timber in order to Erect and sett up a mill upon s^{d} freshett or Riuer then there being Prefent Capt^{t} Timo and Cap^{tt} Paul Gerrifh will Jackfon Eli Demerett Jun^{r} & seuerall others the faid Jackfon demerett & other the Partners being at work upon Timber in order to fet upon the f^{d} Riuer or ftreame of belemies a mill and did hear the said Gerrifhes^{es} demand or Claim the Priuiled of f^{d} Riuer or ftream and forwarn the fd demerett and Partnors of Profeeding in fetting any works there on, and further we the deponants fay that we being up the fd Riuer about the 20th of July Last did fee the frame of a Dam Erectted and fett up on the fd frefhett of belemies bank Riuer at about fourfcore Rods aboue the mouth of mallig brook or Riuer by Eftimation

Sworne In Court Test

Theod: Atkinson Cler"

III.

"The deposition of John Tomfon of douer aged 60 years or upwards Testifieth and saith

That I the deponant being Imployed by Eli demerett Jun^{r} and will Jacfon & other to frame a dam and mill upon the frefhett or Courfe of water where Capt^{t} Tim^{o} and Capt^{t} Paul Gerish Came with others sume time in the Latter End of Last may or beginning of June & did forwarn s^{d} Jackfon demerett and other the Partnors for setting any works in the sd Place yet not withftandin the s^{d} gerrifhes forwarning of them the f^{d} demerett Jackson and other the Partnors haue profeeded and have Erected and fet up in the s^{d} Place the frame of a dam and mill and further saith not

Sworne In Court Pest

Theod: Atkinson Clerk "

John Busse was a minister. His deposition and that of his son follow, the portion enclosed in brackets being in the handwriting of Atkinson, evidently added in open court:—

"The diposition of John Busse of full agge teftifieth and faith that fome tyme in May Last hee heard Capt: Timothy Gerrifh fay that hee neuer did intend to fett A mill ther and ther should neuer bee one fett their and thif is the uery fpott of Ground w^th^ is now in Contreuerfy. John: Buffe Jun^r^ Teftifieth to bee the truth of aboue euidence hee being then prefent [and that the Damm in Contreuerfy is between six & seven milles, above Capt. Gerrifhs' uper mill as the River Runs, Further sayeth not

Sworne In Court] *T Atkinson* cler"

Depositions of a similar purport were made by William Hill, aged about forty years, and by John Field. There is no record in these papers of the defendant's testimony.

The finding of the jury is as follows:—

"Att an Inferiour court of comon please holden at porfsmo: y^e^ 3^d^ of y^e^ 7^th^ mo: 1719 Capt Timothy & paull Gerrishs plaintiffes againft Ely Demerrit deffend: wee of ye Jury find for y^e^ plaintifes coft of court fiue shill damage In ye behalfe ye Jury

Jn^o^ Tuck forman"

The defendant prayed an appeal to the "Honorable the justices of his Majestie's Superior Court Judicature to be holden at Portsmo the ninth day of Feby 1719[20] in and for the said Province." The appeal was allowed. On the 25th January, 1720, he filed his grounds of appeal, five in number. The last ground reads thus:—

"The aforesd grant to Maj Waldron is only a Liberty of setting mill or mills on ye ffreshett Called Bellamids ffreshett & not in ye Branches y^r^of w^h^as the place in contreversie is y^e^ Last Run of any Branch in Bellamids ffreshet nor is there indeed any run of water at all when ye water is Low in Bellamids ffreshet, so that these reasons Being Considered with what may be further offered on Tryall yo^r^ appell^ants^ humbly hopes your honours and y^e^ gentlemen of ye jury will se abund^t^ cause to reverse the former Judgment and Giue yo'r appell^ts^ cost."

But the appellate justices were not disposed to disturb the judgment of the court below. The right of the Gerrishes being thus established at law, it was only left to the projectors of the new enterprise to give up their undertaking, or to make a truce with their adversaries. They chose the latter course. The Gerrishes, by indenture of May 30, 1722, granted to Ely Demeritt, Ely Demeritt, Junior, Samuel Chesley and Derry Pitman (Richard Rookes and Jonathan Cushing witnessing the signatures) "four parts in six" of the privilege of Bellamie Bank, a little above the mouth of Mallego Brook, for two years, at three pounds per annum, "except when the water is low." The opening clause of the instrument sets forth, with a stateliness readily pardoned, the fact with which the reader has just become acquainted, namely, that the rights of the grantors had been confirmed by the judgments of two of His Majesty's Courts of Judicature.

LETTER FROM MRS. FRANCES WENTWORTH, WIFE OF GOV. JOHN WENTWORTH.

THE following letter, never before published, is important as illustrating many points in New Hampshire's early history. According to the Wentworth Genealogy, published by Little & Brown, of Boston, Mrs. Wentworth was the daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth (Deering) Wentworth, of Boston, and was born September 30, 1745, and so had just entered upon her twenty-sixth year when she wrote this letter, which places the date of Gov. Wentworth's operations at Wolfeborough earlier than any New Hampshire historian. From his taking his wife there in 1770, it is probable that he commenced the year before, which was the year of his marriage, November 11, 1769, and only two years after he took upon himself the responsibilities of governor.

Gov. Wentworth graduated at Harvard College in 1755, whilst his wife had only entered upon her tenth year. He soon went to England, and acted not only as the agent of his father, Mark Hunking Wentworth, of Portsmouth, who was largely engaged in mercantile pursuits, but also as agent for the Province of New Hampshire, and he did not return until after his appointment as governor.

Mrs. Wentworth was previously married (May 13, 1762,) to another cousin, Theodore Atkinson, Jr., Secretary of the Province, and Counsellor, and only child of Theodore Atkinson, Sr., the wealthiest man in New Hampshire. She had then passed into her seventeenth year. Her husband graduated at Harvard College in 1757, when she was twelve years of age. These dates spoil many of the sensational stories in the newspapers and magazines respecting the early rivalry of these two cousins for her matrimonial hand.

From this letter, it appears that the Hon. Peter Livius, one of the Counsellors and otherwise a very prominent man at the time, and afterwards Chief Justice of Canada, had had an establishment at Tuftonborough, on or near the present main road from Wolfeborough Landing to Moultonborough, before Gov. Wentworth began operations at Wolfeborough or about the same time. The place is still pointed out. His wife was Ann Elizabeth, daughter of John Tufton Mason, of the Masonian proprietorship.

This letter was written to the wife of Hon. Woodbury Langdon, who erected for his private residence the well-known Rockingham House at Portsmouth, N. H. She was Sarah, daughter of Counsellor Henry Sherburne, and granddaughter of Judge Henry Sherburne, who married Dorothy, sister of the first Gov. John Wentworth, who was the grandfather of the last governor and his wife.

The following was the route of Gov. Wentworth from Portsmouth to Wolfeborough, with hotels and distances: To Newington Ferry (Knight's), six miles; Dover (Hanson's), six; Rochester (Stephen Wentworth's), ten; Rochester (Rogers'), four; Middleton (Drew's), ten; Middleton (Guppy's), one; Wentworth House, twelve; total, forty-nine miles. Then to the house of Judge Livius it was nine miles.

WENTWORTH HOUSE, October 4th, 1770.

My Dear Mrs. Langdon:

I hope there requires no profusion of words to convince my dear Friend how very happy her obliging letter made me, as surely she must be sensible of the kindest feelings of my heart towards her,

and believe me, my dear Mrs. Langdon, I was extremely uneasy till I heard you got safe to Portsmouth. Mrs. Loring* told me you had met with some inconvenience at the Ferry, which really alarmed me exceedingly for you. However, I was soon quieted by receiving a line from you with mention of your health. The time you kindly spent with me in this solitary wilderness has riveted a lasting impression of pleasure upon my mind; nor do I forget our tedious walks which the charms of the meadow scarcely made up for. I have taken but one since, and then lost both my shoes and came home barefoot.

Mrs. Livius arrived here on Monday afternoon and appeared nearly as tired as you was, but would not own it.

She staid here three nights for fair weather, and at last went over the pond in a high gust of wind, which made a great sea and white caps as large as the Canoe.

I was much afraid for her, but she got over quite safe. She told me you was unwell when she left town, and I am anxious to hear you are recovered again. I wish you had tarried at Wolfborough till you had established your health. Indeed, you ought to be very attentive to keep your mind easy and calm, or you will be often subject to indispositions that will become mighty troublesome to you. I was pleased at all the intelligence you gave me; for, although I live in the woods, I am fond of knowing what passes in the world. Nor have any ideas sunk in rural tranquillity half enough to prefer a grove to a Ball-room. I wish you were here to take a game of Billiards with me, as I am all alone. The Governor is so busy in directions to his workmen that I am most turned hermit.

The great dancing room is nearly completed, with the Drawing Room, and begins to make a very pretty appearance. I hope you will be here next summer with all my heart, and then our house will be more in order than it was when you favored me with a visit, and less noise. For in fact my head is most turned with the variety of noises that is everywhere about me, and I am hardly fit to bear it, as I have been in poor health ever since you left me, and am hardly able to live. However, I hope to be stout now the winter comes on, as the summer never agrees with my constitution, which looks strong, but is quite slender. When Mrs. Loring left me, I gave her in charge your side saddle, which she promised me to send home to you. I hope it was not forgot. If it was, it must have been left at Staver's tavern, and you can send there for it, if you have not received it before this time.

The cruel came safe, and I will trouble you for the worsted you mentioned, as it will do just as well as English; and, if you please, one skein more of cruel, as we were much in want of it.

I have done very little work since you went away; not because I was indolently disposed, but because you did so much in helping me that I have nothing to do. So now I read or play as I have a mind to do. I get but very little of my Governor's company. He loves to be going about, and sometimes (except at meales) I don't see him an hour in a day. The season of the year

*The Mrs. Loring alluded to was the only child of Hon. Nathaniel Lloyd, uncle of Hon. James Lloyd, a long time U. S. Senator from Massachusetts. She was born November 1, 1744, and married October 19, 1769 (the same year with Lady Wentworth's last marriage), Hon. Joshua Loring, Jr., son of Commodore Joshua and Mary (Curtis) Loring of Boston. He died at Englesfield, England, in 1789, aged forty-five, after having held many important positions under the British crown. His wife survived him; and, through the representation of Lady Wentworth of the loses of her husband, in consequence of his devotion to his sovereign during the American Revolution, to Lord North, she was placed upon the British Pension list. She had a son, John Wentworth Loring (born the same year with Gov. Wentworth's son), who left descendants.

advances so rapidly now that we begin to think of Winter Quarters, and I believe we shall soon get to town. I guess we shall set off about the time we proposed. You may easily think I dread the journey, as the roads are so bad, and I as great a coward as ever existed. I tell the Governor he is unlucky in a wife having so timid a disposition, and he so resolute. For you know he would attempt, and effect if possible, to ride over the tops of the trees on Moose Mountain, while poor I even tremble at passing through a road cut at the foot of it.

Your little dog grows finely and I shall bring him down with me. You never saw such a parcel of animals in your life, and they have lessened poor Phyllis' courage down to a standard, for she can hardly crawl along. But I intend to send some of them off soon. We have given Mr. Livius one, and our neighbors all around are begging to have one, so that the stock will soon be lessened, and I intend to see yours is the best taken care of amongst them. Mrs. Rindge* seems now to falter in her intentions to spend the winter in town, but she says she is fixed on passing a month or so there. I believe it all a matter of uncertainty; for the roads are so precarious in the winter months, that tis impossible to fix on anything. Her baby seems to grow considerably and looks better than it did, so that I begin to think now she has a chance for its life. You know it looked in a great decline at the time you was with me. I am obliged for your charge to the House you lodged at on the road to be in readiness for us at our return. I desire things only a little clean; for elegance is not to be found in the country. I hope Mr. Langdon and your little ones are in health. I pray you'l present my best compliments to him and tell him I hope the roads will be better next year to induce him to try another journey to Wolfborough. The Governor has just come in and says I must send a great many compliments to you and Mr. Langdon, and tell you he knows you'l forget how to eat beef at Portsmouth.† Wolfborough is the place to recover appetites and learn people to relish anything that is set before them. But adieu. I could write you all day, but I am called on for my letter by Mr. Russel who is just setting off for his journey. This relieves you from the trouble of reading a long pen'd epistle from one who need not say she loves you; since you know you can command every friendship that flows from the affectionate heart and mind of

Your Sincere Friend and Very humble Servant,
FRANCES WENTWORTH.

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*The Mrs. Rindge alluded to was probably the wife of one of Gov. John Wentworth's maternal cousins, as his father, Mark Hunking Wentworth, married Elizabeth, daughter of John Rindge of Portsmouth.

†The following shows that the Governor and Lady had returned to Portsmouth the next month, and were entertaining their friends:—

"The Governor and Lady invite to tea on Thursday next, Mr. and Mrs. Langdon.
Tea at five o'clock P. M.
Portsmouth.
Friday evening, Nov. 23, 1770."

LOG-BOOK OF THE "RANGER," CAPT. PAUL JONES.

FURNISHED BY E. P. JEWELL.

SUNDAY, Oct. 25, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant, wind W. S. W.; middle and latter part cloudy weather.

MONDAY, Oct. 26, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant, struck top gallant yards, sewed our cables and springs, employed landing the stores. Thirteen sail of coasters from the eastward in below. Arrived this day a prize schooner laden with bread, &c., from Quebec; wind S. W.

TUESDAY, Oct. 27, 1778. This morning cloudy weather, employed cleaning ship and landing stores. A cartel arrived here to-day from New York with a manifesto; sent the first cartel's boat on board. Middle and latter part cold and cloudy weather.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 28, 1778. This morning clear weather, employed washing decks, &c. The Fortune, privateer, arrived here from off a cruise, having taken nothing. The middle and latter part fair weather, wind east.

THURSDAY, Oct. 29, 1778. This morning cloudy weather, wind S. E., people employed cleaning ship. The ship Lucia from Sheepsgate, Capt. Isaac Cusno, commander, bound to Boston from France, arrived here. The middle and latter part clear and cold, wind S. W.

FRIDAY, Oct. 30, 1778. This morning thick weather, wind west, people employed cleaning ship &c. A prize brig arrived here taken by the Hornet, Capt. Spurger of Newbury. Eleven sail of coasters in below; the latter part of this day cloudy and cold.

SATURDAY, Oct. 31, 1778. This morning begins with thick, cloudy weather, with rain. People employed cleaning ship, &c.; the latter part cold.

SUNDAY, Nov. 1, 1778. This morning begins with cloudy weather and cold, wind N. E. The armed schooner———, William Ray, commander, from Machias, bound to Boston, arrived at Great Island. The middle and latter part cold, wind S. W.

MONDAY, Nov. 2, 1778. This morning begins with cold and cloudy weather, wind north. People employed on ship's duty; middle and latter part cloudy and cold.

TUESDAY, Nov. 3, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant, wind S. W.; people employed cleaning ship, &c. Seventeen sail of merchantmen, &c., in below; middle and latter part a gale, wind S. W.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 4, 1778. This morning fair and cold, wind N. W. People employed on ship's duty; middle and latter part cold and clear weather.

THURSDAY, Nov. 5, 1778. This morning begins with cloudy weather, wind N. E. People employed cleaning ship; middle and latter part snow and cold.

FRIDAY, Nov. 6, 1778. This morning fair and cold, wind N. People employed scraping the decks. Captain Simpson returned from Boston.

SATURDAY, Nov. 7, 1778. This morning begins with rainy weather, wind S. E. Four of our prisoners deserted latter part of this day. Weather moderates, wind S. W.

SUNDAY, Nov. 8, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant, wind S. W.; the middle and latter part clear weather.

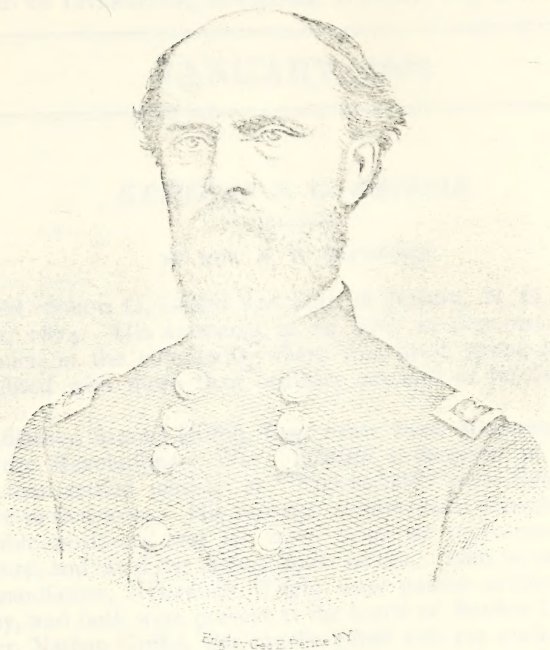
MONDAY, Nov. 9, 1778. This morning begins with thick rainy weather. People employed getting up quarter sails, in order to get the guns out; middle and latter part hard storm with rain.

TUESDAY, Nov. 10, 1778. This morning begins with clear weather, wind S. W. Fifteen labourers and two caulkers employed on ship's duty; middle and latter part fair weather.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 11, 1778. This morning begins with thick weather, and full of rain. People employed in the hold getting out water casks and beef. Put the best bower cable on board the Durkingfield, as also four pairs spare shrouds. Fifteen labourers and six caulkers employed on ship's duty; middle and latter part hard storm of rain.

THURSDAY, Nov. 12, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant, wind N. W. People employed getting out the guns. Landed some of the gunners' stores. Delivered to John Hart, the rope maker, the old shrouds belonging to the sloop of war Drake. Fifteen labourers and six caulkers employed on ship's duty; middle and latter part fair and pleasant.

FRIDAY, Nov. 13, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant, wind west. People employed landing provisions, viz.: seventy-four barrels beef and pork. Landed the bow and waist netting; sent the netting irons to Mr. Sherburne, the smith. Delivered Mr. John Hart seventy-two pounds of cable. Fourteen labourers and six caulkers employed on ship's duty. Middle and latter part fair weather, wind S. W.



S. G. Griffin

Brig.t & Brevet Maj.r Gen.l U.S.V.

—THE—

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GENERAL S. G. GRIFFIN.

BY REV. A. B. CRAWFORD.

GENERAL Simon G. Griffin was born in Nelson, N. H., on the 9th of August, 1824. His ancestors, as far back as they can be traced, were prominent men in the community where they lived, strong and hardy physically, and gifted with more than ordinary strength of intellect and force of character.

His grandfather, Samuel Griffin, Esq., came from Methuen, Massachusetts, soon after the Revolutionary War; married a daughter of the Rev. Jacob Foster, the then settled minister at "Packersfield," now Nelson, and took up his residence in that town. His superior abilities soon brought him forward to fill responsible positions, and for many years he represented the town in the legislature, and held the highest town offices. Both he and the General's maternal grandfather, Nehemiah Wright, were patriot soldiers in the revolutionary army, and both were present at the battle of Bunker Hill.

His father, Nathan Griffin, was equally gifted with the earlier progenitors of the family; but losing his health in the early prime of manhood, the care of rearing the family of seven children fell upon the mother. Her maiden name was Sally Wright. She was one of the loveliest of her sex, both in person and character,—one of those sweet and noble women who "bless the world by living in it,"—and the General owes much to her wise counsels and careful training. She died recently at the age of ninety-four years, and attained this great age with eye undimmed and mind unclouded.

When but six years of age, in consequence of his father's illness, the boy Simon was sent to live for some years with his uncle, General Samuel Griffin, of Roxbury, New Hampshire, a successful farmer and a man of high natural abilities. He, too, had a decided talent for military affairs; had been a volunteer in the War of 1812, though not called into active service. He was prominent in the State militia; and was fond of repeating the military histories and descriptions of battles and campaigns that he had read, thus creating a deep and lasting impression on the mind of the boy. But he was also one of those energetic men who believe in industry and frugality as means of success; and never after he was seven years old could the boy be spared from the farm to attend school during summer. Ten or twelve weeks each winter, at the district school, was all the "schooling" he ever received; but his natural thirst for knowledge led him to spend his leisure hours in reading and study; and

in spite of his want of advantages, at the age of eighteen, he was well enough advanced to begin the occupation of teaching, with marked success. He had also found time to read much history and the lives of all the great military chieftains of ancient and modern times. And so, by inheritance, and by his early training and reading, he had become unconsciously fitted for the special work that lay before him, and had cultivated that patriotic devotion and ability for military affairs which have won for him an honorable place among the eminent soldiers of our own State, and made him, as confessed on all sides, one of the best volunteer officers in the War of the Rebellion. Continuing his studies, while teaching winters and working on the farm summers, he mastered all the higher English branches usually taught in colleges, besides making some good attainment in Latin and French, and going through a large amount of miscellaneous reading.

In 1850, he married Ursula J., daughter of Jason Harris, Esq., of Nelson, but soon after the birth of a son both mother and child died. After this affliction he returned to his former occupation of teaching, and began the study of law. While thus engaged, he represented his native town two years in the legislature, serving the second term as chairman of the committee on Education.

Pursuing his study of law at Exeter, and afterwards at Concord, he was admitted to the bar in Merrimack County, in 1860, and had just entered upon the practice of his profession at Concord when the war broke out. Throwing aside his law books, he took up the study of military tactics, and joined a company of young men then forming in Concord under the first call of President Lincoln for seventy-five thousand men. He volunteered as a private, as did each member; but when it came to organization, he was chosen captain of the company; and finding that the quota of New Hampshire was full under the first call, immediately volunteered, with a large number of his men, for three years or during the war, under the second call.

The company was the celebrated "Goodwin Rifles," Co. B, 2d N. H. Vols., armed with Sharpe's rifles by the exertions of Captain Griffin and his friends,—the only company sent from the State armed with breech-loaders. He recruited his company to the maximum, joined the Second Regiment at Portsmouth, and was mustered into the United States service on the fourth of June, 1861. At the first battle of Bull Run he commanded his company, and handled it with remarkable coolness and bravery, although it was under a sharp fire and lost twelve men, killed and wounded.

After that battle, his regiment was brigaded with others at Bladensburg under General Joseph Hooker. Finding Company B, with their Sharpe's rifles, very effective, General Hooker obtained for Captain Griffin a leave of absence, and gave him letters of recommendation to the Governor of New Hampshire, with a view to having him raise a regiment or battalion, armed with similar weapons; but the State authorities, like those at Washington and many of the officers of the regular army, were not up to the advanced ideas of the times. They refused to sanction the step on the ground of the great expense, and Captain Griffin returned to his company.

On the twenty-sixth of October, 1861, he was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel of the 6th N. H. Vols., and soon joined his regiment at its rendezvous in Keene. That regiment proceeded to Washington, was assigned to General Burnside's expedition to North Carolina, and landed on Hatteras Island in January, 1862. On the second of March, it removed to Roanoke Island, and on the eighth, Lieut-Colonel Griffin was sent, with six companies, to aid General J. G. Foster in an expedition to Columbia. On his return to camp, the colonel having resigned, he found himself in command of the regiment.

On the seventh of April, he was sent in command of an expedition, consisting of four companies of the Sixth New Hampshire, and two of the Ninth New Jersey—about six hundred men—with five gunboats and one steam transport to break up a rendezvous of rebels, near Elizabeth City, North Carolina. Arriving at the point just before daybreak, on the eighth, he ordered Major Jardine, with two New Jersey companies, to land at Elizabeth City, below the rebel camp—which was near the river—while with his own four companies he ran past in the darkness, and landed to cut off their retreat. Landing hastily, he marched directly upon the enemy, while Major Jardine came up on the other side. The rebels fled at the first fire; but in the attack, one was killed, two wounded, and seventy-four made prisoners, and three hundred and fifty stands of arms and a quantity of ammunition was seized.

On the nineteenth of April, at the battle of Camden, North Carolina, he commanded his regiment, nearly one thousand strong, which formed a part of the left wing, and was held in reserve. At the critical moment, Colonel Griffin, having received orders to attack, moved his regiment forward, in line of battle. A sharp fire of artillery caused some losses, the ranks faltered; but the coolness and assurance of the Colonel held them steady. Advancing to within short musket range, he halted the line, and gave the command to fire, and the regiment poured in a volley with wonderful coolness and precision. The enemy broke and fled, and the battle was won.

On the twenty-second of April, 1862, he was commissioned colonel of the regiment. When the regiment went to Roanoke Island, in March, it was suffering seriously from sickness and demoralization, and had at one time three hundred men on the sick-list; but under the judicious management and thorough instruction and discipline of its new commander, it was soon put in excellent condition, and became one of the most effective and trustworthy regiments in the service. When it left the Island in June and joined Burnside at Newbern, it had but three men sick in hospital, and its proficiency in drill and its splendid appearance were remarked by all. In July, Colonel Griffin was assigned with his regiment to Reno's division which was sent to aid Pope in his campaign in Virginia.

At the second battle of Bull Run, he commanded his regiment, and the single brigade of the Ninth Corps, to which he belonged, was sent into a wood, with orders to "Drive the enemy out, and hold that ground." Advancing under a terriffic fire, they pushed forward bravely in their desperate attempt to obey the order. Penetrating some distance into the wood the Sixth New Hampshire received not only a murderous fire in front, but also from the left flank and rear. Thinking it must be a mistake of friends, who were firing into them, Colonel Griffin took the colors and waved them in that direction; but the fire only came the hotter, and finding himself confronting an immense force, and deserted by all the other regiments, he gave the order to retreat, and brought off the remnant of his men, bearing the colors himself. The regiment behaved with great gallantry, showing the benefits of the excellent drill and discipline, which it had received from its commander; but it lost heavily on that fatal day in killed, wounded, and captured.

On the first of September, he again commanded his regiment in a sharp fight at Chantilly, aiding to hold the enemy in check, while the army retreated to Washington.

At South Mountain he was also engaged in the fight, having his own regiment and the Second Maryland under his command.

At Antietam, after one attempt to cross the bridge in front of Burnside had been made by another force and failed, Colonel Griffin was ordered to make the assault with his regiment and the Second Maryland. The charge was gal-

lantly made; but the approaches were so difficult, and the enemy's fire so destructive, that, when the column reached the bridge, it had so diminished in numbers that it was found impossible to take the bridge and hold it.* The few who were left unharmed dropped behind such cover as they could find, and held their ground till reinforcements came up, when the bridge was carried, and the Sixth New Hampshire, with Colonel Griffin at its head, was the first to plant its colors on the heights beyond. For gallantry in that action, General Burnside recommended him for promotion to be brigadier-general, and for some weeks after the battle he was in command of the brigade by seniority.

While the army was on its march from Pleasant Valley to Fredericksburg, the enemy having appeared on the opposite bank of the river, near Warrenton Springs, Colonel Griffin was sent to hold them in check and protect the flank of the army, which he successfully accomplished. At Fredericksburg, he commanded his regiment, which again suffered severely in the assault on the heights above the city. Soon after that battle he received a leave of absence, and was married to Miss Margaret R. Lamson, of Keene, N. H., with whom he is still living, and by whom he has two sons.

Early in 1863 General Burnside was assigned to the command of the Department of Ohio, and the Ninth Corps was transferred to that department. While the Corps was in Kentucky, preparing to march to East Tennessee, Colonel Griffin was placed permanently in command of the First Brigade, Second Division, consisting of the Sixth and Ninth New Hampshire and Second Maryland, Forty-eighth Pennsylvania and Seventh and Twelfth Rhode Island Regiments. Just as the troops were about to march across the mountains, orders came from the War Department to proceed at once to the aid of Grant at Vicksburg. Leaving a part of the troops in Kentucky, the Corps hastened by rail to Cairo, and thence by boats to Milldale, Mississippi, and joined the forces under Sherman, then watching Johnson, who was threatening Grant's rear. While in camp there, Colonel Griffin was sent by General Sherman with two regiments of his brigade to make a reconnoissance, and found the enemy's advance near the Big Black. The Colonel returned to camp, obstructing the roads, as he came, by felling trees. Immediately upon the fall of Vicksburg, Sherman moved upon Jackson—driving Johnson before him—and captured that city. While approaching the town, Colonel Griffin was at one time in command of the advanced line, consisting of three brigades, when a sharp attack was made by the enemy at about three A. M., with a view to breaking our lines by surprise, but which was repulsed with considerable loss.

The work of that campaign being finished, the Ninth Corps returned to the Department of Ohio, arriving in Kentucky the last of August, and once more prepared to advance into East Tennessee. Colonel Griffin, in command of the Second Division by seniority, marched over the mountains through Cumberland Gap, and joined General Burnside at Knoxville.

His own regiment and many others had been left in Kentucky to recover from sickness, contracted in the malarial regions of Mississippi, and General Burnside gave him an order to return and collect those regiments and bring them forward to strengthen his force at Knoxville. Arriving in Kentucky, in October, the regiments were ordered to rendezvous at Camp Nelson; but before they were ready to march, it became known that, in consequence of the defeat at Chickamauga, not only was Burnside hard pressed in East Ten-

* "They charged from a point at a considerable distance below the bridge, were compelled to make their way through a narrow opening in a firm chestnut fence, which there was no time to remove, and then run a long distance in the face of a well-posted enemy."—*Woodbury's "Burnside, and the Ninth Army Corps."*

nessee, but Kentucky itself was threatened with raids, and Colonel Griffin and his troops were retained for the defense of that State. Camp Nelson was at that time one of the largest and most important depots of supplies in the country, and was the rendezvous for refugees and recruits from East Tennessee, who were there organized into regiments. Colonel Griffin was placed in command of that post and the troops at that point, having about nine thousand men under his command. While there, his regiment reënlisted for three years or during the war, and by the terms of enlistment were entitled to a furlough of thirty days.

On the fourteenth of January, 1864, he received orders to proceed with his regiment to Covington, to be remustered into the service of the United States, and from there they proceeded to New Hampshire. While enjoying his furlough, he was ordered to report to the Governor of New Hampshire for duty, and was sent to Virginia and North Carolina to superintend the reënlistment of New Hampshire veterans in that department.

In the spring of 1864, the Ninth Corps reassembled at Annapolis, Maryland, and reorganized under its former commander, General Burnside; and Colonel Griffin was assigned to the command of the Second Brigade, Second Division, consisting of the Sixth, Ninth, and Eleventh New Hampshire, Thirty-first and Thirty-second Maine, and Seventeenth Vermont Volunteers. On the twenty-third of April, the Corps broke camp, and marched through Washington, where it was reviewed by President Lincoln, to Alexandria, and thence via Fairfax Court-House, to join the Army of the Potomac on the Rapidan.

Crossing that river on the fifth of May, it bivouacked that night, and at two A. M., on the sixth, advanced to take its position for the battle of that day. Griffin's brigade was sent to attack in the direction of Parker's Store, but later was ordered to the left to assist in repelling an assault on Hancock's corps.

Arriving on the ground, he formed his brigade in rear of others which were already in line, one in rear of another, lying down to avoid the shot. General Burnside was present, and gave the command, "Let Griffin attack." Griffin gave the command "Forward," and his brigade advanced in line of battle, making a fine display. So inspiring was the sight, that, as they went over the other brigades, they sprang to their feet without orders and pressed forward in the most enthusiastic manner, shouting and cheering. Griffin's attack was successful all along his front,—the Sixth New Hampshire, Lieut.-Colonel Pearson commanding, fixing bayonets and dashing through the enemy's line, captured seven officers and one hundred and six men,—but our troops to the left of his brigade did not advance, and the rebels turned upon him from that direction and compelled him to retire a short distance; but the original ground was held.

At the battle of Spottsylvania Court-House, May 12, General Hancock made the assault at four o'clock in the morning. Griffin occupied the right of the Ninth Corps on the left of Hancock, though some distance from him, with orders to support that officer. Promptly at four o'clock, Griffin advanced with his brigade in line of battle, and, soon hearing Hancock's guns, made directly for the sound. As day broke and he approached the point of attack, he galloped forward to see just where to connect with Hancock. As he came out of a wood into an open field, he found Hancock's troops wild with excitement over their success, but with organization completely broken up by the charge they had made.

Looking across a valley in front to a slope beyond, he saw a large force of rebels advancing rapidly to make a counter attack. Hastening back to his command, he brought it forward and swung it into position on the edge of the wood, forming nearly a right angle with Hancock's line, and just in time to

take the enemy's force in front and flank with a destructive fire. Other brigades came up and formed on his left, and for five hours a terrific and incessant fire of musketry and artillery was kept up, and the furious onslaught of three Confederate divisions was repulsed. The loss on each side was fearful, but Hancock's corps, and possibly the army, was saved from being swept away, and a victory was won. For this gallant act, Colonel Griffin "won his star," being made a brigadier-general of volunteers upon the recommendation of Generals Burnside and Grant, and confirmed immediately by the Senate, without debate, reference, or a dissenting vote.

On the eighteenth, he was directed to make a reconnoissance with his command, and advanced upon the enemy's intrenched lines; but finding him in full force and strongly posted, he returned to his former position.

He commanded his brigade, and handled it with coolness and skill in the fight at North Anna River, Tolopotomy Creek, Bethesada Church, and Cold Harbor. Arriving in front of Petersburg, on the fifteenth of June, he was placed in command of a force, consisting of Colonel Curtin's brigade, and his own, and directed to assault the enemy's intrenched line at daybreak the next morning. So difficult were the approaches that the entire night was consumed in preparation, and the lines were formed noiselessly and with the utmost caution within a hundred yards of the enemy, in a ravine.* Just as dawn lighted up the east, the command "forward" was given. The men sprang to their feet, and with fixed bayonets the two brigades swept on and over the enemy's line, seizing their intrenchments for a mile in extent, and taking them completely by surprise. A stand of colors, four field-pieces with caissons and horses, fifteen hundred stands of arms, a quantity of ammunition, and about one thousand prisoners were the trophies of that victory, which might have resulted in the capture of Petersburg, had supports been on the ground in time.

At the battle of the Mine, he commanded his brigade, and did everything that could be done in his place to make the assault a success; also at the Welden Railroad, Poplar Springs Church, and Hatcher's Run.

On the twenty-fourth of March began those movements that ended in breaking the enemy's lines around Petersburg, the taking of that city and Richmond, and the capture of the Confederate force under Lee. General Griffin commanded that part of the line near the Jerusalem Plank Road, and he had reported to army head-quarters, as early as February, that the enemy was weakening in his front and that he could break into his lines. The ground was examined by engineer officers sent for that purpose by General Grant; and orders were received, more than once, to attack at a certain time, but were countermanded. Finally, on the evening of the first of April, orders were received to attack the next morning at four o'clock. Scarcely had the orderly left, when an officer rode up with directions to attack the enemy's picket line at once, to distract the attention of the rebels from our left. The brigade was promptly under arms, moved quietly out in the darkness of a black and cloudy night, formed its line noiselessly, and dashed upon the intrenched picket line, sweeping it for a mile, and capturing eight officers and two hundred and forty-one men. Scarcely had this success been accomplished, when General Griffin received information that the original plan of assaulting the main works had not been abandoned, but was still to be carried out. Hastily withdrawing his troops, he transferred them in the darkness across a difficult piece of ground nearly a mile in extent to a point indicated in the plan of attack to the left

* "So near were the enemy's lines, that only in whispers could the necessary orders be communicated. General Griffin enjoined the strictest silence upon his men, and ordered them when advancing not to fire a shot, but to depend upon the bayonet for clearing the works. Even the canteens were placed inside the haversacks to prevent their rattling."—*Woodbury's "Burnside, and the Ninth Army Corps."*

of the Jerusalem Road near Fort Sedgwick. He formed his brigade in column by regiments,—each regiment in line of battle,—seven regiments deep, with three companies of pioneers in front, armed only with axes, to clear away the *abattis*. Just at daybreak, at a preconcerted signal, in connection with General Hartranft on his right and Colonel Curtin on his left, he led his column to the charge. Nothing could exceed the coolness and intrepidity with which officers and men pressed forward under a terriffic fire of grape, canister, and musketry, for our artillery had opened fire and given the enemy warning. Tearing away the *abattis*, they dashed over the parapets, seized the guns and intrenchments, captured hundreds of prisoners, and held the line. The loss was fearful, but the backbone of the Rebellion was broken; and when the news of that assault reached Richmond on that Sunday morning, the second of April, Jefferson Davis crept out of church, and stole away a fugitive; and Petersburg and Richmond were occupied by our troops the next morning. For gallantry in that action, General Griffin was brevetted a major-general of volunteers. General Potter having been severely wounded, he succeeded to the command of the division,—the Second Division, Ninth Corps,—which he retained till the close of the war, with the exception of a short time while he was president of an examining board of officers sitting in Washington. He joined in the pursuit of the rebel forces, and his division formed a part of the *cordon militaire*, that encompassed Lee, and compelled his surrender. Returning with the army, and encamping at Alexandria, he led his division in the Grand Review at Washington on the twenty-third of May; and, in July following, when the last regiment of his command had been mustered out of service—the Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers—he returned to his home in Keene to await farther orders; and on the twenty-fourth of August, 1865, in company with many other general officers, he was mustered out of the service of the United States.

That service had been a most honorable one. Brave, able, of sound judgment, patriotic, he was always in demand at the front, and his service was of the most active and arduous kind. His troops were never under fire, or made a march of any importance, except with him to lead them. He took an active part in twenty-two great battles, besides being under fire numberless times in skirmishes and smaller fights. For nine weeks, at one time in front of Petersburg, he held the ground covering the spot where the "Mine" was in process of excavation, and so sharp and constant was the picket-firing, both day and night, that the brigade lost five per cent. of its members each week. Not for a moment were officers or men safe from deadly missiles, unless under cover of intrenchments, and it was particularly perilous for officers in command who had to pass frequently along the lines. Yet he seemed to lead a charmed life. He never received a scratch, although he had seven ball holes in his clothes and had two horses killed and five wounded under him in action. He never lost a day's duty from sickness, owing, no doubt, largely to his temperate habits. At the second battle of Bull Run, he had one half of his men either killed or wounded; at Fredericksburg, one third; at Antietam, one fifth; and so on; and he was equally exposed with them. To show the severity of his service in Grant's campaign of 1864, he left Alexandria with six regiments, reporting twenty-seven hundred fighting men. At the close of the campaign, he had lost three thousand men, killed and wounded,—three hundred men more than his whole number,—new regiments having been assigned him until he had eleven in his brigade, and the older ones kept up by recruits.

Upon the reörganization of the Regular Army at the close of the war, the government offered him a position as field officer in one of the regiments, and

sent him his appointment; but he had no desire for the life of a soldier when his country no longer needed his services, and he declined the offer.

In 1866, '67 and '68, he represented Keene in the New Hampshire Legislature, serving the last two years as speaker of the house. He filled that place with marked ability, showing rare talent as a presiding officer, and carrying forward the business with precision and dispatch.

In January, 1867, he presided over the Republican State Convention, and in that same year, Dartmouth College conferred on him the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

In 1871, he received the Republican nomination for member of Congress in the third district; but in the election that year the opposition carried the State, and General Griffin, though making a good run, was defeated by a few votes. He was renominated in 1873, but again defeated by a small majority.

At the close of the war, experience in the field having proved that active, out-door life was conducive to his health, he gave up his profession and engaged in manufacturing with Mr. Harris and Company at Harrisville; but in the financial crash of 1873, they closed their mills and the General retired from business.

Recently General Griffin has been much in the South on more pacific errands than formerly. He has become engaged in extensive landed and railroad interests in Texas—a State vast enough to take in the Republic of France, and to tuck in the New England States around the edges. The State is filling up rapidly and developing wonderfully; and there is courteous and hearty welcome for all who go thither to seek sincerely to cast in their lot with the growing State, to build up their homes, and to develop the resources of that vast territory. And so, it seems that "iron," in one shape, is to heal the mischief done by iron in another shape; that "T rail," engine shaft, and plow are to heal the disaster made by musket and bayonet.

The habits of study, so diligently cultivated by General Griffin in youth and early manhood, have never fallen into abeyance. He has ever been faithful, diligent and constant in several lines of study, e. g. History, Political Economy, International Law, English and French Literature.

As a public speaker, he is often called upon to deliver orations and addresses. His work is always prepared with thoroughness, and exhibits thoughtfulness, speaking "not for mere speaking's sake, but for the sake of doing work." His addresses are marked by directness, orderliness, and strength. It is always a pleasure to hear him speak. His address, given in Keene by the request of the city government on the day when the earthly remains of President Garfield were committed to the ground, is published in a volume of Garfield's speeches, the supplement of which contains a few selected memorial addresses, the editor of which—a St. Louis gentleman—being an entire stranger to General Griffin, and the selection extending over a wide range.

The home of General Griffin, besides a thoughtful and courteous hospitality, is strong in the things that make for studious endeavor. The family library is rich in the best books, many of which would seem to belong to the technical, working library of the professional student of literature or history, rather than to the quiet corner of the home; and what is vastly more than having the books, they are read and known.

And while Mrs. Griffin may not exactly, as another lady the writer knows of, "read the 'Church Fathers' in the original tongues as side reading," she is in many lines of study fully equal even to that; as she is cool, courageous, straight forward in her convictions; and most sympathetic and helpful in an equally straight forward way, without "gush," in good works among the poor and sorrowful, and in all things that make for the well-being of a community.

FIRST SETTLEMENT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY GEORGE WADLEIGH.

"Notes on the First Planting of New Hampshire, and on the Piscataqua Patents. JOHN S. JENNESS. Privately printed—pp. 91. Portsmouth, 1873."

THE time when, the manner in which, and the individuals by whom the first settlements were made by Europeans at Little Harbor and Dover Point, where, it is generally acknowledged, the original "planting" of New Hampshire was commenced, are so obscure, and have been so frequently a matter of controversy, that we gladly welcome all attempts which are made to elucidate them.

For more than two hundred years, on the authority of Hubbard, Prince, and other early historians, followed by Belknap, the facts in relation to these settlements, briefly stated, and generally accepted, were, that Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Capt. John Mason, having obtained from the Council constituted by the King of England, "for the planting, ruling and governing of New England," a grant of all the land between the rivers Merrimack and Sagadehock, extending back to the great lakes and river of Canada, formed a company with several merchants of London and other cities, and styling themselves "the company of Laconia," attempted the establishment of a colony and fishery at the mouth of the Piscataqua river. For this purpose, in the spring of 1623, they sent out David Thomson and Edward and William Hilton, who had been fishmongers in London, with a number of other people, in two divisions, furnished with all the necessaries for carrying out the design. Thomson landed at the river's mouth, at a place which he called Little Harbor where he built a house, afterwards known as "Mason Hall," erected Salt Works, and made other preparations for carrying on his business, but the Hiltons set up their fishing stages eight miles further up the river on a neck of land which the Indians called Winnichahannet, but they named it Northam and afterwards Dover. Thomson, not being pleased with his company or situation, removed the next spring, or a short time after, to an island in Massachusetts bay, where he lived and soon after died, while the Hiltons and their associates remained and made a permanent settlement in Dover.

All efforts to ascertain the precise date of their arrival, or the ship in which they came, had proved unavailing. The day of the month and the month were unknown. In 1823, at the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the settlement of the State, at Portsmouth, when it was considered desirable to fix upon the day of their arrival, if possible, for the purpose of suitably observing it, all efforts to do so were found to be in vain. It was then declared that "Prince, the most laborious of all antiquaries in New England, in 1736, could give no precise date, and no discovery of documents since has made it more definite" then that they arrived in the *spring* of the year. From the fact that no vessel was known to have arrived from England in that year until about the 1st of June, it was conjectured that the colonists might have been landed at the Piscataqua late in May, and the 23d of that month was accordingly selected for the celebration.

These statements remained unquestioned and were incorporated in all our histories and school books, until a document found among the ancient papers of Gov. Winthrop, now in the possession of his descendant, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, gave a different reading to our early history. This document is an indenture, dated Dec. 14, 1622, between David Thomson on the one part,

and three merchants, Abraham Colmer, Nicholas Sherwill and Leonard Pomroy, all of Plymouth, England, on the other part. A copy of it has been published in the proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, with notes by Charles Deane, Esq., an eminent antiquary.

The indenture recites that the Council for New England had granted to Thomson, (Oct. 16, 1622) six thousand acres of land and one island in New England, and that Thomson had conveyed one quarter part of the island to the three merchants named and agreed also to convey to them one quarter part of the six thousand acres, on these conditions :—

1. That the three merchants, at their own charge, should provide and send that present year two men with Thomson, in the ship Jonathan of Plymouth, to New England, with such victuals, provisions, &c., as shall suffice them till they are landed.

2. The three merchants, at their own charge, were also to provide and send the same year, three additional men in the ship Providence of Plymouth, if they could so soon be gotten, or in some other ship, to New England ; the charges of these three men to be borne equally by all the parties.

3. Two other men were also to be sent the same year in the Jonathan ; the charges to be borne by all the parties equally.

4. Thomson with the seven men as soon as landed, was to find a fit place and make choice of six thousand acres of land and a fit place to settle and erect buildings.

Further provision was made for dividing the property at the end of five years agreeably to the indentures, three fourths to Thomson and one fourth to the other three. Three fourths of the charge for planting, building, &c., was to be borne by Thomson, and one fourth by the others. All the profits from fishing, trading, &c., were to be divided equally, the three merchants having liberty to employ the ships to fish, at their own charge, if Thomson did not choose to bear his share of such charge.

From this agreement it appears reasonably certain that Thomson did come over as stipulated, arriving at the mouth of the Piscataqua sometime in the spring of 1623, as Hubbard has recorded. By the indenture he was to proceed "this present year" (1622). By the method of reckoning at that time, the year ended on the 24th of March following. It is equally certain, however, that he did not come out as the agent of the company of Laconia, for that company was not then in existence, not having been formed until 1631. This error appears to have originated with Dr. Belknap, who knew that Mason and Gorges had a grant (Aug. 10, 1622,) embracing the territory between the Merrimack and Sagadehock, which they intended to call the Province of Maine, but of which they never made any use, as the council afterwards made other grants covering the same territory. Dr. Belknap also knew that Mason and Gorges with other persons were members of the Company of Laconia. From this and some statements of Hubbard he doubtless concluded that the grant of 1622, was the Laconia grant, and that the associates, under the name of the Company of Laconia, began the settlement at Little Harbor and Hilton's Point in 1623. It is now known that the Laconia patent was not issued until Nov. 17, 1629, and the company was formed soon after.

There is no direct evidence in the indentures, that the Hiltons were associated with Thomson in the enterprise, either as partners or servants. From this fact and other considerations drawn from contemporaneous history, Mr. Jenness in his "Notes on the First Planting of New Hampshire," discredits the statement of Hubbard and claims that the Hiltons never saw Dover Point until five or six years after Thomson and his party landed at Little Harbor, or at least that

no settlement could have been made there in 1623 as has been generally believed.

To establish this position he quotes the early historians to show that no such place was known to or once spoken of by any of the visitors of Thomson, of whom there were several, during the years 1623 and 1624; that it is absurd to suppose that Edward Hilton, without any colony to assist him, should have gone so far from the succor of his friends into the wilderness in the midst of treacherous and cruel savages when the whole country practically lay open before him to go in and occupy where he would; that the "stages" which it is alleged were set up at the Point were "large and expensive structures" intended for use in the fishing business, and that "no experienced fisherman would have selected such a site for a fishing establishment, five or six miles above the mouth of the Piscataqua, a stream of such rapidity that it is often impossible for a boat to contend against it, while the great cod fisheries are several miles out at sea, which a fisherman leaving Hilton's Point at the very turn of the ebb tide could not reach and return from the same day, if he stopped to cast his hook."

As to the fact of priority of settlement, if a mere fishing and trading post is to be regarded as such, we may as well admit that at Little Harbor (now in the town of Rye) the first planting of New Hampshire was commenced. There is no doubt that Thomson and his men first disembarked, at or near that place, and pitched their tents or erected such huts as were requisite for shelter.—The question is, who came with him? We only know that seven men were to be furnished to assist him. Four were to come over in the Jonathan, and three more were to be provided the same year.

It is admitted, and it is reasonable to conclude, that Edward Hilton may have come over from England in one of the vessels which brought David Thomson and his men to the Piscataqua, on his own account, if not as an assistant of Thomson, as Hubbard asserts. The Hiltons had been fishmongers in London, and were acquainted with at least one branch of the business in which Thomson was to engage. They were just the men who would be selected to assist in the enterprise. William Hilton had previously been in America. He came to Plymouth in 1621, and his wife and two children came over in 1623. He may have gone back and returned with them, or they may have come over to join him here. Hubbard, who wrote in 1680, is supposed to have been personally acquainted with the Hiltons, and must have had some knowledge of their history and movements. William Hilton had a grant of land in Plymouth in 1623, but he left that place soon after, apparently on account of some disagreement in relation to church matters, and is found next at Piscataqua with his brother.

As the business of Thomson and his assistants was to be fishing, and trading with the Indians, it is not probable that they would all remain permanently in the same place. The Hiltons, with one or more of the party, after seeing the others safely established at the mouth of the river, may have come up to the Point, as Hubbard records. Or, as the party is said to have come over in "two divisions," it is more probable that they did not arrive until after Thomson and the four men who came in the Jonathan had established themselves at Little Harbor. Of the other three who were to be provided and sent over in the Providence, the Hiltons may have been two. The tradition has always been that Thomas Roberts was one of the original emigrants with them. If he was, this would complete the number which was to be provided.

The distance between Little Harbor and the Point was but six or seven miles, and the location at the Point was doubtless at first selected for the convenience of trading with the Indians about the falls of the Cochecho, a favorite

resort with them. It was also in the vicinity of good fishing ground, for the various branches of the Piscataqua, up to their first falls, must at that day (as they did long after and do now at some seasons,) have swarmed with fish, and there was no need of going far to cast the hook and obtain them.

It is not supposed that a party of three men, at the most, would go miles at sea to the great fishing grounds to obtain fish when there was an abundance of fish so near them, or that large and expensive stages were required for curing them. By the terms of the indenture the owners of the Jonathan were to pursue the fishing business independently of Thomson and his men, if he did not choose to bear part of the charge. It is probable that the vessels from England attended to the deep sea fishing, while the parties on shore confined their operations to the harbor and rivers.

If the Hiltons were never mentioned by visitors to Little Harbor in 1623 and 1624, the same may be said of the other men who were with Thomson. The name of no man who was with him—and there were seven— is known, unless we accept the statement of Hubbard.

It may have been that the fishing and trading post at the Point was at the outset regarded rather as a temporary than permanent settlement—a place to which at first they resorted only during the day, returning at night to the common rendezvous at the mouth of the river. But its advantages must have been soon seen and appreciated. The "whole country was open before them to go in and occupy where they would," and they could hardly have found a more inviting place than the Point, either for fishing, planting, or trading with the Indians—exchanging such articles as they brought with them from England for the beaver skins and other peltries of the Indians. For safety no resort could have been better than this narrow neck of land, and from which by their boats there were such immediate means of escape, if escape was at any time necessary. For planting also, in which they were to engage, so far at least as they could contribute to their own wants, the Point was of all places the spot which they would select, far preferable to any land nearer to Little Harbor.

Thomson's enterprise, it appears, was not a success. He abandoned it after about three years residence, (by some accounts "the next year,") and removed to Massachusetts, Hubbard says, "out of dislike either to the place or his employers." He never set up any claim afterwards to the patent, nor does it appear that his partners in England reaped any advantages from it. Thomson's men are supposed to have remained at Little Harbor after his departure but even this is uncertain. The only evidence that it was occupied is that there was a settlement somewhere at "Piscataquack," besides Hiltons in 1628, and that such settlement paid £2 : 10 as its contribution for expelling Morton from Merry Mount. What is there more probable than that the Hiltons may have remained at the Point or in its vicinity, with some of the other men of the company, after Thomson left?

If, as it is alleged, there is no authentic information of Edward Hilton's being in this vicinity previous to 1627 or 1628, the information which we get of him at that time is sufficient to show that he must then have been settled here for some years and that he had a considerable stake in the country. In 1628, as recorded by Bradford, he was assessed £1 towards the expense of the war upon Morton of Merry Mount, already alluded to, the whole expense of the campaign being £12 : 07, of which the Plymouth colony paid £2 : 10, or but little more than twice the amount contributed by Hilton. It is also evident, we think, that the Hiltons must have been among the men which the partners of Thomson provided and sent over in 1623, from the fact that we find them settled so near to Little Harbor, on territory which must have been included within that which Thomson's patent covered, where they would not have been,

by any right, had they not been connected with Thomson's company, and that when in 1630 Edward Hilton obtained a patent from the Council of Plymouth of the land upon which he had settled he had been for some considerable time established thereon. So long, in fact, that the place had come, to be known by his name, for we read that his patent included "all that part of the river Piscataqua *called or known by the name of Hilton's Point*, with the south side of said river, up to the falls of Squamscot and three miles into the main land for breadth," and it sets forth that Hilton and his associates had "transported thither servants, built houses and planted corn, and intended the further increase and advancement of the plantation."

It is asked if it can be believed "that Hilton founded a plantation at Hilton's Point in 1623, seven years before he got a deed of the land?" Certainly not. If, as it is presumed, he came out with or soon after Thomson, we have seen for what purpose he came. He was one of the men sent out by Thomson's partners, the merchants in England, to assist in the enterprise, and as a representative of their interest in it. He had no legal claim to the soil under the patent.—Thomson gave up his claim and went off before the expiration of the five years when the profits of the enterprise as well as the land was to be divided between the parties. The patent granted was evidently regarded by him as of little value, because neither he or his heirs, or his partners, ever afterwards set up any claim to it. All the interest which they possessed at Little Harbor passed into the hands of the Laconia Company of which Gorges and Mason were chiefs, under a new grant from the Council, when Edward Hilton, for his own security, finding himself abandoned by Thomson and the company by which he had been employed, obtained (in 1630) a patent for the settlement at the Point. This patent he afterwards sold in part to other parties, who appointed Capt. Thomas Wiggin their agent, by whom in 1633, a considerable acquisition was obtained to the population.

The Laconia company, in the meantime, having obtained possession of the lands granted to Thomson at Little Harbor, appointed Capt. Neal as their agent, not for the settlement of a colony, but for the management of a fishing and trading company, a speculation similar to that in which Thomson had been engaged. In a few years this company broke up and the servants were discharged; the whole scheme proving a failure. On a division of the property Mason bought the shares of some of his associates and sent over a new supply of men, set up saw mills, and soon after died.

The Thomson house erected at Little Harbor in 1623, though built of stone, could have been no such substantial structure as is imagined. It is not probable that "it presented the general appearance of the dwelling houses of the time of James I., vast numbers of which still remain in good preservation all over the old country," as Mr. Jenness states. Had it been of this character it would hardly have been reduced to the dilapidated condition in which it was found by Hubbard in 1680, less than fifty years after its erection, when only the chimney and some parts of the stone wall were standing." It is probable that as it must have been hastily built, it only sufficed for the immediate needs of Thomson and his little party, as a shelter from the elements. Such as it was it passed into the hands of Mason's men, and was sometimes called the "stone-house," though it is now conceded that the term "Mason-Hall" was never, as has been popularly supposed, applied to it.

Further researches, which will undoubtedly be made by those who feel an interest in the early history of the State, may remove any doubts which now exist in relation to its first settlement. In England there are in all probability records which would throw light on the subject. Until this investigation is made Little Harbor, we think, is entitled to the monument which it is pro-

posed to erect "in commemoration of the first settlement of New Hampshire," because it is the place where Thomson, the leader in the enterprise, and his associates, first touched its soil; and that Dover Neck, on the site of the first meeting-house erected in the State, is also entitled to a monument in commemoration of that fact as well as that contemporaneous with the settlement at Little Harbor, or very soon thereafter, a portion of the same company established themselves in that vicinity.

THE REALM OF RHADAMANTHUS.

BY BELA CHAPIN.

Begemmed upon old ocean's breast,
Where peaceful billows swell,
Lie the feigned islands of the blest,
Where souls departed dwell.

There, in that clime, forever bright,
The sun, with equal ray,
Illuminates the tranquil night,
And gilds the cloudless day.

There, hero-shades with joy possess
An ever-pleasing home;
A seat, exempt from all excess,
Where pain can never come.

There, fields of asphodel and balm
And roses bloom for aye;
There, naught can mar the soul's sweet calm,
And love finds no decay.

There, where enchanting beauty teems
In exquisite delight,
'Mid citron groves, by crystal streams,
Walk chiefs of former might.

There, never-chilly winds prevail,
Or snow, white-drifting, lies;
No stormy blast, no rain or hail,
No burning from the skies.

There, fragrant breezes, balmy airs,
Pure offspring of the main,
Sweep from the isles corroding cares,
And fan the lovely plain.

There, smiling fields afar extend,
In living verdure, new;
There, trees with fruits ambrosial bend,
With flowers of every hue.

There, Rhadamanthus rules in trust
The realm of beings, blest;
The brave, the noble, and the just,
They own his high behest.

They, who in truth and virtue strong,
From guilt's contagion, pure,
Did ever keep their lives from wrong,
Rest in that clime secure.

There, with the honored gods, whose ear
The faithful vow attest,
They dwell, and pass from year to year,
Their tearless age of rest.

They, who were once o'er fraught with care,
And bowed beneath the load,
No burdens more their spirits bear,
In that their last abode.

And they whose weary days were spent
In penury and pain;
In sore disease or discontent,
In hardship or disdain;

And they, who were by scorn and pride
Down-trodden and oppressed,
In joyfulness they there abide,
Where foes cannot molest.

And shades of men, the wise and good,
Both old and young, are there;
Matrons and blooming womanhood,
And youths, unwed and fair.

No hurt or ill that trouble yields
Can reach that peaceful shore,
But in the sweet Elysian fields
Is bliss forevermore.

SOME OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE BURIAL PLACES.

BY ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

THE first one I visited is on the bank of the Merrimack, close to Thornton's Ferry, in Litchfield, and there is no fence or wall of any kind to make it an enclosure. The west side is a precipitous bank, some forty feet high, descending to the Merrimack. The river washes on this side very fast, and what was once a large burial place, has now become a narrow strip, not quite twenty feet wide in its widest part. Some fifteen or twenty years ago, changing currents and eddies began to wash out the bones of the men and women buried here, by the murmuring Merrimack. Not much attention was paid to it, however, until an entire coffin—some later burial—was washed out, went floating down the river, and lodged on a jutting point of land, some half mile below. Then, those people who had any kith or kin—however distant—interred here, removed them. The excavations thus made have never been filled up, and it makes an unsightly place. There are nearly always bones here in sight, from graves, doubtless, which were never marked by stones, or the stones have crumbled from age. Two large leg bones were bleaching in the sun at my first visit. At my next, I found some one had covered them with an old cloth; but there were several small bones scattered around in the sand.

For the sake of common decency, some place should be provided where the remains of what were once men and women, and who received Christian burial, might be interred as fast as they appear.

Some seven or eight visible graves are all that now remain. Of these, nearly all the stones have become so defaced and crumbled away, that I was only able to obtain the following inscriptions by scratching off the moss with a stick and standing back a little distance from them:—

"MARGARET, DAU OF [This name was entirely gone.]
AND MARGARET MC.QUESTIN.
DIED 1665."

This woman lived in the days when wives were brought over from England to the Colonists, and sold for tobacco. Who knows but she was one of these? I stood beside her lowly bed, and looked on the river, dancing and rippling by in the sunshine on its way to the ocean, and thought of the mighty changes since she looked last upon its waters. It seems almost sacrilege that her dust should not be allowed to rest quietly until the resurrection. The other inscription was:—

"JAMES McCALLY.
DIED
1 7 4 9."

These McCallys came from Ireland, and were among the first settlers of New Hampshire. The son of this man, also named James, married a sister of General John Stark. While absent on some military expedition, he was exposed to small-pox. On his return he complained of a blister on his foot, which his wife pricked, contracting the malady herself.

In a few more years, there will be nothing left here to tell future generations that one of the old landmarks of the nation's infancy has been swept away.

A short distance from this cemetery, just back of the Presbyterian Church, is another. This is enclosed by a neat, white paling, and is kept in good order. I found here only one *old* stone. The following is an exact copy :—

"MEMENTO MORI
HERE RESTS
IN PEACE, THE HON'IBLE
WYSEMAN CLAGETT, ESQ^R.
FORMERLY
ATTORNEY GENERAL FOR THE KING
AFTERWARDS
FOR THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE
AND DEPARTED THIS LIFE
DECEMBER 4TH, ANNOQ DOMINNI
1 7 8 4"

Leaving the main road, a short drive leads to another grave-yard, where the celebrated Rogers Tomb is situated. A brief history of this tomb may perhaps prove interesting to the reader. Cyrus Rogers was a well-to-do farmer of Litchfield, and was often heard to remark, during his life, that he should take his money with him when he died. No one knew what he meant, not even his own family; but it was found, on opening his will after his decease, that he had left all of his property—excepting what the law would give his widow—to build a tomb to enclose his selfish bones. A flagging of hammered granite, each stone complete in itself, is in front of the tomb. The stones composing this flagging are six in number, and the whole measures ten and one half feet by fifteen feet. The tomb is granite, and is twelve feet high and fourteen feet long. There are four beautifully polished Scotch granite columns in front, which rest each on a granite plinth and support the jutting granite roof. The entire front is *polished* granite, also the door, which is six and one half by three and one fourth feet. The sides are blocks of hammered granite, cemented with a black cement, containing either lead or iron. The top is composed of granite stones, each fourteen feet long, about two feet wide, and having a slope each side of perhaps six inches. Altogether it is a solid structure. "ROGERS, 1881" is carved on the upper part, above the door. I am unable to state whether Mrs. Rogers is to be allowed to lay her bones to rest inside its walls, if she should choose to do so.

This cemetery is situated in the midst of dense, pine wood, and enclosed by a fence in good repair. The side where most of the old graves are located slopes toward the northeast, and is carpeted with a growth of red lichen and grey moss, from three to six inches deep. The following are exact copies of inscriptions found here :—

"HERE LIES THE
BODY OF MOLLY
CHAFE DAUGHTER
OF LIEUT SAMUEL
CHAFE AND M^RS
MOLLY HIS WIFE
WHO DIED AUG:
5TH, 1775, AGED 42
YEARS 4 MONTHS & 23 D"

The following is one of the largest—if not the largest—slate stones I ever saw, and is as fresh and free from moss as though chiseled but a short time ago, although it was erected in 1776 :—

"IN
MEMORY OF
JOHN & M^ES ELIZABETH
WHIDDEN"

Here was date of birth and death of husband. | Here was date of birth and death of wife.

"Friends and physicians could not save
Our mortal bodies from the grave,
Nor can the grave confine us here
When Christ shall call us to appear"

The following inscription is on a stone bearing date of 1779 :—

"Time was I stood as thou doft now
And viewed ye dead as thou doft me
Ere long, you'll lay as low as I
And others stand gaze at thee."

This next has the coffin and heart, and below is chiseled :—

"HERE LYES THE BODY OF
MR. JOSEPH RUSEL HE
DEPARTED THIS LIFE JUNE
23RD 1762 AGED 18 YEARS"

There are two more like this, dated respectively 1759 and 1752.

In the following, I am unable to give the last syllable of the surname, as it has crumbled completely away. It is dated February, 1760, and the name is Mrs. Margaret Whit——. By digging away the moss, I found the following inscription :—

"My body's turned into dust
My dust shall yet arise
God, by his power, will raise the
To celebrate His praise"

There was no room on the stone for the last word of the third line, so it is just dropped. A very large stone bears date 1775 and the words, "*memento mori*," are chiseled at the top. One close by it warns the passer-by to "Remember death !"

The following has a rudely sculptured head, and this inscription :—

"HERE LIES THE
BODY OF JAMES
CHAFE SON OF M^R
JOSEPH CHAFE AND
M^ES ELIZABETH HIS
WIFE H DED SEPT
Y^E 3^D 1778 AGED 3
YEARS 3 MONTHS & 23
DAYS"

There is a flat stone on the ground, *very* old, with only the name, "Bixby," decipherable.

I studied long before a stone on which is chiseled "JOSEPH TUFTS," before I discovered it to be Joseph Tufts. I found a stone lying upon the

ground, and turned it over to find the inscription and date. There are only two letters, "J. U.," which look as though they had been scratched with a nail.

On a cross-road, I visited what is known as the "Parker Cemetery," because of the tomb which is built here, containing the remains of James Parker, a native of Litchfield, who left a fund for the support of the gospel in the Presbyterian Society in that place. It is a plain, granite tomb of solid blocks, with a marble column above, on which is inscribed :—

"ERECTED
TO THE MEMORY OF
JAMES PARKER
DONOR OF
THE PARKER FUND
TO THE
PRESBYTERIAN SOCIETY
OF THIS TOWN
WHO DIED
NOV. 12 1866
ÆT 56"

I presume it is safe to conclude that the inscription doesn't mean what it says, namely, that the town died November 12, 1866. There is only one old stone here of any interest, and this is moss grown but little. There is a horrible looking death's head, empty eye sockets, and grinning teeth, and around this are arranged arm and leg bones ! The inscription is :—

"HERE LYES Y^E BODY OF
PETER HARVELL,
5 YEARS OLD
1750"

A frightful looking stone to mark the resting place of an innocent child.

The next cemetery I visited is in Londonderry. It is beautifully situated on an eminence, and noble old elms are scattered around and before the gate. I found here the only Masonic emblems I ever saw in an old grave-yard. The stone is marble, and the temple, square, and compass are enclosed in a medallion ; below we read :—

"HENRY MOOR M. A.
DEPARTED THIS LIFE
FEB. 14 1798
ÆTAT 34"

There are a large number of old slate gravestones, but all are upright, and hardly one is moss-grown. They range from 1776 to 1805. I did not see as much as I could wish of this burial place, owing to the following circumstance. I was trying to decipher the epitaph on an old flat stone, which is supported by four columns about a foot from the ground. It is moss grown, dirty, and almost illegible. As I leaned over it, I heard a slight rustle in the grass behind me, a little louder rustle, and then a decided hiss-s-s ! I turned my head to see a large, black snake angrily advancing toward me. I stamped my foot, but he only hissed louder, and came nearer. I tried to strike him, but he reared his wicked looking head so ferociously that I judged "discretion to be the better part of valor," and went out. I learned subsequently that these snakes are the terror of the people visiting the cemetery, a gentleman having

had a regular pitched battle with one of them, and then he failed to kill him. The Hon. William Pillsbury, of Londonderry, has offered a reward of five dollars for the carcass of this snake.

The Morrisons are buried here. I saw the grave-stone of Samuel Morrison, who came from Ireland, and settled in Londonderry some seven or eight years after its *first* settlement.

The last place I visited is on the Derry Road, and is called the "Senter Burying Ground." There are only a few buried here beside the Senter family. I copy the most interesting inscriptions :—

[Coffin.] [Heart.]

"HERE LIES THE BODY OF M^RS
JEAN SENTER WIFE TO MR
JOHN SENTER SHE DIED
JULY 10
1765 AGED 67 YEARS

ON EARTH WAS A TENDER MOTHER
AND WIFE, BUT NOW HAS GONE TO
SING REDEEMING LOVE AND PRAISE WITH
JESUS CHRIST.
'BLESSED ARE THE DEAD, THAT
DIE IN THE LORD.'"

Another :—

"A tender father & mothers dear
And three beloved daughters lie here
When Christ returns to call them forth
The rising day will show their worth"

"IN
MEMORY OF
MRS HANNAH HOBBS
WIFE OE
MR JOSEPH HOBBS
WHO DIED
MARCH 16 1781
AGED 27 YEARS & 2 M

"Retire my friends, dry up your tears
Here I will lie till Chrift appear"

Two more which are different from any I ever saw elsewhere :—

"D I
D R K I D
F E B 2 4
1 7 5 9

"D. I
H A N K I D
M A R C H
1 7 8 7
A G E D 8 4"

I suppose these surnames were Kidder, and the last one must be Hannah Kidder.

THE OLD RED MILL.

BY GENERAL WALTER HARRIMAN.

OUR New England towns made early provision for the gospel and the grist-mill. Both of these were deemed indispensable by our ancestors, nd the settlers of Penacook were not an exception to the general rule. Par-on Walker, with his learning, his industry and his great influence, was promptly n the ground. In 1729 the grist-mill put in an appearance. It stood where the ast village now is, and the wheel was driven by Mill Brook, which issues from urtle Pond. On the same stream, further up, a *saw*-mill was erected the ame year, the crank of which was brought on a horse's back from Haverhill, Massachusetts. But the Old Red Mill was not yet, nor here. It came a few ears later, and on the west side of the Merrimack River, being the first mill, f any kind, on that side of the river in the territory now embraced in Merri-nack County.

In the south-westerly part of Concord, within a mile of Bow line, and about he same distance from Hopkinton line and the corner of Dunbarton, there is body of water, three fourths of a mile in length, surrounded by low, swampy round, and abounding in fish, which bears the unpoetic name of Turkey ond. The name comes from a supposed resemblance in the shape of the ond to our common Thanksgiving fowl. The outlet of this deep basin of ater is called Turkey River, which flows northerly a short distance, and falls to Little Turkey Pond—thence in a south-easterly direction, through shaded les, till it joins the Merrimack, two miles below the State-House. On this npretending stream, which has run red with the blood of Indians, and which as been immortalized in song, stands the Old Red Mill.

At a meeting of the proprietors of Penacook, October 13, 1732:—

Voted, That any Person that is agreeable and shall be accepted of by the Pro-rietors of Penny Cook that will build a Grist Mill on Turkey River in Penny ook for the use of the Proprietors shall have one hundred acres of Land conven-nt to the mill and the Benefit of the whole Stream of said Turkey River.

It appears from the records that the proprietors were more successful in their nt for persons that were "agreeable" than Diogenes was, with his lantern, in nding honest men in Athens,—for, at a legal meeting in March, 1733, they oted, "that Mr. Henry Lovejoy and Mr. Barachias Farnum be accepted nd approved of for building of mills on Turkey River in Penny Cook."

At the same meeting:—

Voted That in case the above-said Henry Lovejoy and Barachias Farnum, or eir heirs or assigns, shall ever forfeit the mills above-mention d unto the proprie-rs, the proprietors shall pay the said Lovejoy and Farnum, or their heirs and ssigns, the value of one half of the iron work and stones of the said mi ls, as ey shall be valued when the mills shall be forfeited.

Voted, That the before-mentioned Lovejoy and Farnum shall not be ob iged to nd the grist-mill on any days in the week except Mondays and Fridays, (pro-ded they grind all the grain that shall be brought to the mills on said days.) uring the term of ten years from the date hereof.

These two energetic men (Lovejoy and Farnum), in the summer of 1733, hen all the region about Turkey River was a "howling wilderness," when oncord contained but a handful of white people, and perhaps an equal num-er of savages; when, for ten years thereafter, not a settler stepped foot in

Hopkinton, and, for nearly thirty years thereafter, not one was found in Henniker or Warner,—went forward, and, at large expense, erected a mill at the "great falls," whereon is now the site of St. Paul's School. This is the Old Red Mill whose memory we would perpetuate.

Lovejoy's stay here was short. He sold his interest to his partner, and removed to what is now West Concord, where he erected another mill, which stood (the writer is informed), on the ground now occupied by Holden's upper woollen factory, and Barachias Farnum was henceforth the sole proprietor of this far-famed mill on Turkey River. Here, for a quarter of a century and considerably more, he stood at his post, giving faithful service to all his patrons, whether from far or near.

But the times were perilous. From 1742 to 1754, Indian atrocities, in and about Penacook, as well as in other parts of the province, were of frequent occurrence. These depredations were not committed by the Penacooks, but by Indians mostly from Canada, who were instigated by the French to their deeds of blood. So long as the Penacooks remained in this section of the country, they were, mainly through the kind consideration extended to them by the first minister of Concord, friendly to the inhabitants.

In 1739, there were apprehensions of danger from these foreign Indians, and the town of Penacook, by vote, ordered "that a garrison should be built round the house of Rev. Mr. Walker, and that five pounds should be granted to Barachias Farnum to enable him to build a *flanker* in order to defend his mills on Turkey River."

In 1742, on the Hopkinton road, about seventy rods from the Old Red Mill, the wife of Jonathan Eastman was captured by a party of Indians, and carried to Canada. She was soon thereafter redeemed, with a price, and restored to her family.

August 11, 1746, the great Rumford Massacre occurred. This, too, was on the Hopkinton road, and about three fourths of a mile to the eastward of our mill. Abner Clough, clerk of Captain Ladd's company of Indian scouts, gives a graphic description of this massacre, from whom we quote :—

> Capt. Ladd came up to Rumford town, and *that* was on the tenth day, and on the eleventh day, Lieut. Jonathan Bradley took six of Capt. Ladd's men, and was in company with one Obadiah Peters that belonged to Capt. Melvin's company of the Massachusetts, and was going about two miles and a half from Rumford town to a garrison, and when they had gone about a mile and a half, they were shot upon by thirty or forty Indians, if not more, as it was supposed, and killed down dead Lieut. Jonathan Bradley and Samuel Bradley, John Lufkin and John Bean, and this Obadiah Peters. These five men were killed down dead on the spot, and the most of them were stripped, and Sergeant Alexander Roberts and William Stickney were taken captive. It is supposed there was an Indian killed where they had the fight.

Captain Ladd and his company were from Exeter, and that region, and the "garrison," mentioned above, to which this squad of men was marching, stood on a ledge, on the south side of the Hopkinton road, and about eighty rods from the Old Red Mill. Indications of the exact spot where this garrison stood are yet visible.

Clough continues :—

> On the twelfth day, early in the morning, went up and took the blood of the Indian, and followed along by the drag and blood of the Indian, about a mile, very plain, till we came within about fifteen rods of a small river, and there we could see no more sign of the Indian; but we tracked the Indians along down the river, about twenty or thirty rods, and there were falls where they went over.

Reuben Abbott, who assisted in carrying the dead bodies from the field of slaughter to the old cemetery at the North End, states that "four of the Indians were killed, and two wounded, who were carried away on litters." The "small river," spoken of by Clough, is Turkey River, and the "falls" are the rapids, a half mile above the old red mill, near which now stands a dilapidated saw-mill that has gone into disuse.

Alexander Roberts was captured and carried to Canada. On his return to Rumford, the next year, he stated that "*four* Indians were killed, and several wounded,—two, mortally, who were conveyed away on litters, and soon after died. Two of the Indians were buried in the Great Swamp, under large hemlock trees, and two others in the mud, some distance from the river, where the bones were afterwards found."

The Assembly of the Province paid the bills incurred in consequence of this massacre, the following, in behalf of Abner Clough, included.

To the House of Representatives:—

GENTS: I desire that your honors do allow Abner Clough what expense and charge he was at on account of burying them five men that were killed last year at Rumford, namely Lieut. Jonathan Bradley, Samuel Bradley and John Lufkin, John Bean and Obadiah Peters.

	£	s	d
To bords for making five coffins, and making of five coffins,	1	10	0
To expense for drink for the peopel,	1	00	0
In old tenor,	2	10	0

Warrant to pay Clough, July 7, 1747.

JAMES OSGOOD.

For many years, the Old Red Mill on Turkey River, was patronized by the inhabitants of Concord, Bow, Dunbarton, Weare and Hopkinton. Even the farmers of Warner and Henniker were frequently compelled to make the long journey to Turkey River, with their grists. Captain Daniel Flood of Warner, (a square, muscular man), was not a stranger at this mill. He sometimes carried to it, on his shoulders, two bushels of corn, a distance of sixteen miles strong, and carried back the meal in the same manner. Other citizens of Warner and of Henniker bent their backs to the burden and performed the toilsome journey on foot.

The Old Red Mill did good and faithful service, in the line of its duty, for one hundred and forty-five years, from 1733 to 1878, when its distinctive mission ended, "the grinders ceased," and the venerable institution was converted into a laundry for St. Paul's school.

In the day of Barachias Farnum, utility and not sentimentalism, ruled the hour. This trusty pioneer in the wilderness kept a vigilant eye on the "salvages," ground grists for one sixteenth part, and speared suckers at the tail of the mill, in spring-time, "by the basketful." But now, the deep falls, the foaming torrent, the overhanging branches, the singing birds, the narrow rustic bridge, where the bright boys of one of the most popular seats of learning in the country, ponder their books in summer season, and drink inspiration for the great events of subsequent life, all unite to make this a charmed and romantic spot.

To what "house and lineage" the first miller on Turkey river belonged, the writer has not been able to learn. For aught that appears to the contrary, he may have descended from that Zacharias, the son of Barachias, whom the Jews "slew between the temple and the altar." But he evidently came to Penacook from Londonderry, in 1732, and remained here in active service

nearly thirty years. That he was regarded as a valuable acquisition to any new settlement, is shown by the effort made by the Proprietors of No. 6 (now Henniker), to induce him to transfer his interests to that town. In August, 1753, the proprietors, aforesaid, chose a committee of three "to treat with Baricas fernom about the building a saw-mill in No. 6, and his not Complying with their terms they are to have Power to treat and Seetel with any other Person about building the saw-mill."

Although no immediate result followed this action of the proprietors of Henniker, some eight or ten years afterwards, Farnum settled in that town, on the southerly shore of Long Pond, which body of water, on this account, was known for fifty years, as "Farnum's pond." Here, Barachias Farnum gave his attention, largely, to agriculture. He also had an interest in a blacksmith shop, standing near his house, and in a mill which stood on the rushing brook which is the outlet of the pond above mentioned. But, shortly after the Revolution, our Miller disappears from Henniker and from the public records. Whither he went, and where his days were ended, it is not known. His dust sleeps somewhere in the wide world, unmarked by any visible tombstone.

On the very shore of this willow-fringed river, which carries The Old Red Mill, is the birthplace of one of Concord's celebrities—Nathaniel H. Carter. He was born in 1787. He graduated at Dartmouth in 1811; read law at Albany, New York; commenced the publication of a paper in that city, under the auspices of De Witt Clinton and others, which he conducted with great ability for a number of years, and until failing health admonished him to lay aside his weighty cares. In 1825, '6 and '7, he made an extended tour in Europe. He visited England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Italy and Switzerland. Finding no improvement in his health, he spent the winter of 1827-8, on the island of Cuba. His last visit to his native town was in the autumn of 1828. He was received with great cordiality by the people of Concord, but his pale, thoughtful face gave evidence that he was rapidly nearing "the jaspar sea." He returned again to Europe, and died at Marseilles, France, in 1830, at the age of forty-three. While here, on this last visit, in 1828, he passed much of his time seated on the bank of the stream where it flowed at his youthful feet; and while there seated, he composed that feeling poem which gives classic immortality to Turkey river,—a fractional part of which poem will close this article.

TO MY NATIVE STREAM.

Hail! hail again, my native stream,
Scene of my childhood's earliest dream!
With solitary step once more
I tread thy wild and sylvan shore,
And pause at every turn to gaze
Upon thy dark meand'ring maze.
What though obscure thy woody source;
What though unsung thy humble course;
What if no lofty, classic name
Give to thy peaceful waters fame;
Still can thy rural haunts impart
A solace to this saddened heart.
* * * * * * * *
Farewell! farewell! though I no more
May ramble on thy rural shore,
Still shall thy quiet wave glide on,
When he who watched its flow is gone,
And his sole epitaph shall be
Inscribed upon some aged Tree.

EARLY PIONEERS OF BARTLETT.

BY E. A. PHILBRICK.

THE early history of the pioneer settlements in New Hampshire, especially those in the vicinity of the "White Hills," are filled with struggles and hardships of which the residents and pleasure seekers of to-day know little. Dover was the nearest market at this time, and thither the settlers were obliged to go for all their provisions and other necessities not raised on their farms. In winter the journey was more easily accomplished than in summer. With a sled and snow-shoes, the journey was not considered a very hard task. In summer, however, it was exceedingly difficult and tiresome. The many falls and rapids of the Saco made this anything but easy, as the heavy boats, heavily laded, had to be carried around each rapid and fall; and, in the calmest water, managed with great skill, to keep from the many rocks and snags. Often during their absence the river would rise to such a height as to be impassable for many days. Once the poor wives and children were forced to live upon seven potatoes a day for a long time, until the river fell so that their husbands could cross.

The land which now comprises the town of Bartlett was granted by Gov. Wentworth to several persons, among whom were William Stark and Vera Royce, for services rendered in Canada during the French and Indian War. Capt. Stark divided his share into lots, giving large tracts to persons who would settle them. Two brothers by the name of Emery, and a Harriman, were the first permanent settlers. Settlements had been begun during this time, in most of the locations in the vicinity of the mountains. In 1777, but a few years succeeding the Emerys, Daniel Fox, Paul Jilly and Samuel Willey, from Lee, made a settlement in what is known as Upper Bartlett, north of those already located. They commenced their settlement with misfortune as well as hardship. Their horses, dissatisfied with the grazing along the Saco, started for their former home in Lee. As was afterward found, instead of following the Saco, as the settlers did, they separated and struck across the mountain, some going to the east, and others to the west. In the following spring portions of one was found which had evidently been dead but a few weeks. He had sustained himself during the winter upon browse, being sheltered from cold in one of those immense snow caverns which are often formed upon the mountains. The snow forms an entire roof over the tops of the trees, leaving the space beneath entirely free and hollow. Flocks of sheep have been known to be sheltered so from the cold, coming out healthy and in good condition in the spring. Of the remaining horses, no trace was ever found.

Hon. John Pendexter removed to this town, from Portsmouth, at an early period of its history, settling in the southern part, near the Conway line. Here he resided the remainder of his life, dying at the advanced age of eighty-three years. He and his wife came a distance of eighty miles in mid-winter, she riding upon an old, feeble horse, with a feather-bed under her, and an infant child in her arms, he by her side, hauling their household furniture upon a hand-sled. Nor was it a well prepared home to which they came,—a warm house and well cultivated lands,—but a forest and a rude log cabin. The child was cradled in a sap-trough, and ultimately became the mother of a class of

sons and daughters which did honor to their parentage. Under the labor of these hardy pioneers the wilderness around them soon gave place to fruitful fields, and the log cabin to a well proportioned house. Mrs. Pendexter was a wife worthy of such a man as he, braving the hardships of an emigrating life, and doing everything in her power to make the home of his selection a retreat of quietude and plenty. She lived to a very advanced age, ninety-two years.

In their general characteristics, the two Emery brothers differed as much as is possible for two persons to differ. Enoch was frank, generous, and manly, while Humphrey was sullen and obstinate, always being on the "contrary side." Although differing so much from each other in disposition, yet these brothers were very much attached to each other. The expedients of Enoch, to manage Humphrey, were many and ingenious. One day in mid-winter they went into the woods to get out some timber. The cold was so intense that Humphrey became chilled through before they could get to work. Enoch not feeling the cold so severely, set about building a fire, but his "punk" being wet he did not succeed. Fearing to consume any more time lest his brother should perish, he resolved on some other expedient to warm him. He made appliance to his temper, which he knew to be quick. In this he failed for some time, owing to Humphrey's being so benumbed with cold; but at length he succeeded in rousing him. Then all that concerned Enoch was to keep out of his way, as he chased him over rocks, stumps, and bushes for miles, until both were exhausted and dripped with perspiration.

LIFE'S WEB.

BY LIZZIE LINWOOD.

Though the web of life be warped by fate,
Of our own design is the filling;
And a fabric bright with beautiful thread,
We may weave if we are willing.

For every hour of life is a thread,
In this web which we are making;
And time waiteth not, we must ever work,
Though heart and brain be aching.

And all our good and kindly deeds,
And acts of blessed charity,
Make threads of varied brilliant hues,
And lines of spotless purity.

There are many gay and golden threads,
In youth's bright sunny pleasure;
When the cup of life is full to the brim,
Of happiness without measure.

Each web will have lines of gloomy hue,
When the soul is tried by sorrow;
Fear not, life's darkest hour of night
Gives place to a brighter morrow.

LETTER FROM JOHN FARMER TO EX-GOV. WILLIAM PLUMER.

CONCORD, 12 May, 1830.

Dear Sir: I am greatly obliged to you for your notes respecting JOHN SULLIVAN and JOHN LANGDON, both of which I have copied and inserted in Belknap, with an acknowledgment of the source whence they were derived. The note on Gov. Langdon I have placed under 1788, as there is but a small notice for that year. It seems that something more might be said under 1789,—the visit of President Washington to New Hampshire, that year, is perhaps an event of sufficient magnitude to be commemorated. I have seen in some newspaper printed in this State, an account of his reception here, and an address or communication, which he made to some committee or public body. If you have any such paper detached from your files, or have it in files which you would be willing to lend, you will oblige me by sending such paper or files.

I have succeeded beyond my expectations in filling up my list of Counsellors with *places of residence*, *times of decease* and *ages*. In addition to executive officers, it may be useful to add a list of Presidents of the Senate from 1784 to 1830, and of Speakers of the House from as early a period as can be collected. If you have lists to which you can readily recur, you will oblige me by filling up the blanks in the enclosed and by making corrections in the printed part. I am apprehensive that I may weary you with requests, but I would state, that in all cases, when it is not perfectly convenient for you to attend to them, do not oblige me at the expense of your personal ease and comfort. The abundance of your treasures leads me to draw upon them oftener, perhaps, than it is proper. No repository in the State, I suspect, is so rich in documents suitable for American history as that of yours. Of the proper materials for the civil and political history of this State, we have very few depositories. Even our own State library seems to be deficient of many documents, and among others, of the early legislative Journals, and especially those before the Revolution, some of which I presume were printed. Many public orders, proclamations, &c., were printed on separate sheets during the Revolution, which are worthy of preservation, but which it is now difficult to find. Even our State Registers are often useful in determining facts and circumstances relative to public characters. I have a complete set since 1799, and before that period have the following: If others were published, of which you have copies, I will thank you to give me the years and the name of the compiler of those before that period.

1768,	Mein and Fleeming's,	and	probably	continued	to the year
1774,	do.	do.	do.	do.	do.
1788,	Osborne's 18 mo. without *paging*.				
1795,	(without a name)		do.	printed at	Exeter.
1796,	do.	do.	do.	do.	do.
1798,	do.	do.	do.	do.	do.

I shall send you at this time the Gazetteer of Connecticut and Rhode Island, a volume of pamphlets (containing among other things the Revolution in New England, 1689, justified, &c., and the Total Eclipse of Liberty, by Daniel Foul, and several MS. papers among those received from Mr. John Belknap).

I have received the History of the County of Berkshire, but it came in sheets, and is now at the bindery. So soon as it is done, I hope to send it to you. I have been wishing to obtain *Slade's Collection of Papers*, which was in the State library, but is now missing. If you have a copy of it, you will oblige me by loaning it to me. I will also thank you to send me the volume of *Pope's Works*, which contains his correspondence with Swift, if you can with convenience spare it. There is no copy of it to be found in any of our public or private libraries. If you wish I will send you more of the Belknap papers.

With great respect I am your obliged,

JOHN FARMER.

P. S. I have made a number of trials to procure the II Part of the Transactions of the Penn. Hist. Society for you, but have not succeeded in obtaining it. I first called on Mr. Moore for the key of the library, which he had lost, and has not yet found, and probably never will find. This afternoon Mr. Corser collected a number of keys in the neighborhood in order to find one that would suit the lock, but when he went to the State House, Mr. Pickering in whose office the key to the *room of the State library* (in which room the care of the Hist. library is kept) was deposited, was absent, so that I shall not be able to procure the book for you this time as I intended.

IN MEMORIAM.—CHARLES M. WHITTIER.

THERE are but few in the midst of the cares and labor of active business life who bear their own burden of duty faithfully, and at the same time keep a helping hand ever extended to their fellow-men, maintaining, also, a a lively interest in, and complete knowledge of all events occurring in the world at large.

When such an one is taken from his post, he is missed; his place is difficult to fill; and the many who found in him a friend mourn. There are tears in the eyes of those who knew him, at news of his death, and he needs no higher tribute of respect.

Charles Mark Whittier was born in Hooksett, November 30, 1835, the son of Jonathan Whittier, of Warner, and Charlotte Abbott Whittier, of Andover, Massachusetts. In Hooksett, Mr. Whittier spent his childhood, attending school most of the time, although he often remarked afterward that his father was more anxious for this than himself; but that he made good use of his time in the then, to him, distasteful pursuit of knowledge, his well-worn school-books and "reward of merit" cards, still testify. When young Whittier was about fourteen, his father removed to Plymouth, purchasing the farm then owned by N. P. Rogers, and called by him "Under-cliff Cottage." Here, the boy formed that love for the hills and mountains of New Hampshire, so strong through all his life; but the desire and necessity for a hard-working business life was upon him, and he soon left the farm for the office of the Worcester and Nashua Railroad Company, at Worcester, Massachusetts, where he was employed eight years as clerk. Always painstaking and faithful, rapid in work, and withal, invariably cheerful and kind, he won the regard and the respect here, as in all subsequent positions, of those he served. He was for a short

time in the Worcester and Nashua ticket office at Nashua, and, in 1862, entered the employ of General Manager Dodge, of the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad, at Plymouth, being successively promoted, holding for some years the position of chief clerk and cashier; his death terminated nineteen years service for this corporation. In all this period he was always to be found at his desk, particular in the discharge of every duty, yet glad to devote all leisure moments to his dearly-loved home, or to chat with his neighbors and friends. A great reader, he collected a large library, from the best authors, and educated himself, so that few had more general information or could give more pleasure in conversation.

Since the first of June last, Mr. Whittier had been granted a vacation to recruit his general health. But the brain that had worked ceaselessly for thirty years proved to be more than tired,—much worn,— and the body enfeebled by the terrible sufferings of dyspepsia. The journey to mountains and seashore did not afford the much needed rest and relief; there were moments when reason itself gave way, and in one of these, this most gentle of men took his own life, overwhelming with sorrow and distress his dearly-loved family and numerous friends.

Mr. Whittier was twice married. His first wife was a daughter of the late Anson Merrill, of Plymouth, by whom he had two daughters, one of whom survives him. In 1879, he married a daughter of the late Professor Clement Long, D. D., LL. D., of Dartmouth College, who also survives him.

Mr. Whittier had that "charity that suffereth long and is kind;" in doing good, had obeyed the command—"Do not your alms before men, to be seen of them;" and the Saviour, to whom he prayed so humbly for help and forgiveness, shall surely "reward him openly." Truly, "by their fruits ye shall know them."

AT THE FAIR.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

The crowd was dense; it pressed us close;
It bore us here and there.
A din of voices filled our ears,
And jarred the pleasant air.
Oh, discord and confusion reigned
This morning at the fair!

The crowd was dense; it swayed and turned;
And, ere I was aware,
A tall, dark form was at my side,
A warm breath stirred my hair;
And, looking up, I saw your face,
This morning at the fair.

A quick, keen look each gave to each,
Yet cold, beyond compare.
No bow, no smile, no friendly word
Fell on the pulsing air.
We met, and looked, and passed along,
This morning at the fair.

One time,—was it so long ago?—
When young and *debonair*,
In that old village where we dwelt,
Was no such loving pair,
As you and I. Didst think of it,
This morning at the fair?

You vowed no other maid but I
Your name and home should share;
I thought the world would be a waste
Without your love and care.
And yet, and yet, we met like that,
This morning at the fair!

We made a blunder,—but had time
The mischief to repair.
So you went your way, I went mine,
No more a thought to share.
Ah, me! How fresh it all came back—
This morning at the fair.

LOG-BOOK OF THE "RANGER."

FURNISHED BY E. P. JEWELL.

SATURDAY, Nov. 14, 1778. This morning begins with rainy weather, cleared up at 10 A. M., wind S. W. Struck top gallant masts, and put the rigging in the store. Got down top mast steering sail booms and put them on board the Durkingfield. Returned the gondelow. Two labourers and six caulkers employed on ship's duty; wind N. W., ends with cold weather.

SUNDAY, Nov. 15, 1778. This morning begins with cold weather, wind N. N. W. Had several snow squalls, latter part cold, wind N.

MONDAY, Nov. 16, 1778. This morning begins with clear weather, wind N. W. People employed stripping the ship and landing the rigging at Mr. Woodbury Langdon's store. Seventeen labourers, six caulkers and two carpenters employed on ship's duty; latter part of this day wind N. N. W.

TUESDAY, Nov. 17, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant, wind N. W. People employed fixing the rigging and landing the gunners' and boatswains' stores. Seventeen labourers and eight caulkers employed on ship's duty. The cartel sailed for New York; middle and latter part fair weather.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 18, 1778. This morning begins with thick, rainy weather, wind N. E. People employed in the rigging loft, and cleaning the ship's hold. Nineteen day men and eight caulkers employed on ship's duty; middle and latter part of this day rainy weather.

THURSDAY, Nov. 19, 1778. This morning begins with thick, cloudy weather, wind S. E. People employed in the rigging loft and in landing some of the gunners' and boatswains' stores. Nineteen labourers, six caulkers, two carpenters employed on ship's duty; latter part of this day begins with snow, wind N. E.

FRIDAY, Nov. 20, 1778. This morning begins with clear cold weather. Twenty-eight people employed, six caulkers, 2 carpenters, six riggers, fourteen sailors; landed and stored in Col. Langdon's warehouse 182 pigs of lead, 2 spare yards and 1 spare top mast, 1 ditto driver boom at Mr. Noble's mast yard; landed 20 muskets and bayonets. Mr. Parker carried over the main rigging to the ship. The middle and latter part of this day cold, the wind at north.

SATURDAY, Nov. 21, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant, the wind N. E. Cold weather. The riggers at work in the loft. The people employed rigging the ship. The carpenters and caulkers at work on her sides. The middle and latter part cold and clear, the wind N. E.

SUNDAY, Nov. 22, 1778. This morning fair, cold, and clear weather, hard frost, the wind at N. B. N. N.; the middle and latter part cold and clear weather.

MONDAY, Nov. 23, 1778. This morning fair and cold, the wind at N. W. Fifteen people employed in rigging the ship and landing some of the stores; the middle and latter part of this day fair and pleasant, the wind at W. S. W.

TUESDAY, Nov. 24, 1778. This morning fair and cold, the wind at north. Twenty-three people employed rigging the ship and landing stores, viz.: 3 tons bread stored in Col. Langdon's yellow store, Church Hill. Carried our top mast rigging over to the ship. The middle and latter part clear and cold, the wind at N. W.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 25, 1778. This morning clear and cold, the wind at N. W. Twenty-four people employed rigging the ship, and bringing the water casks over to the coopers to repair. The carpenters employed on bow netting rails. The middle and latter part fair, wind at N. W.

THURSDAY, Nov. 26, 1778. This morning begins with clear weather, the wind N. W., cold. The people employed in rigging the ship and transporting our sails athwart the river to Col. Langdon's sail-loft at Church Hill. Got the fore and main top masts up. Middle and latter part of this day clear and cold, the wind at W. N. W.

FRIDAY, Nov. 27, 1778. This morning fair and clear, the wind at west. The people employed on our sails and rigging the caulkers on the ship's sides. The middle and latter part clear weather, the wind at W. N. W.

SATURDAY, Nov. 28, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant, the wind at W. N. W. The people employed in rigging the ship. Got our top gallant masts up.

The sailmakers in the loft, the caulkers about the magazine. The middle and latter part fair weather, the wind at W. S. W.

SUNDAY, Nov. 29, 1778. This morning begins with clear weather, the wind at south west, the middle and latter part cloudy, the wind at S. S. W.

MONDAY, Nov. 30, 1778. This morning begins with fresh gales, the wind at E. S. E., and full of snow. The carpenters employed putting on the shot-lockers. Sailmakers at work in the loft. The middle and latter part of the day hard gales and full of snow, the wind at N. E.

TUESDAY, Dec. 1, 1778. This morning begins with cloudy and dry weather, the wind at W. N. W., more moderate. The people employed striking yards and top masts, and clearing the ship of snow; the sailmakers at work in the loft. The middle and latter part warm weather, wind at south.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 2, 1778. This morning fair and cold, the wind at S. W. W. Hauled the ship on the ways and graved the starboard side. Weighed our best bower anchor. The middle and latter part of this day fair and pleasant, the wind at W. S. W. Twenty-two people at work on board and in the sail loft.

THURSDAY, Dec. 3, 1778. This morning fair and cold, the wind at N. B. W. At 10, high water winded the ship. The carpenters finished graving the larboard side. The sailmakers at work in the loft. Twenty-three people at work on board the ship. The middle and latter part of this day fair weather, the wind at north.

FRIDAY, Dec. 4, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant, the wind at west. Hauled the ship off the ways and transported her over to town and moored her alongside Mr. Moffatt's wharf. Twenty-six men at work on board. The middle and latter part of this day fair and clear, the wind at W. S. W.

SATURDAY, Dec. 5, 1778. This morning the weather fair, the wind at S. W. The people employed carrying out our small bower anchor to the south-east, and our stern cable to Mr. Cutts' wharf. The middle and latter part of this day foul weather, the wind at south.

SUNDAY, Dec. 6, 1778. This morning fair and clear, the wind at N. W., cold. The Sullivan, privateer, 18 guns, sailed on a cruise, commanded by Capt. Thomas Manning. The middle and latter part clear and cold, the wind at N. B. W.

MONDAY, Dec. 7, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant, the wind at N. The people employed stowing our ballast. The sailmakers at work on our sails. The riggers in the loft. Twenty hands employed on board. The middle and latter part fair, the wind N. E.

TUESDAY, Dec. 8, 1778. This morning thick, rainy, and hard gales, wind S. E. Middle and latter part squally, the wind at north. Sailmakers and riggers at work in the loft, 8 in all.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 9, 1778. This morning hard gales of wind at N. W., and excessive cold, clear weather. People employed building a bow to go on board the ship. Took in 14 casks water. The riggers and sailmakers in the loft; twenty-one people employed. The middle and latter part fine weather, but cold.

THURSDAY, Dec. 10, 1778. This morning cloudy, the wind at east; in the evening hard gales and plenty of snow. A prize brig arrived here from the Mosquito shore taken by a privateer belonging to Salem. Thanksgiving day.

FRIDAY, Dec. 11, 1778. This morning cold and full of snow, wind at N. E.; middle and latter part was moderate, wind at east. The sailmakers gang employed in the loft. People clearing snow off decks.

SATURDAY, Dec. 12, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant, wind at north-east. People employed getting our yards and top masts up; some cutting and splitting firewood, others filling water. Middle and latter part fair weather, wind at N. E. Twenty-four men employed.

SUNDAY, Dec. 13, 1778. This morning full of snow, thick weather and cold, the wind at east; the middle more moderate, fine rain; the latter part stormy and full of rain, the wind at S. S. E.

MONDAY, Dec. 14, 1778. This morning fair and cold, the wind at N. E. The people employed taking water and wood on board and stowing it away. Got the main yard across. Twenty-three men employed.

TUESDAY, Dec. 15, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant, the wind at N. W. and cold. The people employed taking in water. Brought over the spare rigging from the other side; the sailmakers at work in the sail loft. Twenty-two men employed. The middle and latter part fair and cold, the wind at N. N. W.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 16, 1778. This morning fair and pleasant, wind at W. N. W. The people employed scraping the ship's waist for the painters. The riggers at work in the loft. The sailmakers at work on our sails. Took in some water. Carried 52 lanthorns to Mr. Blunt's to be mended. Received from Capt. Tobias Lear 205 feet refuse lumber for the use of the ship. Twenty-one people employed.

THURSDAY, Dec. 17, 1778. This morning fair weather, at 10 a small mist of rain, wind at N. N. W. The people employed scraping our masts and setting up shrouds. At work in sail loft. Took in some water. The middle and latter part the wind at S. W.

FRIDAY, Dec. 18, 1778. This morning fair and clear, the wind at W. S. W. The people employed taking on board wood, water, and beef. The riggers at work in the loft on the rigging, and the sailmakers on the sails. The middle and latter part pleasant, wind at west.

SATURDAY, Dec. 19, 1778. This morning begins with fair weather, wind north. The people employed in reefing our running rigging and taking in wood and water. The latter part fair, the wind at N. N. W.

SUNDAY, Dec. 20, 1778. This morning fair and clear, wind at S. S. W.; the middle and latter part of this day cloudy and close weather, wind at S. W.

MONDAY, Dec. 21, 1778. This morning begins cloudy weather, wind N. W. The people employed taking in water and wood. Received on board 10 barrels of beef. Middle and latter part wind at east.

TUESDAY, Dec. 22, 1778. This morning cold weather, wind at north. The people employed taking in wood and stowing it away. Delivered Mr. Low, the cooper, 20 iron hoops for the ship's use, and delivered up the rigging loft to Mr. Woodbury Langdon.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 23, 1778. This morning begins with violent cold weather, the wind at N. N. W. Discharged all the day men and gave leave to the people to retire home for three days. The middle and latter part of this day wind at north.

THURSDAY, Dec. 24, 1778. This morning begins with clear, cold weather, wind at north; middle part exceeding cold, so that it is almost impossible to work. The sailmakers at work in the sail loft. The cold still increasing; this morning the mercury eight degrees below nothing.

FRIDAY, Dec. 25, 1778. This morning begins with severe cold, the wind at north, clear weather; the middle part the wind at N. E., clear; afterpart wind at N. E., excessive cold and cloudy; at 10 begins to snow.

SATURDAY, Dec. 26, 1778. This morning begins cloudy and cold, wind at N. E., excessive disagreable weather as has happened these many year.

SUNDAY, Dec. 27, 1778. This morning begins clear and cold, wind at north.

MONDAY, Dec. 28, 1778. This morning begins clear and cold, wind at N. W.; middle and latter part the same.

TUESDAY, Dec. 29, 1778. This morning clear and cold, wind at N., fore and middle part; latter part cloudy, wind at S. S. E.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 30, 1778. This morning begins with cloudy weather, the wind at south; the latter part of this day cloudy, wind N. W.

THURSDAY, Dec. 31, 1778. This twenty-four hours fine, pleasant weather. Twelve men employed stowing the hold. Received on board nine casks water, in the whole 784 gallons. The ship's people scraping the inside of the ship.

FRIDAY, Jan. 1, 1779. The fore part of this day fresh breezes, wind at north. Received on board a new cable and several spars. The people employed in small jobs about the rigging. Latter part light airs and fair weather.

SATURDAY, Jan. 2, 1779. This twenty-four hours fine weather. Received on board all the gunner's stores. Three men employed by the day.

SUNDAY, Jan. 3, 1779. The fore part of this twenty-four hours fresh breezes of wind to the south-westward. Received on board one small cask rum. Latter part light airs and clear.

MONDAY, Jan. 4, 1779. This twenty-four hours cold dry weather, wind at west N. W. Received on board carpenters and gunners stores.

TUESDAY, Jan. 5, 1779. All this twenty-four hours cold and dry weather, wind at S. W. Employed stowing some water and other small jobs.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 6, 1779. This twenty-four hours fine pleasant weather, wind at W. N. W.; employed scrubbing some hammocks; sent to the sailmakers eleven hammocks to be mended.

THURSDAY, Jan. 7, 1779. The fore part of this day cold weather, wind at S. E. Received on board 22 casks beef, employed stowing them. Latter part cloudy, wind at E. S. E.

FRIDAY, Jan. 8, 1779. This morning begins with a light breeze and full of snow. Let Peter Quinney, Joseph Taffors, William Connor, William Dayle, have hammocks. Let Thomas Conay, Mich. Tine and Eph. Grant, have hammocks. The latter part of this twenty-four hours small breezes to the westward.

SATURDAY, Jan. 9, 1779. This twenty-four hours wind at S. W. to E. S. E., thick weather. People hanging their hammocks.

SUNDAY, Jan. 10, 1779. Pleasant weather for the season, wind from south to west. We hear of a brigantine being

cast away yesterday P. M. At noon Capt. Simpson went down in the jolly boat to see if he could render them any service; at five Capt. Simpson returned and brought the melancholy account of her being a prize brig belonging to the Monmouth, privateer. She was stranded on Odiorne's Point, and all her people perished.

MONDAY, Jan. 11, 1779. Cold and severe frosts with sharp N. W. winds throughout this twenty-four hours.

TUESDAY, Jan. 12, 1779. The first part of this day severe cold weather, the wind at N. W.; the latter part wind N. E and snow. P. M. Delivered Jeremiah Goodwill and William Gates, their hammocks.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 13, 1779. The first part of this twenty-four hours wind at N. E. and snow; latter part wind northwardly, weather moderated and cloudy. Received on board one cord wood. Employed the people clearing decks, &c.

THURSDAY, Jan. 14, 1779. Moderate and fair wind at S. W. to west. People employed scraping the sides; tarred the larboard side.

FRIDAY, Jan. 15, 1779. Fore part wind from S. W. to west; the latter part wind at N. N. E and snow. Received on board 4 bags bread, delivered a hammock to each of the following persons, viz.: Abraham Cook, Robert McGeo, Chestley Perkins, John Doore, Epes. Grenough, Owin Swaney, Aaron Chamberlain, John Cook. People employed slinging their hammocks.

SATURDAY, Jan. 16, 1779. This twenty-four hours cold dry weather. Employed receiving a gondalow of old rigging out of the store, and fourteen new coils rope, some old and new blocks.

SUNDAY, Jan. 17, 1779. All this twenty-four hours fine pleasant weather, the wind at west north-west.

MONDAY, Jan. 18, 1779. All this twenty-four hours sharp cold weather, wind at N. W. Employed getting the guns off the hill on board a gondalow; received them on board. Received on board one cask rum, forty gallons.

TUESDAY, Jan. 19, 1779. All this twenty-four hours cold weather, wind at N. W. Received on board 52 barrels of bread, 5 large and 47 small, 6 boxes candles, 5 barrels flour, 1 firkin butter, 5 coils cordage.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 20, 1779. The fore part of this day cold sharp weather, wind at W. N. W. Received on board in all 99 small casks and 7 large ditto of bread, 6 barrels flour, 10 barrels pork, 6 firkins butter, 10 boxes candles, 2 bales canvass, 24 lbs. twine. Latter part of this day strong gales and fine starlight.

THURSDAY, Jan. 21, 1779. All this twenty-four hours cold weather, the wind at W. B. N., and clear. Received on board 6 hhds. rum, 2 containing 115 gallons each, 2 of 111, one 113, one 114 gallons.

FRIDAY, Jan. 22, 1779. All this twenty-four hours fine pleasant weather, wind at W. N. W. Received from the store 2 firkins butter, 2 casks flour, 3 casks rice, 3 boxes candles, part of a cask vinegar, part of a cask wine, 2 small kegs ditto, part of a cask gin, 2 small remnants canvass.

SATURDAY, Jan. 23, 1779. The fore part of this twenty-four hours cold and dry weather. Received on board 4 pairs spare shrouds and a pail and some old nippers. Latter part wind at west with rain and snow.

SUNDAY, Jan. 24, 1779. All this twenty-four hours cold frosty weather with snow, wind at W. N. W. Hoisted our colours to honor the day.

MONDAY, Jan. 25, 1779. The fore part of this twenty-four hours cloudy, the wind at N. E. Latter part thick with much rain. Delivered out two hammocks.

TUESDAY, Jan. 26, 1779. All this twenty-four hours pleasant weather, wind at W. S. W. Employed clearing snow off decks and washing them down.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 27, 1779. All this twenty-four hours cold frosty weather, wind at W. B. N. Employed clearing the decks.

THURSDAY, Jan. 28, 1779. This twenty-four hours pleasant weather for the season, wind at west. People are usefully employed about sundry necessary jobs.

FRIDAY, Jan. 29, 1779. Pleasant weather, wind westwardly. The people usefully employed receiving on board two sled loads of wood.

SATURDAY, Jan. 30, 1779. Cloudy: wind from N. B. W. to N. E. Latter part full of snow. Received from Heart's rope walk eight coils cordage.

SUNDAY, Jan. 31, 1779. Pleasant weather, the wind northwardly.

MONDAY, Feb. 1, 1779. Pleasant weather, the wind northwardly. Throghout the people employed about sundry jobs. Scraped and payed the masts alow and aloft. Delivered the sailmaker four bundles roping and four ditto seaming twine. Expended twelve fathoms rope to tail the main top sail lifts; up top gallant yards.



Rufus Dustee.

—THE—

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RUEL DURKEE.

BY WILLIAM E. CHANDLER.

RUEL DURKEE, is the son of Rufus Durkee, whose father was Robert Durkee of Brimfield, Connecticut. His mother was Polly, daughter of Thomas Whipple, who was the son of Moses Whipple, of whom, as an ancestor, any American citizen might well be proud.

Moses Whipple, son of Jacob Whipple, and a descendant in the fifth generation from Matthew Whipple, who settled in Ipswich, Mass., in 1635, was born in Grafton, Mass., in 1733, but came to the wilderness of Croydon, one of the three earliest settlers, in 1766, with his four children, Thomas, Aaron, Moses and Jerusha. He was an ardent patriot; chairman of the committee of safety, captain of militia companies present at the surrender of Ticonderoga in June, 1777, and with Col. Chase's regiment, October 17, 1777, at Burgoyne's surrender. At the close of the war he became Colonel of the fifteenth regiment of militia. Of good education, great energy, and a natural leader of men, he became the "father of the town;" held at different times all the town offices; was deacon of the church for thirty years; and was the dominating spirit of the community, until he moved to Charlestown, N. H., in 1809, where he died in 1814. His grand-daughter Polly, inherited his remarkable traits, and to her, Ruel Durkee largely owes those elements of character which have made his also the influential mind, not only in Croydon, but in so many circles in which he has lived, advised, and acted. The character and influence of this mother, more perhaps than his own exertions, gave him his cool brain, sound judgment, and indomitable firmness and force.

HIS LONG SERVICE AS SELECTMAN.

The test both of character and capacity in a New Hampshire country town, is service as Selectman. No man of integrity, ability and force, fails at some time to hold that office. No man can be chairman of the Board for a long series of years, unless he combines more honesty, patience, coolness, sense, and executive ability, than any other man in the town. Others may excel him in some of these requisites; he excels them in the combination of all these qualities. Thus measured, Ruel Durkee has the highest testimonials which those who have known him best and longest, can give him. He was elected selectman as early as 1842; he soon became chairman, and with possibly the exception of a year or two near the beginning of his terms, he has served as

such ever since ; not less than thirty-three years as selectman, thirty-one years as chairman of the Board, twenty-eight years as town treasurer ; and for at least the last quarter of a century he has been in continuous service. If any other citizen of New Hampshire can point to such a record, let it be produced.

With only a common school education, obtained in his native town of Croydon, while working in his father's tannery, he has become the foremost citizen of that town, as well as easily prominent in the politics of his State. During the war of the rebellion, he gave his ablest efforts to raising the town's quota of troops ; filled it with astonishing success, at the lowest possible expense ; and he has kept the town free from debt, with about the lowest rate of taxation anywhere in the State ; ninety cents on each hundred dollars of valuation. Without disparagement to the hundreds of other faithful and able town officers of New Hampshire, it is safe to point to Ruel Durkee as the MODEL SELECTMAN.

HIS HOSTILITY TO SLAVERY AND DEVOTION TO THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

As a free soil democrat, Mr. Durkee represented Croydon in the State House of Representatives in 1846 and 1847 ; and he early became an opponent of slavery extension, and an active political laborer against all the encroachments of that "sum of all villanies." From the struggle which in 1846 elected John P. Hale to the United States Senate, down to the election of James A. Garfield in 1881, no man in the State has been truer to Freedom, Free-soil, the Republican party, and the union of the States, than Mr. Durkee. He was specially active, courageous, and serviceable in the exciting contest in the legislature of 1854, which defeated the election of pro-slavery Senators, and secured the election in 1855, of John P. Hale and James Bell.

At no important crisis in the history of the party, has he failed to be present ; rendering his advice and assistance ; always cool, sensible, true and brave. The interests and success of the party have always been paramount with him, and, he has never neglected to do his utmost to secure them. In any future emergency, it will be a cause of great regret to its leaders, if they cannot call to their assistance the wise, patient and helpful SAGE OF CROYDON.

HIS CLEAR AND LOGICAL MIND.

Mr. Durkee is remarkable for his clear and logical mind. He is large-brained, and a careful and sound reasoner. There is no question of law which he cannot understand and pass a sensible judgment upon ; while in practical common sense decisions concerning the affairs of common life, he is almost unerring. No better adviser in any emergency of private or public affairs, ever lived ; and none of the neighbors, friends, politicians or statesmen, of the many who have consulted him, went far wrong if they followed his advice. He is the most level-headed man in New Hampshire to-day.

HIS TRUTHFULNESS.

Mr. Durkee is eminently truthful. There is no man living who can look him in the face and charge him with falsehood. His word is slowly given, but is sure when pledged. Men have deceived themselves when conferring with him, he has never deceived them. His caution and reticence may have misled them ; but untruthfulness of his never caused their error. They have been the liars, he has not been one. It is a gross vice of modern conspirators to narrate what they themselves said, and swear that the other party said it, when he only held his tongue as he had a right to do. After General Grant had once told President Johnson that he would not resist Secretary Stanton's return to the War Department, he did not feel called upon to shout

out repeated refusals every time he was importuned by the President and his Cabinet; hence the latter said he consented. But they were the ones who misrepresented, and not he. If anyone chooses to believe a lie because Mr. Durkee holds his tongue, the latter is not to blame. He is as "wise as a serpent, and as harmless as a dove," and always truthful, *when he opens his mouth.*

HIS COURAGE AND PERTINACITY.

Mr. Durkee's moral courage and persistency in fighting for what he deems right, are proved by his half century of conflict against slavery; and his invariable boldness in every emergency of the Republican party. Others may have hesitated and wavered, lost heart and traded or surrendered their principles; he never has, and the one sure thing in his career has been that he has never given up nor been frightened. His politics are vital principles; he goes where they lead, and never, for selfish purposes or through cowardice, betrays them. Under more favorable circumstances he would have been a great leader of men, and have become a National, as well as local, celebrity. So courageous and persistent is he, that as he grows older his friends sometimes complain of his obstinacy; but it is the obstinacy of a strong and able man, and not that most pernicious kind sometimes seen in the weakest and most foolish of mortals; and it should therefore be tolerated. He has seen his battle against slavery finally and gloriously won; what wonder that he triumphs in the success of his principles, and becomes a trifle over-positive in his judgments. If there is somewhat of arrogance in the old original free-soilers, it can well be excused; they were conscientious and courageous, when others sneaked and compromised; they have nearly all passed off the stage, those who remain should be treated tenderly, and with all honor.

HE IS A HUMORIST AND BEARS A JOKE WELL.

Mr. Durkee has a keen sense of humor. His whole nature is permeated with it, and his witty sayings pervade every gathering in which he mingles. To his humorous characterizations of men and things, he owes much of that popularity which he has achieved among the active men of both political parties in the State. He is a never failing source of wit, as well as wisdom; and his humorousness should not be lost sight of in estimating his character. His wit pleases without wounding; and he takes no offence when made the subject of a joke himself, as he was on his journey to Washington in 1864.

HE CARRIES THE LINCOLN ELECTORAL VOTES SAFELY TO WASHINGTON.

Mr. Durkee was appointed messenger to carry the electoral votes for Lincoln and Johnson to Washington, and started December 10, 1864, in company with a friend. On the same train went Gov. Gilmore, and some of his staff, Gen. Natt Head, Col. George H. Hutchins, Mr. Stebbins H. Dumas, Mr. J. Henry Gilmore, and some others. The animosities of the special session of August, 1864, when Gov. Gilmore vetoed the soldiers' voting bill, had nearly died away; but while the ordinary courtesies were exchanged between Mr. Durkee's party and that of the Governor, they did not travel as one, nor in the same style. On the Sound Steamer, the Governor, and the gay young spirits around him, planned a joke to capture the electoral votes from Mr. Durkee; which coming to the latter's knowledge, caused him to prepare for the emergency, and he was several times seen to clasp his hand against the side pocket of the long dress coat, which like Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin, he wears in all weathers, casing himself however, also in winter, with a buffalo robe garment.

In New York, the Governor and his frolicsome spirits went into sumptuous quarters at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, while Mr. Durkee and his companion modestly breakfasted at the Astor; before separating, however, accepting an invitation from the official personages to visit with them at a later hour the New England Soldiers' Head-quarters, in charge of Col. Frank E. Howe. While thus inspecting Col. Howe's establishment, Mr. Durkee appeared to be taken sick, and drew off his party to the Astor House, where the sympathizing staff officers promised to call on their way up town, to see their distressed friend, about whom they expressed so much anxiety as to touch Mr. Durkee's heart, and to make him really desirous that they should not relinquish their devotion. At the Astor House, Mr. Durkee, contrary to his usual frugal habits, indulged himself in a large room; procured a huge yellow envelope; put within it an old newspaper; placed it in his side dress coat pocket, and transferred the package of electoral votes to his inside vest pocket. He had hardly time to become so oppressed by his sickness as to throw his coat on a chair and fall into bed, before the impatient official party arrived. They found Mr. Durkee in great pain; with his face very red and turned to the wall, to conceal his anguish! Their devotion was excessive; Dr. Hutchins felt his pulse; Dr. Dumas insisted that a drop of something stimulating was the proper remedy for the not unnatural qualmishness of an unsophisticated gentleman from the country, unused to night travel; the chief of staff stroked his forehead, and expressed his tender sympathies for so dear a friend; while Mr. Gilmore examined the dress coat. He speedily found a pocket carefully closed by four pins, and within, a package addressed to the "President of the Senate," and rushed to the hotel office, took a large yellow envelope, directed it to the President of the Senate, putting within an old newspaper, and safely pinned it inside the coat pocket; all successfully done just as the kind ministrations of the staff corps had succeeded in relieving Mr. Durkee's pains, and reviving his activity. After a few congratulations on his speedy recovery, and the expression of hopes that he would have no relapse, the shrewd military heroes and gallant band of practical jokers withdrew to the Fifth Avenue Hotel; the door was closed and locked behind them, and a smile came over the features of the gentleman from Croydon, (like that of Ah Sin, when he counted the spoils he had won from Truthful James and Bill Nye) as he said "Did those d—n—d greenhorns think they could fool Ruel Durkee?"

Mr. Durkee that night pursued the even tenor of his way to Washington, and delivered the votes to the Hon. Daniel Clark, President *pro tem* of the Senate. The gubernatorial party were in much trouble over their successful joke. Their fears were aroused of penalties for capturing the electoral vote of a State (December, 1876, had not then dawned). During their stay in New York for several days, they lodged the precious package in a safe; then, their senses a little bewildered by their arduous movements in the city, they went to Washington without it; and, in great anxiety, telegraphed and had the yellow envelope and old newspaper sent to the Governor at Washington by express, marked "very valuable."

At last the suspicious and pitying smiles of the Hon. Daniel Clark, when he met them, and Mr. Durkee's calmness and imperturbability during his stay in Washington, where he tarried a week or two to learn something of the Capital, and enough of the world to enable him thereafter to hold his own with the jocose Governor and his brilliant staff, aroused their suspicions; the yellow envelope as they gazed upon it seemed to lose its importance, and at some one of their many private temperance reform meetings, they swore each other to secrecy, and never to allude to it again, by word, smile, or tear, but to hide in secret places like their many other good and noble deeds that have never seen

the light, the huge practical joke played in the year 1864, by Gov. Gilmore and his distinguished party upon the unsophisticated Ruel Durkee, bearer of electoral votes to Washington. Even after the lapse of seventeen years, an eye-witness of their sagacity and brilliancy, hardly dares risk their anger by making the true narration, and will not in addition venture to describe the escort of jackasses and band of music prepared by the boys of Concord, for the returning heroes, which was only abandoned for fear they would supplement their roaring comedy by a fearful tragedy.

A BLAINE DELEGATE TO CHICAGO IN 1880.

Mr. Durkee both in 1876 and 1880, was a warm supporter of James G. Blaine for President; and the latter has a full appreciation of his peculiar excellencies and repeats with effect, some of his humorous characterizations, especially one of civil service reform. He was elected a Blaine delegate at large to the Chicago Convention of 1880, occupied a seat near Senator Conkling, and that gentleman had repeated conferences with him concerning the pending conflict. All efforts to seduce the delegation from the support of their favorite candidate were referred to him, and disposed of by him. He was the notable man of the New Hampshire delegation, and a great pleasure, help and comfort to his associates.

HIS APPEARANCE, HOME, HABITS AND FAMILY.

Mr. Durkee is six feet two inches high; weighs about two hundred and sixty pounds; his cheeks are still rosy, and he appears in robust health. His habits and diet are simple; milk is his favorite food. He hates rum in all its forms as much as he did slavery. His home is a plain comfortable farm house, under the shadow of Croydon Mountain, where he carries on numerous farms and cuts many hundred tons of hay. He married Miss Polly S. Barton, May 3, 1835, who was a native of Orange, Vermont, but whose father Benjamin Barton, Esq., (whose father also was Benjamin Barton, Esq.,) was born in Croydon, and returned there to live when his daughter was six years old. Her mother was Miss Anna Thompson, of Gilsum, N. H. Mrs. Durkee is a most sensible and excellent woman, energetic, kind and hospitable; who controls her husband almost as skillfully as he manages other men. They have no children.

MAY HE LIVE LONG AND PROSPER.

This hasty and imperfect sketch, from inadequate material, is a willing and heartfelt tribute from one who owes much of whatever there is of decision and persistency in his own character, to a quarter of a century's intimate friendship and association, never for one moment clouded by a difference, with this stalwart son of New Hampshire, who, with little education, no early advantages, and living in a poor, rugged, remote country town, has made himself a man of great merit, note, and power, among his fellow citizens and throughout the State. Faults he undoubtedly has, but it is not the function of friendly biography to depict blemishes. Others may narrate his, if they choose, but not I. He has none which will seriously detract from the strong and admirable character I have so imperfectly described. With his correct habits, firm constitution, and excellent health, he may yet live many years among us. May his life be long spared and far postponed the gloomy day when the council meetings of the Republican party shall sadly miss the cheerful face, clear head, and true and courageous heart of Ruel Durkee.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF FRANCE.

BY FRANK WEST ROLLINS.

WE Americans are apt to flatter ourselves that we are the most energetic and enterprising people of the present day, but if we could spare the time from our all absorbing interest in ourselves to scan the course of events during the last fifty years in France, the most selfish of us would willingly share our laurels with the people of our sister Republic.

No country offers such a panorama of constant change; first it is an Empire, then a Republic, and between the two the bloody Commune raises its ghastly head. Still with all their changes they have marched steadily toward one goal, and that is civil and religious liberty. We may not approve; in fact we must condemn the means by which they have attained their end; but still we can but admire the pertinacity with which they have sought it, for "a fellow-feeling makes one wonderous kind." As cheerful in adversity as in prosperity; one day the dictator of Europe, and the next paying off an enormous war indemnity as the price of peace; yet never faltering, never for a moment forgetting the tricolor; rallying after each defeat with undiminished courage, resolved, like their famous general, that "there shall be no Alps." France belongs to every Frenchman, and his attachment is not skin deep, for, if need be, he lays down his life, blessing his country with his latest breath.

The glory of France under the First Napoleon is familiar to us all, and the name of that man who united with the finest military strategy and executive ability the worst forms of avarice and heartless ambition, will serve as a warning to despots as long as history shall continue to be made. Although we all feel more or less acquainted with the times of Napoleon Bonaparte, few of us have any conception of the enormous work which has been going on there during the last quarter of a century, quietly, but steadily as the flow of some mighty river.

I will not carry you with me through all the details of this kaleidoscope of changing events, interesting though they might be, but will only give you results. In the spring of 1867, the Second Empire appeared to have reached the zenith of its glory. The Third Napoleon was the dictator of the policy of more than half of Europe, and had assembled at his court crowned heads from Europe, Asia, and Africa. The second Paris Exposition was in progress, and that city of wealth, frivolity and pleasure was one blaze of elegance and splendor. Probably such magnificence and so much wealth were never collected in a single city before. Yet notwithstanding all his display, Napoleon was tottering on his throne. He not only had reached the zenith of his power, but he had taken several long and irretraceable steps downward. His course had aroused the distrust of the people; his wars with Russia and Austria, though successful, were impolitic and were unpopular; but the crowning event was the Franco-Prussian war, which not only dethroned Napoleon the Third, but destroyed the Second Empire. The history of that war, the heroic but useless struggle of an ill-commanded, and hurriedly recruited army, the long weeks of starvation and bloodshed in Paris, the wonderful escape of Gambetta in a balloon, and at last, in spite of his strenuous efforts, the triumphant entry of the Prussians through streets filled with emaciated people, is still fresh in our minds.

Out of the wreck of the Second Empire was built, by a few sagacious men, the Third Republic, the republic of to-day, which seems to be firmly established, and to rest upon a sure and solid foundation.

At the end of the Franco-Prussian war, France was in a deplorable condition. The new government found a gigantic work upon its hands. The army and navy were nearly destroyed, commerce greatly diminished, and last, but not by any means least, the Prussians occupied Paris, and asked as the price of their withdrawal from France, the cession of two of the finest provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, and the enormous indemnity of one billion dollars, to be paid in less than three years. But the government knew where to turn for aid, and its appeal to the people was answered in a manner which was a surprise, not only to the government, but to the whole world. The good housewife took down the old cracked tea-pot from its hiding place, the stockings were fished out from dark nooks, and all their little stores of gold flowed into the empty treasury. It became a matter of pride to hold the government's paper. Notwithstanding the exhausted condition of the country the whole sum was paid more than a year before it was due.

The new government set about the task of restoring the country with its accustomed energy, and its success is best shown by a few figures. France has about 36,000,000 inhabitants, and of this number 5,500,000 are landed proprietors. They never will be troubled as Ireland is. This vast body of landed proprietors is the main source of the country's prosperity, and is one reason why so few emigrate.

The annual exports exceed $800,000,000, the imports $735,000,000. The exports of production exceed those of the year before the war by about $2,000,000. The merchant marine comprises about 15,000 vessels, and they have just passed laws which will probably treble it in ten years. They produce 2,000,000,000 gallons of wine yearly. A great network of railroads has been laid, over 12,500 miles of track, and the receipts are $170,000,000. Average annual income of government is $535,000,000, expenditure is $500,000,000.

After the war France established universal conscription as the basis of the new army, and to-day, notwithstanding her immense losses in treasure, land, and population, she has an available land force of 2,500,000 trained soldiers. The navy is now equal, if not superior to any, and employs 160,000 men.

Thus we see that in less than ten years, France has more than recovered from the terrible defeat, and is now again one of the leading powers of Europe, requiring to be represented in all international discussions. The loss of Alsace and Lorraine keeps alive the bitter hatred towards Germany, and another war between the two countries would not be a surprise.

Added to his love for his country and for freedom, which exceeds and absorbs all his other passions, the Frenchman is industrious, ingenious, and frugal. He knows how to command, and therefore makes a good officer; he knows how to obey, and therefore makes a good soldier. He always looks on the bright side and allows no cloud to be so thick that he cannot see a ray of sunshine peeping through some crevice in its blackness.

THE INSPIRED ARTIST.

BY HENRIETTA E. PAGE.

"ONCE upon a time," as the fairy stories hath it, there lived in the far famed City of London, a famous portrait painter, by name of Langdon, who was the happy father of a most lovely and fascinating daughter.

Ethel Langdon was perfect in form and feature; fair as a lily, gentle as a dove. She had many suitors, numberless admirers, but as yet the maiden's heart was fancy free. She was her father's idol; her mother being dead, his almost constant companion. She had the most intense and innate love of art, the painters especially. She would sit for hours watching the colors grow and assume shape under her father's skillful brush, and glory, even more than he, in every triumph achieved by him. She delighted in making herself useful to him, cleaning his palettes, mixing his colors, and keeping his studio in immaculate order, something of which artists are not generally accusable. It was the busiest time of the year, a few months prior to Christmas, and orders were coming in, one upon another, until the painter was almost at his wits end, when an untoward accident happened; pretty Ethel sprained her wrist severely, striving to lift a heavy picture frame alone. It was a very severe sprain, making it necessary that it should be carried in a sling. Her father was in dispair, for the orders still continued pouring in.

"What shall I do, daughter?" he asked one day.

"I am sure I don't know, pa, unless you advertise for an assistant."

"Well thought of, child. Strange it did not strike us sooner. I will do so immediately."

So the advertisement was written and inserted in the London Times, and the very next day was answered.

Ethel was seated as usual by her father's side, not as usual with her beautiful embroideries in floss, where the flowers sprung from beneath her fingers so fresh, so fair, that one was almost deceived into the belief the perfumes could be recognized and inhaled; but with a book, from which, in a deliciously musical voice, she was reading to her father as he painted.

A timid knock came upon the heavy panel of the door, but was not heard by the absorbed couple at the easel, under the window, at the further end of the room. Then the door was opened, and the intruder stood as if spell-bound, without uttering a sound, drinking in at once the musical cadences of the voice, and the surpassing beauty of the person, of the almost peerless Ethel Langdon.

How long he stood there he never knew, but at last a severe fit of coughing came on, and father and daughter raised their eyes simultaneously, and saw standing in the doorway a tall, thin, handsome young man, with a strangely white face, great midnight eyes, and black curling hair, which hung down upon the velvet collar of his coat. It was a cold day, but no overcoat made a part of his wardrobe. His face, his style, everything marked the aristocrat; yet that poverty had laid its blight upon him, was also evident. Earnest Langdon arose, and courteously invited his visitor to enter and be seated. The young man gladly did so. When he made known his errand, the painter's bushy-grey eyebrows went up in surprise, for the young man's language was as superior as his appearance.

He was, he said, a younger son of Sir Walter Mowbray, who had earned his father's displeasure by refusing an alliance with the daughter of a friend, which daughter was an heiress, of great beauty, but of an unbearable disposition. He could not love her, and had been discarded by his father in consequence. This had happened over a year ago, since which time he had suffered every privation, sought for work unceasingly, but almost uselessly. His life and education unfitted him for almost everything. Now for four months he had suffered with a racking cough, and no one would hire him for fear he might die upon their hands.

"But I am stronger than I look. I think I can suit you if you will only try me, sir. You are the first person to whom I have told any part of my history, my pride has been too great, but starvation is a great humbler of pride, and I am starving."

"Oh, papa!" cried Ethel, her great eyes swimming in tears, her hand pressed to her bosom, her lips trembling, and two bright red spots upon her lily cheeks. Even the bearded lips of the rather grim looking painter quivered slightly as he turned abruptly to his easel.

"You can stay."

Such a light as sprang into Ethel's eyes, as she ran and raised her father's hand to her lips.

"Tut! tut! child, go and give him his dinner," then lower "I think he needs it badly enough."

The girl gladly obeyed, waiting upon him herself with all the grace and pitying sweetness of which she was capable.

A month passed, and the painter was charmed with his assistant, who suited him in every respect. Especially he enjoyed his conversation, which was rich and varied, showing the depth of the mind, and the excellence of the education; and the change had been beneficial to the young man too; the good home, good care, and plentiful food had done their work, and told their own story in the improved physical strength, and added beauty. The tiresome cough had entirely disappeared.

A year later. Again the studio of Earnest Langdon. The artist was absent; but Walter Mowbray had usurped his seat, and was seated before the easel, upon which was a picture, supposed to be a likeness of the beautiful Ethel, who stood a little to the right, robed in white satin and pearls, but sooth to say the likeness was a very poor one, and no one was more alive to the fact than the artist himself, who sat with his elbow upon his knee, and his chin resting in his hand, intently regarding it with a strange look upon his handsome face, from which all trace of illness had disappeared. Ethel was looking upon his absorbed attitude, with a beautiful, adoring gaze, her eyes seemed to swim in a heavenly light, and her parted lips be about to breathe forth words of music.

Walter looked up, caught the expression, and with a cry of pain of despair, dashed his brush across his work, and burying his face in his hands burst into tears. In an instant the girl was by his side, upon her knees.

"Why, Oh! why did you do that, Walter? after all your hard work too?"

"Why?" he asked bitterly, "because I shall never be a painter, and it is only a useless waste of time. I can paint better with a pen than with a brush. Oh! Heaven, why was I ever born?"

"Walter, dear! Walter, do not talk so," she murmured, placing her hand softly on his, and looking up into his eyes.

He put it almost rudely away.

"Don't do that Ethel, you madden me." She looked hurt.

"I—I—madden you, Walter?"

"Don't you see, Oh! my darling! don't you see? No I must not, I must not," he cried clasping the little hand convulsively.

"Must not, what?" she innocently asked, gazing into his face.

"Must not—must not, tell you that I love you, and my last hope of winning is gone, Oh! my love, my lost love!"

The girl drew back in sweet confusion—burning blushes suffused her face and neck, and the pure eyes were lowered in uncontrollable agitation. After a second or two, he making no motion, and still holding her hand, she looked up, and started, such a look of utter despair, and hopeless agony as she saw upon his face, she hoped never to see again upon any human countenance. He was looking out of the window, up into the sky, and all she could think of was, the line she had read somewhere: "Curse God and die." She drew to his side, and laid her golden head upon his arm whispering:

"Do not look like that Walter, you frighten me." With a sigh like a gasp of agony, he looked into her face, then drew the pretty head closer, and reverently kissed her upon the brow.

At that moment the studio door opened, and Earnest Langdon entered. His grey brows knit in an ominous frown, and his lips compressed themselves tightly.

"What is the meaning of this scene, sir?"

"It means, Earnest Langdon, that I am taking an eternal farewell of your daughter," rising and seating Ethel in the chair from which he arose, "I love her. I was in hopes to win fame and money; and there," pointing to the ruined picture, "is the grave of my hopes; they are dead, buried, and now—now I—I—must leave you—and Ethel, forever."

"Very sensible," muttered the artist his frown relaxing somewhat.

"Oh! no, Walter, no father, not forever, not forever?" imploringly.

"What have you to say about it girl?" he cried angrily, turning to her, "What have you to say?"

"I—I love him, father!" her bashful eyes falling, her breath coming quickly.

A light as of glory flashed into the young man's eyes, and he looked as if about to snatch her to his heart; but with a sneer of rage the elder man turned to him.

"What have you to support a wife, one who has been used to every comfort, every luxury?"

"Nothing," desparingly answered the lover.

"So I thought," in a taunting tone.

"You forget your pen, Walter," urged Ethel.

"Yes, I forgot my pen," despondently.

"What about your pen?"

"Oh! father, he writes such beautiful stories and poems?"

"Do you get paid for them?"

"Not always, but I hope,"—

"You cannot live on hope, you cannot marry on hope, and I hope you will put an end to this childish affair. I want my daughter to marry money; love will do well enough to throw in, but money she must have."

Ethel rose to the occasion.

"Father!" she said in earnest tones, "if I cannot marry Walter, I will never wed at all."

"As you say," laconically.

"I love him, and I wish to wed him, money or no money."

"And live on love?" ironically.

"And live on love. I will work, I will do anything but give him up."

"My darling!" with an adoring look from her lover.

"You think more of him than of me?" in angry, jealous tones.

"As you thought more of my mother than anyone else beside." The father was evidently moved, the love of, and for his young wife, who died at Ethel's birth, had been the one absorbing passion of his life, her place in his mind and heart had ever been held sacred. The girl perceived her advantage, and followed it up, by putting her arms around his neck, and burying her face in his bosom. He tried to loose her clasp, but she only clung closer.

"Do not send him away papa," she whispered, looking up into the working face.

"Girl, girl! you know not what you ask."

"Oh! I do, I do," imploringly.

"Do you realize that if you marry him, you will have to live in two or three rooms, and work, work as Margaret does in our kitchen. You, who now have servants at your every beck and call, will be nothing but a drudge, a servant, a slave, yourself."

"Sir, you need not excite yourself, I will never ask your daughter to sacrifice her brilliant prospects to share my poverty," bitterly.

Ethel left her father's side, and went shyly up to her lover.

"But if she prefers to share your poverty, rather than enjoy all the riches the world can pour at her feet, will you refuse her offered hand?" holding it out.

A look of agony passed over the man's pale face, as he answered:

"I would not refuse it, Oh! my love! but I *dare* not accept it. Your father is right. I am poor, too poor to think of marriage. I should have had more courage; been more of a man, then to have let you see my weakness."

"Do you call your love for me a weakness, sir?"

"No I call it a madness, God help me!" he cried, snatching her to his heart, and raining passionate kisses upon her lovely, uplifted face.

The father groaned, and turned away.

"Here is my home then, no one shall deprive me of it. Father, I love Walter as I never have, and never shall love anyone else, and he loves me, and I will be his wife if he will have me, come poverty or come death."

"Have your way, wilful girl, but remember I have warned you. If you repent when it is too late, do not come to me for help. I will furnish a house for you, and give you your wedding outfit, and after that I wash my hands of you. You must work your own way. As you make your bed, so must you lie in it."

"I have no fear, father."

"Oh! sir, how can I thank you?"

"By making my girl a good husband, and proving what metal you are made of."

"God helping me, sir, I will," he fervently exclaimed, pressing the unwilling hand of Earnest Langdon.

"I have no personal objection to you Walter, you come of good stock, and I like your principles; but your poverty I have an objection to. You were brought up a do-nothing, and that is a poor profession to get married on."

"I will yet prove to you, and all the world, that I can do something, if I was brought up to do nothing."

"I am willing to be convinced, and so, I dare say, is the world."

Well, they were married, and settled in their little rented house, which was prettily furnished by Ethel's father, and they were intensely happy, Walter succeeded beyond his hopes with his pen, for it is an almost herculean task to make headway in a field where there are so many rivals amongst the living, so many magnificent monuments left by the dead, to discourage a young and struggling author. Ethel's first child, of course added materially to her cares, and her stock of household work, her second, five years after her marriage,

almost discouraged her, but not quite. Although doing very well, Walter as yet could not see his way to keeping a servant. Ethel never regretted her choice, never complained, her love for her husband increased as she knew him better, his every thought was for her and her little ones. But the cares of home. and of maternity weighed upon her, the little pinchings, and economies, to which she had been all unused, were always distasteful to her, though practised rigidly. Arthur did not deem it beneath his manhood to relieve her of many of the arduous tasks of household work, and Ethel loved him better for his thoughtfulness.

Now comes the most wonderful part of this over true tale, for true in main it is. One day Ethel paid a visit to her father's studio, and found him busy upon a nearly completed portrait of a well-known lady of rank. She knew another had brought to him an almost fabulous sum of money, and this most likely would too.

She stood and looked, I must confess, rather enviously, at the ease, and grace, and finish, with which he laid on the colors. All at once—

"Why cannot I paint?" came into her mind.

Her father being called away, she went to the place where he kept his spare palletes and brushes, and picking out a set of paints she made a parcel of them, and carried them away; sending a boy later for a stretched canvass, which she had hidden in a side room.

For many days she sat with locked door, in front of her mirror, dressed in white satin and pearls, her babies playing at her feet, while her husband was busied upstairs with his pen.

At the end of a month, she one evening, just after dusk, called from the foot of the stairs,

"Walter, dear!"

"What is it? Ethel."

"Come down in the parlor a minute, a lady wants to see you," then she hid.

Down came her husband, and entering the parlor, started back in amazement.

"Why Ethel! You are dressed up, are you going out this evening? Why did'nt you say so, I would have gone with you?"

Receiving no answer, and perceiving no motion, he thought she was playing a joke upon him and went nearer intending to put his arm around, and take revenge in kissing her. A fit of trembling seized him, and the sweat oozed out upon his forehead. He fairly staggered. Here was the realization of his dream of Ethel.

"What do you think of it dear?"

"What can I think of it, but that it is yourself, therefore perfect! A present from your father?"

"No."

"His work, is it not?"

"No."

"Whose is it, then?"

"Mine!"

"Ethel, you are mad!"

"No, dear, only a little elated. I have always felt the working of ambition within me, but did not fully realize its meaning before. I have watched my father at his work, until every touch of the brush, every turn of his hand, are as familiar to me as the respirations of my own breath. I have always mixed his colors since I was a child, and the love of the art was born in me, for my mother was a painter too; all I needed was practice. I have worked every spare moment for a month, and there is the fruit of my efforts."

And there it was indeed, a full length portrait of Ethel in all her wonderous beauty, the folds of white satin, and the gleam of the pearls, shining through the dim twilight of the evening.

"Keep my secret Walter, I wish to paint another before I say anything to father."

A few months later, at one of the shop windows in a well-known thoroughfare, might have been seen, early and late, a coming, and going crowd of admiring people, and what were they looking at. The picture of a baby, in a silk lined, swinging basket, evidently just aroused from slumber, reaching for a coral, swung from the lace covered top. A lovelier face was never seen, the flesh tints were like apple blossoms, the hair like spun gold, the eyes mocked the azure of the heavens, and two pearly teeth shone between the half open, rosebud lips. The hands, soft, plump, and rosy, with delicious dimples embedded in the tiny knuckles.

"Oh! said one, there never was a baby born, as perfect as that."

"If there was, I never happened to see it." But Ethel who happened to hear the remark, knew just where to put her hand on that very baby, any minute it should suit her so to do. Of course the picture was a success.

Earnest Langdon standing at the window recognized the coloring, the knack of touch, the flesh tints, and muttered, "By George, that ought to be mine, but it isnt, more's the pity, but—but—why—before heaven! its Ethel's baby."

"Whose baby? may I make bold to ask, sir."

"Why my daughter's, blockhead," he cried in uncontrollable agitation.

"Can it be possible Walter has succeeded? and like that too."

Who can picture his astonishment when he learned that not Walter, but his own daughter was the artist.

At one time it had been his ambition to teach Ethel his art, but one thing and another had intervened, and the time had gone by. How little he had dreamed that she was imbibing it with every breath she drew.

Her next effort was her husband's portrait, and that was a success too.

Soon orders began to come from outside, and to shorten my story, it was not long before Ethel found herself able to take a studio in one of the first streets in London, and her orders were often so numerous that she was almost at her wits end to fill them. She bought a handsome house, furnished it elegantly, and kept several servants; her days of privation were at an end.

With plenty of means Walter found no difficulty in publishing a book, which proved to be wonderfully pleasing to the public, and paved the way for many more. And they are still living, the most amazingly successful, and the happiest couple London can boast.

Earnest Langdon is proud enough of his talented children and his beautiful grand-children. And Sir Walter Mowbray gladly received his recreant son back into his good graces. With Ethel and the children he was enchanted.

Most of the incidents of this story are true, being told to me by a lady lately from London, who vouches for the truth of the miraculous gift of painting, suddenly discovered by a beautiful daughter of a celebrated painter. I have only romanced a little, the love story being literally true.

A NIGHT IN THE EIGHTEENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

BY FRANK P. HARRIMAN.

THE latter part of March, 1865, and just before the close of the rebellion, the rebels came over under the cover of night and captured Fort Steadman, situated in front of Petersburgh, Va., on the banks of the Appomatox river. They used the guns of our forts against us, but for a short time, as our great commander, Gen. Grant, who seemed never to slumber in the hour of danger, quickly rallied his forces and hurled them against the enemy with such power as shortly to drive them back with great loss, and the wavy folds of the stars and stripes were soon seen floating where the stars and bars had hung in apparent triumph but a few moments before. This done the 18th N. H. Vols. were ordered into the fort. The regiment extended down to the right of the fort, and was protected by a breastwork of logs and earth. The rebel lines were so near, and such a vigilant watch was kept up, that a raised hand, or the crown of a hat, if seen above the breastworks, was sure to receive a bullet from a rebel rifle. On arriving at our new station, First Lieut. D. C. Harriman, in command of Company E, Lieut. G. S. Whitney, T. J. Smith, our cook (we called him "Jeff"), and the writer of this article took possession of an underground house, which had been built by erecting logs for the sides and overhead, leaving an opening for a door in front. Green hides had been spread above to make a show of keeping out the rain, and over, around and above all had been piled the red Virginia soil. Jeff said it was the first house he ever lived in that was shingled with calfskin. When it rained,—and it did rain,—down came not only water but mud also. For a door we hung up a blanket, found on the spot, heavy with the fresh blood of a Sergeant, who but a few moments before had become a victim of an ever watchful rebel.

Our bed was a blanket on the ground. The top of the door could be seen by the rebs just above our breastworks, and many a well aimed ball found its way into that opening and lodged in the timbers behind. Day by day we went about half bent, and being over six feet tall, some of us, one can imagine how our backs ached, but of the two, backache is preferable to bullets, at least that is the way most of us decided at that time. Those were days that not only tried men's souls but their muscles as well.

Our faithful Capt. Gile had been absent on a furlough, and on the 24th of March, returned to find us in this uninviting and uncomfortable place. He seemed to rejoice however at the situation. This was just the spot he had been longing for, where he could throw a stone into the rebel lines. We told him we should probably be attacked that night, but he laughed at the idea, and thought us timid.

We shall soon see however that our suspicions were founded upon something more than imagination. We returned to our soft couch at ten, removing only our boots. The Captain divested himself as he would at a hotel, though we warned him that he had better be prepared for an emergency. With a blanket below and a blanket above, five in a bed, we commenced the night. Some eyes soon closed, others did not. A short time only had passed before that awful rebel yell was heard breaking the stillness of the night. None but those

who have heard it can realize what a shock it gives one, and especially when half asleep. The commands followed fast, one after another, from gruff voices. All out! Every man to his post! Fall into line, men! Steady there! Take good aim! Fire low! The work of death had begun in earnest in less time than it takes to write it. In the confusion and darkness I snatched my boots, and hastily drew them on. I noticed something did not feel just right, but did not mistrust what it was, till Capt. Gile got hold of his sword and belt, and started for the door, then with one of my legs jerked suddenly into the air, the fact flashed across my mind that the small strap of his belt was under my foot, and tightly in my boot. The position is easier imagined than described. Capt. Gile, a man of two hundred pounds, had gone the length of his rope, wildly rushing for the head of his company, and I, over six feet tall, with one leg outstretched, and my foot as high as the Captain's head. All this had it been a daylight scene, might have furnished a cut for Harper's or a comic almanac. Before I started in that style however, the Captain stopped. He did not go to the head of his company at once. He had to wait my motion, that time. Going to battle with so many drawbacks, was not an easy task. Before he could be released, I had to coolly sit down on the ground and pull off my boot. Notwithstanding the shot and shell were screeching through the air in every direction, and tearing up the earth all around, and the heavens were ablaze with deadly missiles, and the deafening sounds of booming cannon and bursting shell, seemed to make the whole earth rock, yet amid this all, Capt. Gile and I had a hearty laugh at the peculiar manner of our attachment in battle.

We lost that night some brave men, among them Maj. Brown, of Fisherville, instantly killed. Our good Col. J. M. Clough, was wounded in the face by a bursting shell, Capt. Greenough was wounded in the shoulder. The firing was pronounced by those outside as more severe than any they had witnessed during the war. Numerous forts on the hills in our rear, threw all their shot and shell directly over our heads into the rebel lines, making sad havoc among our butternut-clothed opponents, and in turn their shot and shell fell thick and heavy all around us. So that it was difficult for any living person to feel in the darkness that anyone besides himself had been left alive.

Our guards in the trenches between the two lines hugged the ground in terror, not daring to move, and some of them, poor men, were killed in that position. The men and officers of the eighteenth did themselves great credit in that awful night, displaying remarkable courage and keeping up a continuous roar of musketry during the hours of the engagement. The rebels undertook several times to make a charge, but it was too hot for them and they failed.

Years have intervened, yet a rehearsal of the conflict at Fort Steadman on the night of March 24, 1865, will touch some tender heart and turn the thoughts to that little grass-grown mound, which marks the spot where a loved one rests.

New Hampshire's sons saved the fort that night *nearest* the rebel lines, and but a few days after, Gen. Grant ordered the fire to be opened at an early hour all along his fifty miles of works, and from away above Richmond and away below and around Petersburgh, the last great conflict commenced; all day long it raged, and when the sun went down, with it went the last hope of the Southern Confederacy, for on the morrow their whole army under Lee, were on the retreat, never again to make a successful stand.

SECURITY OF THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.

BY CHARLES E. GEORGE, ESQ.

IN a republic where every man is a sovereign; where universal suffrage prevails, the ballot must be weilded by an educated people or the life of the nation is endangered. The most important question to every true American citizen is, how can this great nation of ours be perpetuated. There are but two means by which a nation can be destroyed; by foreign powers, and by internal corruption. Of the first we need have no fears, but the second presents many alarming features. Said Huxley, "You are making a novel experiment in politics on the grandest scale the world ever saw. Forty millions or more at your first century, it is reasonable to suppose that at your second. these states will be occupied by two hundred millions of English-speaking people, spread over an area as large as that of Europe, and with a climate and interests as different as those of Spain and Scandinavia, or England and Russia. You and your decendants will have to ascertain, whether this great mass will hold together under the form of a Republic, and the despotic sway of universal suffrage; whether state rights will hold out against centralization; whether centralization will hold out against real or disguised monarchies; whether shiftless corruption is better than permanent bureaueracy. As population thickens in your cities, and the pressure of want is felt, the gaunt spectre of pauperism will stalk among you, and Socialism and Communism claim to be heard. Truly America has a great future before her—great in care and responsibility—great in true glory if she be guided in wisdom and righteousness—great in shame if she fails."

America carries the hopes and fears of all freedom-loving people, if she fails, their hopes are extinguished, if she continues prosperous, they too, base hopes of seeing their "shackled millions free." That communism and socialism have been growing and now exist to some extent among us is too evident to demand proof. But what are communism and socialism? Webster's definition is, "The reorganization of society or the doctrine that it should be reorganized by regulating property, industry, and the sources of livelihood, and also the domestic relations and social morals of mankind;" socialism "especially the doctrine of a community of property or the negation of individual rights of property." Thus communism and socialism do not propose to elevate the poor classes, but degrade the wealthy and exalted, and not ennoble the base; just that which is most dangerous and most opposed to the best interest of the nation. No man ever rose too high in society. If every one possessed the energy, perseverence, and ambition of the successful man, there would be no cry of communism. But are the communists of the poor and uneducated class? Yes, certainly. they are, for were they of a wealthy and educated class there would be no need of a division of property. Is there any danger from this element? Was there any danger to the French Government, twice revolutionized by this same element within the last century. If there is no danger from this element, why these strikes? Why this national unrest? Why the declaration "the world owes me a living, and a living I'll have?" Why this cry of "bread or blood," if there is no communism in our land?

We have not forgotten the Pittsburgh riot. If our nation did not tremble during those times, it was certainly ill at ease. But these strikes have come to be so prevalent of late, that we give them but the slightest notice, unless they shake the nation to its very centre. Then if communism and socialism are the results of ignorance and pauperism, and our nation is to be freed from this dangerous element, it must be through education. Our only safeguard is the intellectual development of every citizen. Our laws to-day, and justly too, deprive the insane and idiotic of the right of suffrage, because the ballot would be unsafe in the hands of such persons; but astonishing as the fact may seem, we have two million of voters that are absolutely unable to read and write, and one half are grossly and dangerously ignorant. Is the ballot not equally unsafe in the hands of such persons? yea, more! They are the tinder from which demagogues kindle revolutions in politics and gain political power. If this be not true, why this floating, ever-changing mass that goes with the most popular tide? They are not the educated; for these are moved by reason, and not by harangues of demagogues.

We must not deprive these men of the ballot; but if we would perpetuate this government, we must broaden our system of education, extend its privileges to all, and compel the rising generation to attain to that intelligence which will fit them for citizens. In the early days of the republic, when the people were more nearly equal in education; when the scum of society that to-day infests our cities was almost unknown, then there was such a happy commingling of capital and labor, as almost to preclude the idea, that a conflict between these could ever exist in our land. But of late this has become one of our most alarming questions.

I do not pretend to say that the legislation, for the past few years, has not been in behalf of the capitalists, and to the detriment of the laboring man. Facts are to numerous against such a position. I do not disparage the laborer, because his hands are hardened and his face is brown. The laboring men are the bone and sinew of our nation; and when we crush *these*, we crush out the very life-blood of our republic. Neither do I claim, as do some, that the world owes those a living who sit around on dry goods boxes, and are too lazy to earn their bread. The world owes no man a living, unless he earns it by honest and earnest toil. Legislation can never set at rest, for any length of time, the strife between capital and labor. You may give the poor and ignorant man the money to-day; and unless you bind the money-shark, he will not possess it to-morrow. Then if you would remove the strife between capital and labor, you must do it by education. I claim with Walker that the principal difference between capital and labor is education; and as one has said, "Universal suffrage in the United States is sure to carry questions between capital and labor into politics, and the United States is the only nation in which questions between capital and labor cannot be settled by force, but must be settled by reason;" then if questions between capital and labor must be settled by reason, through the ballot, "we must educate or we must perish."

PRACTICE.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT CONCORD, N. H., DECEMBER 27, 1881.

BY JOHN M. SHIRLEY, ESQ.

WHAT I have to say to-night is primarily a family talk to students and those who have just entered the profession.

The law, like everything else of human origin, is the creature of growth, and subject to decay.

In 1800 there were some three or four volumes of reports published in the United States—all told. They could all be carried with ease in any lawyer's green bag with his papers.

To-day we have a variety of criminal reports, railway reports, reports in patent cases, probate or surrogate's reports, and selected reports on special topics with annotations.

There are thirty-six volumes of the American Reports, so called, which are increasing at the rate of four or five volumes per year.

When we have them in full, we shall have some seventy-five or eighty volumes of the American Decisions.

Besides all these we have of the reports of the federal courts,—supreme, circuit, and district,—and those of the court of claims and of the District of Columbia, and of the higher courts in the several states and territories, three thousand volumes in round numbers which are increasing at the rate of about one hundred volumes annually.

Mark the contrast!

But this is not all. The work has only just begun. New territories are to be converted into states; old states are to be divided; large states are to be split into fragments; the old world is emptying its surplus population upon our shores as never before; the migration from the old to the new states goes on apace; cities spring up by magic; and over what, but a few years before were deserts or unknown lands, great trans-continental lines of railway are pushing; great rivers, the arteries of commerce, have been spanned by bridges costing sometimes twenty million dollars, the greatest feat of engineering of modern times; soon the whole country will be gridironed with railroads; and the "tongue of fire," as Whittier called the telegraph, will be everywhere:—All this with the complexities of what we term civilization, and the lightning pace at which we travel, builds up gigantic interests which must be the subject of litigation, changes the character of our people and their modes of thought, and must result not only in a change in the machinery of litigation—the forms of procedure in our courts—but a change in the structure of the body of the law itself throughout the union.

If in eighty years we have gone up from two or three volumes of reports to as many thousand, what is to confront those who are to come after us?

We may divert, but nothing can stop the rush of the current, or the sweep of the stream. If what we have seen is the green leaf, what shall we have in the dry? If what we have seen of the publication of reports, is the art in its babyhood, what is it to be in its maturity? From where are the eyes to come to read these volumes; where shall we find the time to master the problems which these reports present; to evolve light from darkness and make crooked things straight?

This great evil is not far distant. It is already at our doors. It is breaking the backs of the 'old soldiers of the legion' whose mantles are soon to fall upon the shoulders of the younger members of the profession. As things now stand, it is not only a legal but a human impossibility for us to have any substantial uniformity in the practice of the various courts in these United States. Our situation is very different from that in the mother country. There one tribunal is the head, and the path through all other tribunals leads directly to that head. Whatever may be necessary there, can be modified by an act of Parliament; but here both the State and Federal Constitutions stand in the way, and we have, in a general sense, two entirely distinct systems of jurisprudence, operating upon the same territory, upon the same persons and the same property.

Many a magnificent structure has fallen from the immensity of its own weight, as did the great Roman Empire from which we have derived so much that is wise and good in our law.

The very framework of the government under which we live, and the body of the law itself, are in even greater danger from the same cause, than the forms of practice.

The great men who framed the Federal Constitution were not perfect, but they were men of long experience, of great practical sagacity, and masters of the two great systems of law to which we owe so much.

As a whole their work was the grandest creation of human hands. But every candid reflecting man knows that some of its most important provisions have utterly broken down, in a practical sense, under the immense weight of the union and the gigantic interests that have grown up under its protecting ægis.

The clause providing for impeachment, as respects every man who has any practical shrewdness or is a partisan, has become a dead letter. It does not even rise to the dignity of a "scare-crow," as Jefferson once called it.

In general, a commissioner, a district, a circuit, or a supreme court judge, is responsible to nobody, and this is especially true of the first three. Each within his domain is a Turkish Cadi, nominally guided by the law, but really controlled by his own sweet will. That many of these have had a becoming sense of the great trust committed to their keeping, and that the white sheep have been more numerous than the black, is nothing to the purpose. The evil is in any system which, no matter how high sounding in theory, practically commits our lives, liberties and property to the control of any one man who can neither be impeached, removed from office or controlled if he chooses to abuse his trust.

If it should be made the duty of the federal supreme court, to revise the doings of all these inferior tribunals, as our own supreme court may ours, the legislation would be worse than useless for that court has already broken down with the immensity of the work thrown upon it.

To magnify its labors a thousand fold would be simply to add a thousand impossibilities to one, while without its supervision, it would be simply impossible to bring about uniformity in practice. That court has now nominally nine judges. To increase the number would be a remedy worse than the disease. No court of last resort should ever have more than three, five, or at most seven judges. When the number gets above seven—and as a rule when more than five—it becomes a cross-between a committee and a town-meeting for whose acts no one is responsible, instead of a court, and is apt to be split into cliques and cabals, where log-rolling instead of law controls the decisions. If the cases are not assigned—they never ought to be—three judges can decide faster than five, five faster than seven, seven faster than nine, and so on *ad*

infinitum. If they are assigned, then, in general, parties get the opinion of one man instead of the opinion of the whole court.

For years the supreme court of the United States has been three years behind its docket, and the business has been constantly increasing, notwithstanding Congress has doubled the jurisdictional test so that in general no one can get there from the Federal courts unless the value of the matter in dispute exceeds five thousand dollars.

There is one practical remedy so far as the court is concerned, and that is to increase the valuation test until nobody but Jay Gould, Vanderbilt and their fellow billionaires can go there, making it what it is fast becoming, a tribunal before which none but the rich can be heard. When that hour comes, if it ever does, the court will be the titled and gilded prostitute of the gigantic moneyed interests of the country, and will make such decrees as its owners desire. When we reach that place we shall have no need of courts.

Some eminent members of the profession, admitting these evils in their fullest extent, think the only remedy a congeries of appellate courts subordinate to the supreme court.

The result necessarily must be that we should have from ten to twenty-five supreme courts besides the one at Washington. Suitors unless rich would have to roll the rock of Sisaphus through the tribunals named without reaching at last the one which alone could establish a uniform rule. Those inferior supreme courts would be sure to disagree as to the law, and establish different rules of practice, partaking of the character of all types from that of Arizona to New Hampshire, and thus establishing a veritable Babel in practice.

These evils will be felt to a much more marked extent in a few years than at present.

The practical question for you to consider is what course shall be pursued by you, and the answer from the lesson is a ready one. You must follow the course so common in the mother country—become specialists—or you must become masters of the law and practice in the state where you intend to live, and, except in a general sense, pay no attention to anything outside of it.

Special practice developes acuteness as a general propersition at the expense of strength, or as Coleridge put it, "sharpens the intellect as a grindstone does a knife, by narrowing the blade." As a rule no man can, at present, afford to follow a specialty in New Hampshire and a large share of the States in this union. In New York and some of the other large cities he may. Some make a specialty of patents, others of commercial law, others of admiralty, others conveyancing, others real estate, others divorce, and others of equity practice; while some confine themselves to practice even within specialties to particular courts. But the only alternative for a New Hampshire lawyer is to become a master of the jurisprudence of his own state; and this is all any one man ever ought to be asked to do.

Practice is a very elastic term. India-rubber bears no comparison to it. At sometimes, in the same jurisdiction, it means much, at others little. In a general and enlarged sense it means every step taken by a lawyer from the first consultation with his client in his office, until he pays him over the funds which are the fruits of his judgment, and takes his receipt therefor.

In a more familiar sense it is getting the use of the tools of the trade, as an engineer does of the machinery of his engine—the practical as compared with theoretical knowledge.

At an early day in the mother country there were no pleadings—nothing in writing—and the practice ment the entire conduct of a cause after it was fairly in court.

A mastery of practice was there regarded, not only as one of the first accomplishments of the profession but as a prime necessity at the bar—for this reason all students were expected to attend daily sessions of the court during term and to take notes. Huge volumes on the subject were written by some of the most eminent men in the profession, among which were the great works of Tidd, Chitty, Archbold, Sellon and many others, besides Wentworth's pleadings and practice comprising ten volumes, Saunders three volumes, and a great variety of form books; and the books on practice in the court of chancery.

The opinions on practice in the supreme court of the United States from 1801 to 1865, were regarded of so much consequence by the court and the profession that they were always written by the chief justice. The present acting attorney-general has published one volume on practice in that court. Besides this Abbott has published two, Bump one large volume, and Desty—a man of remarkable powers of compression—one small volume on "Procedure in the federal courts." Besides these we have the works of Conklin on practice in admiralty, the two volumes of Parsons and others.

We have Dane's abridgment of the American law, comprising eight volumes, much of which is upon general practice. It is a muddy, ill-digested work, but in some respects of great value. We have, too, the seven or eight volumes on practice by Con. Robinson. The first edition was published in 1832. It is the work of one of the foremost lawyers of his day, to which the author has devoted a large share of his time for nearly half a century. We have, too, the works of Mr. Wait, a small library in themselves. He died last year by his own hand, the result of matrimony and intemperance, and no greater loss has befallen the profession for many years. He was a man of immense industry, singular acuteness and power of compression, and seemed to have an instinctive grasp upon all the cases on any given subject he touched. Had he lived to complete the next edition of his works he would have been the greatest benefactor of his profession that we have known for the past fifty years.

The pioneer work on practice in New England was that by Judge Howe. This was followed by Judge Colby's work; and that in turn by Mason's; and that, in Maine, by Spaulding's which is Howe's work with some of the modern improvements.

All these give much valuable information, with much that never was of any use, much that is no longer of any use, and all omit much that is most essential to any practitioner.

The practice in New Hampshire has a history of its own.

The Provinces of Massachusetts and New Hampshire were in many things in general accord; but in other things were at opposites. Massachusetts was in general at war with the home government, but New Hampshire, except so far as the same resulted from the Masonian and other great proprietary grants, was, in general, in accord with that government.

For generations the litigation was largely in relation to real estate. The people—the squatters—the land-holders—were substantially all on one side, and Mason, the governor and council and the small squad of royal favorites on the other. The people claimed that the juries should be elected at town-meeting, and the court party that they should be selected by the marshal who was their tool. The people claimed, as Englishmen, the right of the jury to return a general verdict, in a word, that the jury should settle everything, while the court party claimed that everything should be determined in the last resort by the governor and his council.

The people for generations hated with a hate that knew no ceasing any idea of a court of chancery, because, as they regarded it, that court was created and Mason made chancellor to enable him to rob them of their lands. This

feeling was so strong that when our constitution was adopted, a proposition that the legislature might create a court of chancery, with the provision, in substance, that the jury might try all questions of fact, was defeated by the people.

It probably never occured to anybody when they had defeated a proposition authorizing the legislature to create a court of chancery providing all questions of fact could be tried by the jury, that they had granted to the legislature the power to establish such a court which could deprive anybody of the right of trial by jury.

So far as the court of chancery in this State is concerned, it is obvious that, if the sense of the people was of the slightest earthly account, its existence is without a shadow or tittle of constitutional authority.

Prior to the adoption of any constitution, the people had triumphed. As a rule, all questions of law and fact, in the way I have stated, were tried by jury.

The courts before the union with Massachusetts were all held in the "four towns," as they were called, close to the sea-coast, and at a later day and until 1772, at Portsmouth.

All the judges—three and generally four—unless as sometimes happened they looked at the wrong almanac—attended and presided at the trial. When there were four of the judges, as not unfrequently happened, sometimes all charged the jury and oftentimes ranged themselves on opposite sides and the result not unfrequently was a "hung jury."

The result was that in five years there were fifty disagreements, and not unfrequently causes were tried with disagreements five or six times, but as a rule the stout-headed and stout-willed jurors rode rough-shod over these quarreling moderators, and rendered such a verdict as they thought on the whole was best.

There were no law terms, as we understand them,—such a thing was never heard of in those days. All questions of law, so far as they could be decided at all, were decided at the trial terms, and in general, on the spur of the moment.

We had no law court as such, until the passage of Judge Parker's act in 1832, but the practice of reserving cases to be considered in vacation originated entirely with Jere. Smith after he became chief justice in 1802.

He first introduced the single judge system at trial term. This was overturned and again restored when he became chief justice a second time. It was again overturned when the superior court was created in 1816, and for years all the judges in that court sat together at the trial term; and their opinions which go to make up the earlier volumes of New Hampshire Reports, though generally considered in vacation, were read or announced at the trial terms.

Long prior to the accession of Judge Smith, the court had been invested with the power to make rules regulating practice, but there is no evidence that they ever made any.

There were strong men upon the bench at that time, but these men were not lawyers. No one but a cheap lawyer could afford to take such a place.

There were but eight lawyers in the state as late as 1768, and they increased slowly after that; but the majority of them had much more learning and ability than the courts before which they practiced. The result was that every case, like every tub, stood upon its own bottom, and every case was decided upon what the jury regarded as its own merits. The result was, although we had statutes, to use the language of Chancellor Kent, "we had no law of our own, and nobody knew what it was."

It was utterly impossible under such circumstances, that there could be any settled course of practice. A few things, however, were so well settled that neither judge, jury, nor counsel thought of questioning them, and a comparison with the modern practice may be useful.—

1. Every writ, in general, ran against the body of the defendant, that is, its mandate was to attach the goods, "or for want thereof the body of the defendant, and him safely keep," &c.

This mandate did not mean what it said, but exactly opposite what it said. It meant that the sheriff might arrest the body of the defendant, and put him in jail without his making any search for goods, and without regard to whether the defendant had any goods or had not.

Of course the defendant had the right to furnish suitable bail but whether it was suitable or not, the sheriff was the judge.

This put the bail for the time being in the shoes of the sheriff. They had the power, as he had, at any time and any place, to take the body of the defendant, even if sick unto death, as not unfrequently happened, and commit him to jail, and if they failed to do so, after judgment, they became bound to pay the entire claim against him; and this in the few cases in which it can be applied is understood to be still the law of this state.

But in practice the power went far beyond this. The sheriff claimed the right under the *capias* issued while the dying man was living, to keep his rotting corpse above ground until the debt claimed was satisfied, and this has repeatedly been done in this province and state; and no one, so far as I have ever been able to learn, either on the bench or at the bar, ever questioned the soundness of this law.

This practice, however, did not originate here. It was imported from the mother country, and we received it as part of our law.

You will find in some of the earlier reports that this thing was done, or attempted to be done, in Great Britain. Able counsel however there, brought the question before the court in three or four instances, and so far as I am able to find the courts have denied the power. It must, however, at some time have been the traditional law of the mother country, or able counsel would not have so advised, and our ancestors would not have received it without a whisper of doubt.

2. The rule of practice in early days was that everything movable might be attached.

The sheriff had the power to take the last pig, the last cow, the fire-shovel and tongs and other articles of value, and the cases are legion in which all this has been done.

There was to this rule, however, two well-settled exceptions, and they were both in favor of the gentler sex.

A sheriff had no right to take a woman's clothes, &c., from her person. This exemption was characterized by the phrase, "nobody can touch a smock," and out of this came a phrase which was commonly on the lips of snowy-haired men fifty years ago, "it's safe in a smock;" and "it is good, if it is smock money." What they ment by it was, the money, trinkets, pins and small wares which the women used to hide away in their clothes to keep them away from the sheriff and not be seized by him.

The second was that no sheriff could take away a bed with a woman on it. No man had any right to a bed, neither had a woman unless she was on it.

It used to be a pastime among the old settlers to tell the shrewd ways resorted to by sheriffs to get round these exemptions. One story told everywhere was that a sheriff went to a house and seized everything else, but the wife had been recently confined and was on the bed with her child. He could not

attach the bed unless by some strategy, so he praised the child, got the mother to show it, and ran out doors with it and put it on a snow bank. The mother, as he calculated, disregarding her condition, ran after it, and then he attached the bed as she was no longer upon it.

Whether any such incident ever took place or not is more than I know. I can only say it was told me more than forty years ago by men and women from eighty to one hundred years old, with the incidents of time, name and circumstances; that I found their statements in relation to similar matters correct; and that I never doubted the story. It was told as illustrating the extreme of a bad practice, and not as a common occurrence; and let us hope for the honor of human nature that it was so, if it ever happened.

3. Under the present practice, a sheriff attaching goods, &c., is bound to take an apparently responsible receiptor; and it is no concern of the sheriff whether he afterwards becomes irresponsible or not; but such a proposition would have astonished sheriffs and courts alike a century or more ago. Then the sheriff making the attachment had the power to remove the goods if he saw fit, without regard to wind or weather. He could take a receiptor if he chose, but was under no obligation to do so. It was immaterial whether the receiptor was good, bad or indifferent. The sheriff was responsible precisely as if the goods were in his own hands. Some forty or fifty years later the court held that if he removed them in improper weather he rendered himself liable, but even then divided upon the question whether the suit should be brought in trespass or in case.

4. After exemptions from attachment came into existence, it was long the practice to attach the exempted goods when moving. The theory was that they were protected while in use in the house, but when loaded upon the teams lost their character as such. Nobody that I am aware of, had for generations, any more doubt of the soundness of this law than they had of the inspiration of the Holy Writ. It has repeatedly been done within my memory. It was done in my presence when the Montreal Railroad was building from what is now Tilton to Laconia. A tenant of Henry Tebbetts of Northfield had loaded his goods without paying the rent to remove to some other place on the line where he was to work under his contractors. Tebbetts brought his suit, attached the goods upon the load, and the debtor paid up. So strongly intrenched was this principle in the public mind that in at least fifty instances in my practice, intelligent men have insisted that this was the law of the land.

Judge Colby puts this "delusion," as he terms it upon the same ground as that in relation to "swearing through glass." But the two things rested upon a very different basis. The English judges from the earliest period have been in the habit of charging the jury upon questions of fact. The earlier judges in this State, knowing little or nothing about the law, naturally followed this custom, or fell into the same habit. They were accustomed to tell the juries to scrutinize with care the testimony of those who claimed to have seen others through glass commit criminal acts. It was not an unbending rule of law, but simply a practical suggestion on a question of fact. The glass at that time was very different from that now in use. It was oftentimes from one third to one half an inch in thickness, of a dusky hue, alternately convex and concave, or waving in form. It was very difficult to discern things through it distinctly.

5. The books are full of discussions upon the subject of divorces *a mensa et thoro* and *a vinculo*. The first divorce granted in New Hampshire was from bed and board. No other of that kind was ever granted. All the rest have been from the bonds of matrimony. As the law has always been held in this State, this set both parties free, and as a consequence both had the right to marry again.

6. The statute requires that every libel for divorce must be signed by the libellant, if of sane mind, and above the age of consent, otherwise by the parent, guardian or next friend. This is simply a practice statute. It made no change either in the law or the practice, and as a consequence counsel cannot sign a libel for divorce, "A. B., by her atty., C. D.," as he can in a great variety of other cases. He may however write the name of the libellant in his or her presence and by his or her direction. If it were otherwise those who are blind, who could not write, or who had no arms or hands, might never be able to get a divorce. The history of this practice is very simple when understood.

Until 1784, there never was any statute authorizing a divorce. All divorces were granted by the legislature upon the theory of parliamentary omnipotence, subject of course to the negative of the king and council. Divorces were obtained upon a petition to the legislature. More strictness was required in those petitions in early days than now. The petitioners all had to sign their names or make their mark or direct some other person in their presence to sign their names, and as a rule people petitioners always signed their own names. These petitioners were heard by committee. The committee heard the parties and their witnesses in person or upon affidavit as the committee saw fit. Husband and wife could testify against each other before these committees, when they could not in any other matters, because all petitioners could testify in their own behalf before legislative committees. The constitution of 1784 transferred this jurisdiction as it stood bodily to the highest court, until the legislature should see fit to change it. The result of course was that husbands and wives testified against each other in person before that court or furnished their affidavits just as they did before the committee. The result of this was that in a large share of the cases until 1836, divorces were granted in the superior court upon affidavits. These affidavits were not unfrequently drawn up by the parties themselves or Justices of the Peace instead of being drawn up by counsel.

This practice culminated in the famous case of Poor *v.* Poor, 8 N. H., 307, decided at the December term, 1836, for Rockingham county. Her affidavit in that case was drawn up by the wife herself as the opinion shows. The abuse of the practice was stopped by the rules of court providing that parties must be heard upon depositions alone. This practice was again so abused by parties and counsel that the legislature at last interfered. In one case, between four and five thousand pages of testimony were taken. The court, Judge Perley at the head, refused to examine the evidence, and appointed the present Judge Carpenter a master to hear and decide the cause.

This practice became enormously expensive. I framed a bill transferring these causes to the trial term, providing that the parties might be heard orally or by depositions, or both, and giving the court power to bring the parties and their witnesses before the presiding judge. Judges Doe and Jere. Smith, Mr. Ramsdell, Judges Sargent and Perley, rendered their efficient aid in carrying it through the House. With the aid of Judge Perley I got it through the Senate by the skin of its teeth; and this is the foundation of the present practice.

The court had no power to issue injunctions in early days. That came in vogue after 1832. More recently attachments have been authorized in divorce as well as in equity suits. A great deal of diversity and uncertainty arose under this act, but the practice is now understood to be settled. The counsel for the plaintiff takes an ordinary blank writ, fills up the mandate with such sum as he thinks proper, inserts that the defendant be required to answer in a libel for divorce, filed by the libellant on such a date against the libellee, returnable at the term specified therein, puts it into the hands of an officer

who does his duty and makes his return to the attorney from whom he received it.

Answers to a libel for divorce are required in some States. Because there divorce comes under the head of the chancery practice or the provisions of a code, but no answer is ever required in this State, nor have I ever heard of but one in practice.

The divorce practice in this state is the simplest and plainest in the world. All that is necessary is to set out the common sense of the libellant's case. But where the cause alleged is "extreme cruelty" or such treatment as "injures the health or endangers the reason," the libel must set out the specific acts upon which the libellant relies, with their dates and the places where it is alleged they took place. This is in the nature of what is known as a bill of particulars. If it were otherwise the libellee might be charged with "general cussedness" and never know what he had to meet until he heard it from the lips of adverse witnesses.

7. Owing to the prejudice against such tribunals before suggested, no chancery powers worth mentioning were conferred upon any court in this state until the act of December 29, 1832. This act was framed by Joel Parker, afterwards chief justice. The whole of our equitable jurisdiction to-day rests upon the ninth section of that act. At the time of its passage few lawyers in this state knew anything about the practice in such matters. For a quarter of a century the practice in equity matters was monopolized by less than half a dozen men,—Chancellor Hobbs of Wakefield, Joe Bell of Haverhill, and a few others. The practice was founded upon the English practice. It was tedious and prolix beyond measure. The very door to the equity court, to the younger members of the profession bore an inscription akin to that which the great Italian found written over the gates of hell, "all hope abandon ye who enter here!" But step by step some of them mastered some part of the system. In 1859, Josiah Quincy of Rumney and myself were members of the judiciary committee. To my mind he was one of the most sagacious, practical and level headed men I ever met. I went to him and said, "Mr. Quincy, people bring to me cases in equity. I do not know anything about the practice, it is so cumbrous and confused and can find no one to tell me. Is there not some way by which the excresences can be lopped off, and this jargon be rendered intelligible to a young man who has industry and energy?" His answer was, "Yes, and it ought to be done. I have thought the matter all over and framed two or three sections of the bill. I will perfect it and bring it in." He did so, and explained both the bill and its necessity. After he had done this, the chairman asked that the matter might lie over for two or three days until he could confer with two members of the court, and see if the same result could not be reached by the court establishing a code of rules for the regulation of causes in chancery. The judges agreed to do it. Mr. Quincy's bill dropped. Judge Bell, the court assenting, framed our rules in chancery, and to this, you owe the simplest and plainest chancery procedure in the world. All you have to do is to master the law and facts of your case, and then set out the facts and what you desire the court to do in clear, comprehensive and terse language; and you must observe the same rules in framing answers, replications, and the like.

These new rules gave a great impetus to chancery practice. During all this time these causes were heard alone upon depositions, instead of oral testimony. In this way weeks were wasted when days would have served all the purposes; but in 1870, the act to which I have already referred was passed, taking divorce, equity and a variety of other causes to the trial term. To-day, as a rule, the remedy in equity can be had in much less time then in a court of

common law. Many cases are constantly arising in which no lawyer can tell until the testimony is all in, whether his remedy should be had through the medium of a court of equity or the courts of law. To obviate this great evil a new practice has been established. When counsel have doubt, they may bring a suit at law and then file with it a bill in chancery. When the case is all in the court can give him relief in either, according as they think his case entitles him. He may reverse this process by first bringing his bill in chancery and then a suit at law with the same result. Practically it comes to this, that if a plaintiff has an honest case upon which he can stand, the court by amendment and upon such terms as they deem just, will give him such redress as he ought to have, no matter whether he began by writ, petition or bill.

8. When Chief Justice Smith came to the bench in 1802, special pleading in this state was neither an art nor a science. When he left the bench in 1816, it was both; and its influence continued in the same general direction for years. Nothing sharpened the wits or the intellects of men more. Men became so astute and acute that they not unfrequently got lost in their own tortuous paths. The practical difficulty with a system of special pleading was that it was really bottomed upon the theory that human affairs were controlled by the rules of logic and capable of being reduced to mathematical propositions, whereas few things are farther from the truth. The result was that justice was entangled in the meshes of petty technicalities. The legislature interfered. Nobody now is compelled to plead specially, though he may if he see fit. And for one I rejoice that the day has passed. The machinery of the law was designed to subserve the ends of justice, and not merely to sharpen the wits of men and develope their power to invent Chinese puzzles.

But I do not go to the extreme that a Missouri legislature once did. They passed an act to abolish special pleading and stopped there. The result was that nobody knew what to do. The plaintiff was not bound to tell what he claimed, nor the defendant to state his case. A trial resembled a town-meeting held by lunatics more than anything else, and the legislature was compelled to repeal the act the next year. A fair trial cannot be had unless the plaintiff is compelled to set out on paper the ground work of his case and the defendant follow the same course in his answer.

The subtlety of special pleading lasted longer in Vermont than it did in this State; and I trust no student who desires to understand what special pleading meant will fail to examine the case of Susanna Torrey *v.* Roswell M. Field, 10 Vt., 353-417.

The purpose of the defendant as shown by that case may not have been the most praise-worthy, but his pleadings are masterpieces.

This and the Field divorce suit, 13 Vt., 460, are among the most celebrated causes. Field was an eminent lawyer. He married in due form, Mary A. Phelps in 1832. Without a divorce, she soon after married one Clark, an old sweet-heart. Field believed that she had been alienated from him through the influence of her mother and other relatives, and from disreputable motives. He therefore filed a bill in chancery in the name of himself and wife against her mother and the other heirs, to free her real estate from the cloud of their title. This bill imputed to her mother and others all manner of iniquities. As some of the defendants did not reside in the state, Field had the bill published in the newspapers. His wife's mother, who had married Torrey, thereupon brought suit for slander against Field. Field filed ten special pleas, reiterating the slanders and justifying them in pleading. He finally won, ammerced the plaintiff in costs and drove her out of court. Whereupon his wife's second husband filed a suit in chancery to dissolve the marriage between his wife and Field. The supreme court of Vermont, in effect, restrained Field from setting

up that he was married upon the ground that parties might be married *de bene esse*, so to speak, and that no marriage was valid, though all the ceremonies were duly performed without what is sometimes known in the law of marriage and divorce as "consummation." The result was that Field who was a great linguist, a man of many accomplishments, and a great lawyer, went to St. Louis, starved for about seven years and then became a star of the first magnitude in a bar that was one of the foremost in the union.

9. In theory, the practice is regulated by the rules of court. The power to make these rules was conferred upon the court by statute at a very early period. Whether the statute added anything to the inherent powers of the court may admit of question. The boundaries of these powers are loose and illdefined, but very little trouble has yet arisen on that account. Perplexity not unfrequently arises from the fact that these rules are contradictory, susceptible of two or three different interpretations; or must be modified by construction to prevent their defeating the end for which they were created. Another source of trouble lies in the fact that judges not unfrequently fail to master the rules established by the court of which they are members. There is still another source of perplexity more troublesome than either to the young practitioner. He finds a rule as plain to himself and everybody else as a pikestaff, but he finds as well that the presiding justice when it is cited pays no attention to it.

Judge Redfield, in Torrey *v.* Field, 10 Vt., 407, already referred to, upon this point says: "A majority of that court are not supposed to be acquainted with the rules of practice in the court of chancery, and are not bound to be, for rules of court are no part of the fixed law of the land. They are liable to change from term to term by order of the court, and in fact do change without its being supposed that any fixed principle is thereby unsettled." This doctrine has been affirmed in this state. The short of all this is that every judge exercises a species of "despensing power" and may suspend or disregard any rule of practice at his pleasure.

It may be useful to advert to a few practical questions which are liable to arise every day in practice, and this I do by request.

DOCKET MARKING.

1. The cases abound with the phrases, "rule," "rule of court," "rule, *nisi*," "rule absolute," &c.

A rule means an order of court. A rule of court is an order or commission to a referee and the like. "Rule *nisi*, is in general an order of judgment *unless* the court *in banc*, or some other court otherwise order. "A rule absolute," is in general where the court above confirm the order of the court below.

2. "Continued *nisi*," means continued unless otherwise ordered by the court. The effect of this order is double: first, that of a continuance, and second, it keeps the court in session in legal contemplation as respects that particular cause until some further order is made.

3. "Rule enlarged," means that some order of court like that of a reference which would otherwise expire, is revived or continued in full force until another term.

4. "Judgment *nisi*," means that the cause goes to judgment at the term when the order is made unless the court shall otherwise order. This entry may have the effect as before suggested of keeping the court in session in relation to that particular cause until judgment is entered or some further order made.

5. "Neither party," means that none of the parties respond to the call of the court. In effect it is an entry that the cause goes out of court, and that

neither party takes anything as a consequence. It is evidence tending to show that the matter in controversy has been adjusted.

6. "Nonsuit," mean that the plaintiff backs out of court with a bill of costs against him, if the defendant sees fit to exercise his privilege.

7. "Call the defendant," and "deft. called," are simply relics of an ancient practice. Every deft. was presumed to have had personal service, and in consequence was presumed to be present in court. He was therefore entitled to his day in court, and by an ancient practice his name was called three times before his right to be heard was foreclosed. It is the notification which precedes the order of default and judgment and the like.

8. "Dismissed," means that the cause is dismissed upon its merits. Its effect is that the suit can never be renewed.

9. "Dismissed without prejudice," means that the cause goes from the docket without any consideration of the merits of the cause, and as a consequence, that the libel in divorce, or in admiralty, or bill in equity, and in general any other cause brought into court by any other process, may be renewed, that is, that a fresh suit may be brought for the same cause.

10. "Transferred and continued," means that questions of law have been raised and taken to a higher court, and that the cause has been continued in the court below to await the determination of these questions in the court above.

11. "Issue to the court," means that the cause shall be tried by the presiding justice instead of being tried by jury or by any other method.

12. "Issues to the trial term," means that the law court will frame certain issues to be sent to the trial term and there to be determined ordinarily by a jury. This term arose from the chancery practice in the mother country. The Lord Chancellor had no jury in attendance upon his court. He had the power to decide all questions of law and fact, but he sometimes directed certain issues to be sent to a jury court. In fact, he framed certain questions to be answered by the jury. The reason assigned was that he might thereby inform his conscience, but he was not bound by anything the jury said or did, and might decide the whole case both as to law and fact himself, and disregard their answers. In practice these issues are generally framed in probate appeals where the question is whether a will was executed under undue influence, or when the testator was insane, or where it was alleged that the signature was a forgery. Formerly "issues" were sometimes framed in chancery but this is rarely done at the present day.

13. "Case discharged," means ordinarily that the law court after deciding the questions of law raised by it has remitted the cause to the court below for some further order, but the entry is sometimes made where the case, owing to mistake or some other reason, was not what the parties intended to have transferred to the law court.

14. "Court," means that there is something for the consideration of the court before the case is disposed of.

15. "Judgment *nunc pro tunc*." means that owing to the death of the defendant or for some other good reason, judgment be entered up at the present term as of some prior term.

16. "Order of notice." and "order complied with," are terms unknown to the common law. The theory of the common law was that no judgment against a defendant was valid unless the court obtained jurisdiction over him by personal service; but by statute the property of an absent defendant might be attached. Notice might be given to him either in person by order of the court or constructive notice by publication in a newspaper. After either of these orders had been complied with, and the defendant had failed to appear

within such number of terms or such other time as provided by statute, the plaintiff was allowed to take judgment against the defendant which would bind that property but nothing else; but it has been held by the Supreme Court of the United States in Penoyer *v.* Neff, unless an attachment was had in the first instance, such judgment would be utterly worthless.

17. "Con. for judgt.," means that the party has the right to take judgment at the term when that order is made, but that for some reason he elects to take his judgment at the next term. Formerly no subsequent attaching creditor could take his judgment without imperiling his attachment until judgment had been taken by all prior attaching creditors. This entry was then in common use. But a statute was passed providing that any creditor might take his judgment without such peril, and as a consequence this entry is fast going out of use.

18. "Judgment by agreement," means that the parties have fixed upon the amount for which the plaintiff shall take his judgment, and have embodied it in a writing entitled as of the term, and signed by the parties or their attorneys, or that such a docket entry has been made by order of the court.

19. "Jury," this means that the party causing this entry has elected to try the cause by a jury so far as the constitution, the law of the land and the rules of court give him that right. By rule of court all causes must be tried in the order in which they are entered upon the docket.

20. "Not for the jury," means that the party causing the entry will allow the other party to take judgment against him unless he can avoid that by making a case for a continuance and the like.

21. The party who makes a motion has, in general, the right to open and close the discussion; but strictly this applies only where the party making the motion seeks to make the court an actor—asks the presiding justice to make some order for his benefit.

22. Sheriffs charge thirty-five cents a mile for committing one prisoner to the State Prison, and twenty-five cents a mile each where there are more prisoners than one. This rule was established by Mace Moulton, the old sheriff in Hillsborough county; and is one of the sixteen or more rules adopted practically or formally by the justices of the old court of common pleas. It has no other authority, but is commonly observed in practice.

JAMES G. HARVEY,

SON of George H. and Rebecca S. (Greenough) Harvey, was born in Canterbury, May 6, 1856; was educated at the St. Johnsbury Academy; read law with Hon. D. C. Dennison, of Royalton, Vermont; was admitted to the bar in Windsor County, Vermont, December term, 1880; and settled in Enfield in the practice of his profession in 1881.

RECORD OF BIRTHS AND MARRIAGES IN THE TOWN OF CANTERBURY, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

FROM THE TOWN RECORDS.

Family of Jonathan Ayers, Jr., Births, Marriages, &c. Entered here March 1st, 1847.

Said Jonathan Ayers, Jr., was Born at Canterbury February 18th, 1811, and was Married in Derry, N. H., March 22nd, 1838, to Mary Rogers, who was Born in Derry, June 20th, 1811.

Their Children: Augustine Rogers Ayers, was Born at Gilmanton, N. H., September 28th, 1839.

Helen McGregor Ayers, was Born at Loudon N. H., December 26th, 1843.

March 23, 1792. Now Entered the Marriage of David Foster and wife, and the Birth of there Children:

David Foster and Sarah Foster, Married November 24th, 1768.

Nathaniel, son of David and Sarah Foster, Born November 19th, 1769.

Sarah, daughter of David and Sarah Foster, Born August 21, 1771.

Nathaniel Foster, son of David Foster, Died April 11th, 1773. Being 3 years and 4 months and 23 days old.

Nathaniel Foster, son to David Foster, Born September 4th, 1773.

David Foster, son to David, Born April 1, 1776.

Joseph Foster, son of David Foster, Born Sept. 22d, 1779.

Timothy Foster, son of David Foster, Born August 21, 1782.

Asa, son to David Foster, Born August 6, 1784.

Asa, son to David, Died January 10th, 1785.

March 23, 1792. Now Enter or Recorded the Birth of Joseph Young's Child:

Daniel Young, son to Joseph Young, Born January 27th, 1791.

John Young, there 1st child, was Born Nov. the 27th, A. D. 1789.

Jeremiah Young was Born Jan. the 14th, A. D. 1793.

Moses Young was Born May the 4th, A. D. 1797.

David Young was Born August 25th, A. D. 1799.

Joseph Young was Born December the 7th. ——

Abigail Young was Born Jan. the 8th, 1802.

John Young Died the 21st of September, 1791.

Canterbury, April 29th, 1792.

Now Recorded the Births of Ebeneazer Kimball Children:

Josiah Kimball, eldest son to Ebenezer Kimball, Born November the 20, 1766.

Ebenezer Kimball, jun., Born February 12th, 1769.

Sarah, daughter to Ebenezer, Born July 29th, 1772.

Ruth Kimball, Born May 8th, 1775.

Moley Kimball, Born May 14th, 1778.

Abner Kimball, Born August 15th, 1780.

Eliphalet Kimball, Born May 10th, 1782.

Canterbury, April 12th, 1792.

Now Recorded the Births of Masten Morrill's Children:

Ezekiel Morrill, Born October 15th, 1779.

Jemima Morrill, Born January 14th, 1784.

Joanna Morrill, Born October 30th, 1787.

Martha Morrill, Born November 12th, 1790.

Comfort Morrill (by his 2d wife), Born October the 24th, 1798.

Canterbury, June 6th, 1792.

Now Recorded the Births of Capt. Jonathan Foster's Children:

Samuel Foster, Born November the 6th, 1771.

John Foster, Born July 22, 1773.

Elisabeth Foster, Born May 15th, 1775.

Lucy Foster, Born September 1, 1777.

Hannah Foster, Born April 26, 1784.

Canterbury, May 5th, 1792.

Now Recorded the Births of Laben Morrill Children:

Hannah Morrill, Born August 14th, 1765, and Died August 25, 1765.

Samuel Morrill, Born April 14th, 1767.

Abner Morrill, Born April 11th, 1769.

David Morrill, Born August 17th, 1771.

Hannah Morrill, Born December 18th, 1773.

Judath Morrill, Born July 7th, 1776.

Sarah Morrill, Born March 16th, 1779.

Jemimia Morrill, Born December 28th, 1781.

Ezekiel Morrill, Born March 2, 1785.

Peter Morrill, Born March 29th, 1789.

Anna Morrill, Born February 23, 1792.

The above named Laben Morrill, Died May 12th, 1812.

The above named Peter Morrill departed this life May 21, 1815.

Canterbury, July 13th, 1792.
Now Recorded the Births of Thomas Lewis Children:

Phebe Lewis, Born August 8th, 1784.
Zilpha Lewis, Born April 15th, 1786.
Mehitabel Lewis was Born July 9th, 1788.
Lucy Lewis was Born September 1, 1790.

Canterbury, May 30, 1796.
Now Recorded the Births of Jonah Whidden Child:

Parker Whidden, Born September 9th day 1795.
Sally Whidden, Born February the 2d, 1798.
Joseph Moore Whidden, Born April 25th, 1800.
Hannah Whidden, Born July the 28th, 1803.
Josiah Patrick Whidden, Born February the 25th, 1806.
Greenleaf Foster Whidden, Born Decem. the 9th, 1808.

Canterbury, December the 14th, 1792.
Now Recorded the Births of Ebenezer Chandler's Children:

Submit Chandler, Born August 30, 1782.
Sarah Chandler, Born March the 10, 1784.
John Chandler, Born October the 29, 1785.
Hannah Chandler, Born August the 5, 1787.
Eligah Chandler, Born July 3, 1790.
Patty Chandler, Born May the 21, 1792.

The Birth of Doctor Jonathan Ketredge first Child:

Born January the 9, 1792, Died January 31, 1792.
Jonathan Kitteridge, Jun., Born July the 7th, 1793.
Joseph Woodman Kitteredge, Born April 1st, 1795.
Martha Kitteridge, Born February the 19th, 1797.
Moses and Aaron, their twins, were Born Novm. the 28th, 1801.

October the 10, 1793. Now Recorded the Births of Richard Haines' Children:

Thomas Haines, Born Sept. the 7, 1774.
Hannah Haines, Born January 31, 1780.
Sarah Haines, Born April 21, 1782.
Poley Haines, Born November 2, 1784.
Martha Haines, Born Sept. 16, 1786.
David Haines, Born August 29, 1789.
Charlotte Haines, Born February 21, 1791.
Comfort Haines, Born September 29th, 1796.
Richard Haines, the father of the above Children, Died November 6th, 1798.

Births of Samuel A. Morrill's family:

Samuel Morrill, Born April the 14th, 1767.
Mary Chase (his wife), Born January the 31st, 1771.
Laban, their 1st Child, Born November the 21st, 1795.
Mary, their 1st Daughter, Born January the 13th, 1799.
Samuel Morrill, Jr., Born November the 19th, 1801.
John Langdon Morrill, Born November the 2nd, 1805.
Sarah Ann Morrill, Born October 12th, 1812.

Births, Marriages, &c.

David Kent, Junr., Born September the 28th, 1795.
Hannah Kent, Born October the 1st, 1801.

Canterbury, December 18, 1793.
Now Recorded the Births of William Terrill's Child:

John Terrill, Born November 30, 1793.
Elisha Andrew Terrill, Born August 31, 1796.
Seth Terrill, Born Nov. 12th, 1798.
Joshua Terrill, Born July the 29th, 1801.
Timothy Terrill, their 7th son, Born October the 12th, 1803.
Hannah Terrill, their 1st daughter, Born the 29th of Nov., 1806.

Canterbury, February 11th, 1794.
Now Recorded the Births of Mr. Abner Clough, Dyed May the 18, 1786.
Elisabeth Clough, the Daughter to Abner Clough, Dyed January 12th, 1787.

March 6th, 1794.
Now Recorded the Births of Obediah Hall's Children:

Sarah Hall, the oldest child, Born Sept. 3, 1771.
Hannah Hall was Born July 29th, 1773.
Polly Hall was Born July 11, 1775.
Jeremiah Hall, Born October 18, 1777.
Betty Hall, Born November 2, 1779.
Ruth Hall, Born September 26, 1782.
Obediah Hall, Jun., Born March 23, 1785.
Lydah Hall, Born November 26, 1787.
Betty Hall, Died November 12, 1795.

March 16th, 1794.
Now Recorded the Birth of Joshua Weeks', Children:

Comfort Weeks, Born August 13th, 1780.
Jemima Weeks, Born March 20th, 1783.
Abigal Weeks, Born January 21st, 1779.
Samuel Weeks, Born December 29th, 1785.
Ezekiel Weeks, Born December 15th, 1787.
John Weeks, Born December 4, 1791.
Thankful Weeks, Born Febr. 19, 1793.



Benning W. Bean

The Wm. H. Brett Eng Co Boston



—THE—

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HON. BENNING MOULTON BEAN.

BY JOHN N. McCLINTOCK.

DURING the early part of the present century, New Hampshire held a more important station among her sister States than ever before or since. Her population was relatively larger than at any other period; her hill-sides and valleys were cultivated by an enlightened, hardy, brave and liberty-loving yeomanry; her public servants were intellectual giants, who by their wisdom and genius, added to the importance of the State; and her talented sons were called to the highest posts of honor in the gift of other communities. Some have had their share of public praise; others, who modestly pursued their ways, who were the peers of their contemporaries, and added luster to the State by their work and character, it will become our pleasing duty to put on record.

Nestling among the hills and mountains to the north of Lake Winnipiseogee, and fringed by its sinuous shores, lies the town of Moultonborough, its lowest level five hundred feet above the Ocean. Nearly a century ago, January 9, 1782, on a homestead, of which his father was the original proprietor, was born BENNING MOULTON BEAN. The place is well-known and a comfortable farm-house marks the spot. From its doors can be seen to the south the broad expanse of the beautiful lake, its shore a mile distant, while on every side rise the grand old granite hills which make New Hampshire famous.

The town of Moultonborough was granted by the Masonian proprietors, November 17, 1763, to Col. Jonathan Moulton and sixty-one others, principally from Hampton. Ezekiel Moulton and a few families commenced a settlement the next year, and were followed the succeeding season by the body of the early settlers, among whom no doubt were Moody Bean and his young wife, afterwards the parents of Benning M. Bean.

Moody Bean, the pioneer, was a native of Brentwood, of Scotch descent, and was the father of six sons of whom Benning Moulton, named in honor of the first proprietor, was the fourth. The oldest, Moody, took up his residence in Kentucky, and was never heard from afterwards; of the two next, David and Jonathan, twins, the former settled in Moultonborough and died at a good old age; Samuel, the fifth son, was a merchant and lived many years in Meredith Village; Josiah, the youngest, settled in the town of Holderness, at a village called Squam Bridge, as a hotel keeper and merchant.

After clearing up his farm, recovering it from the primitive wilderness and reducing it to cultivation, Moody Bean lived many years to enjoy the fruits of his labor and died at an advanced age, a witness to the high honor which had been conferred upon his favorite son, and surrounded by the evidences of his own energy and toil,—the well-tilled fields which he had owned for so many years.

Young Benning M. Bean, was subjected in his early youth to the hardships of a pioneer life, and the deprivations incidental to a new settlement; but early in manhood he evinced a love for learning and eagerly sought instruction from Parson Fowle, an Episcopal clergyman, who lived at Squam Bridge, in the town of Holderness. Teaching became his profession and he taught himself by teaching others. As a young man he won the reputation throughout the adjoining settlements of being a very thorough and successful instructor.

In the year 1815, he was elected by the citizens of his native town to represent them in the State legislature. The following year he received the commission of Justice of Peace and was reëlected to the legislature. The family of which he was a member were Federalists, except himself; he was a Republican throughout his political career, and as a consequence a firm believer in democratic principals. In 1817, he was again called upon to represent his town and was reëlected in 1819, 1820, 1821, 1823 and in 1824. In the election of the latter year he was summoned to ascend the political ladder, and was chosen State Senator. Again in 1825 he was sent to the Senate, and the following year he was elected for the third term. In 1827 he was a member of the lower House, and in 1829 was a counsellor. That year he was a candidate for presidential elector on the Jackson ticket, but the Whigs carried the State at that election and Mr. Bean had not the satisfaction of voting for the hero of New Orleans. In 1831, Mr. Bean was again elected senator and reelected in 1832. During his last term he was called upon as president to preside over the senate. In 1833, Mr. Bean was elected a Representative to Congress, and took his seat December 2, 1833. Associated with him were Dr. Joseph M. Harper, of Canterbury, Franklin Pierce, Henry Hubbard, of Charlestown, and Dr. Robert Burns, of Plymouth, in the House; and Isaac Hill and Samuel Bell in the Senate. In 1835, Mr. Bean was again elected to Congress and served his two terms, when he very gracefully retired from active political life, leaving the field open for younger aspirants, and seeking in private life that rest to which his long and arduous service entitled him.

Mr. Bean was married first, May 31, 1812, to Eliza Ramsey, who died March 19, 1813, leaving but one child, a daughter, to follow her mother in childhood. October 30, 1817, he was married to Lydia Adams. They were the parents of six sons and four daughters; lived together nearly fifty years, and both died in 1866; the husband, February 9; the wife, October 23.

"Mr. Bean secured all his honors where he was born, lived and died, and among people who knew his parents, and all his relatives, and all his surroundings. The plainest statement of his official record is his best biography. The points in his life are early beginning, steady promotion and the unfaltering confidence reposed in him to the end of life. I doubt if there is another case of a man of such poor early advantages receiving such uniform promotion to such great public satisfaction."*

Mr. Bean is remembered by his children as a kind husband, a good father and a conscientious man, of generous impulses, of sterling integrity, and controlled by his ideas of right and wrong. He was a man of good executive abilities, sound judgment, honest, honorable, and enjoyed in a remarkable

*Hon. John Wentworth.

degree the confidence of his neighbors, and received from them many public and private trusts. In local politics for many years he was a power, staunch and true to his political friends, and a fair opponent with his political enemies, the personal friendship of many of whom he enjoyed to the last.

He was standing by the side of his friend, General Jackson, when his life was attempted in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, and often related the incident to his children and friends. According to Mr. Bean's account the excitable old general armed with a cane had to be held forcibly by his friends to restrain him from taking the law into his own hands and wreaking dire vengeance upon his assailant.

After Mr. Bean retired from public life, he lived for thirty years on his beloved farm and attained a good old age, honored and respected by all who knew him.

Of his children, John Q. A. Bean resides in Boston; Benjamin F. Bean lives in Vineland, N. J.; A. A. Bean is superintendant of a division of the Southern Pacific Railroad; George L. Bean lives in Newton, Mass.; William E. Bean lives in Somerville, Mass., and Hannah J., wife of Josiah C. Sturtevant, resides in Centre Harbor. Four of the children have joined their parents.

LETTER FROM JOHN FARMER TO EX-GOV. WILLIAM PLUMER.

CONCORD, January 13, 1830.

Dear Sir: From yours of yesterday I was glad to learn that the Historical Catechism has your approbation, and that Field's Statistical Account of Middlesex county affords you some facts of consequence. I am in possession of several local histories, other than those you mention, and shall send you at this time, by Mr. Corser, one octavo volume of them, and others, which are not bound, I will look up and forward by next conveyance. The History of Dedham is among those I have, and in my judgment is one which affords greater interest to a large portion of readers than that of any other town history. It was written by a gentleman of the bar. I have looked with some anxiety for the History of Exeter, which, it was said some years since, was undertaken by Mr. Smith. That town affords incidents for an interesting sketch.

I have felt the want of *Hasard* very much, and understanding from your son that you possess a copy, intended applying to him to ask of you the favor of the loan of it for a week or two, while he was attending the legislature in 1828. If you could with convenience spare the work, and if it could come safe by Mr. Corser, it would be a great favor to have it for a short time, but I do not ask for it unless perfectly agreeable to you. There is no copy of it in this town, nor any, I believe, so near as yours.

The Worcester Magazine has several good town histories, particularly the one written by Mr. Willard of Lancaster, and I have concluded to send the second volume containing it with the volume before mentioned.

I am Sir, very respectfully,

Your obliged,

JOHN FARMER.

ALONG THE SOUHEGAN.

BY J. B. CONNOR.

NOTWITHSTANDING the avowed hostility which the early settlers of New Hampshire entertained toward the Indians, they accepted and perpetuated many names which the red-man had given to certain localities, and some of the cognomens by which towns, and mountains, and rivers are recognized, are as wild as the untamed spirit of the savages who christened them. The name Souhegan is spelled in a variety of ways, and its signification is even more uncertain than its proper orthography. The Hon. C. E. Potter, translated its meaning as: "The river of the Plains," but quite sensibly adds that that appelation is inapplicable to the greater portion of its bed. Its importance to the commercial interests of southern New Hampshire however, is invaluable, and for the service it renders in contributing to the wealth and prosperity of the Granite State, we can readily overlook its obscure and inelegant name. The Souhegan river has its source in Great and Little Watatic ponds in Ashburnham, and soon entering the town of New Ipswich, pursues a nearly direct course east of north under the name of South Branch, when it unites with the North Branch, originating in Pratt's Pond at the base of Barrett's mountain. The united stream continues its course, inclining somewhat more eastwardly, and crosses the town of New Ipswich just above Mason Village. Almost from the moment of its entrance into the State, the usefulness and power of the Souhegan is apparent. Augmented by numerous streams from Massachusetts, and receiving abundant supplies from the water-sheds to the north, it irregates and fertilizes the beautiful valley through which it flows, and gathers strength to turn the ponderous machinery of some of the proudest industries in the State. Even before it assumes sufficient size to characterize it as a river, it moves the wheels of many incipient mills, and fairly earns its right of way as it goes dancing on to greater triumphs, and when at last it plunges into the Merrimack in the town of that name, its aid in perpetuating the enviable celebrity of those giant corporations at Nashua, Lowell and Lawrence, is readily recognized. It performs no important work at New Ipswich, save that of adding to the scenic grandeur of the locality. Neither is it necessary, for that town having operated the first cotton-mill in the State, and established the first glass-factory, is content to refer with becoming pride to its former activity, to the long list of eminent men she has sent forth to victory, in battle, at the bar and in the sacred cause of religion. Her laurels were fairly won in the prime of life, and now that the days of her commercial prosperity are over, she wins with easy grace admiring glances from the lovers of nature.

The attractions of New Ipswich prove irresistible to large numbers of summer tourists, and the gentlemanly proprietor of Clark Hotel is ever on the alert to extend a cordial welcome and substantial comfort to all. The river only pays its respects to New Ipswich, and then goes bowling along its rocky bed through Mason, and Greenville, and French Village, serving them all with motive power, and rushes headlong upon the dams which dispute its passage at Wilton.

Everybody in the State knows where Wilton is on the map, but that partly-colored sheet can give no idea of the pleasant town, with its busy streets and ceaseless whir of revolving wheels. It conveys no sound of the locomotive whistle or of the rushing of mighty waters, so intimately associated with the

town by all who have visited within its borders. Who, standing upon the hill east of the town and looking down upon the scene of peaceful thrift and happiness at his feet, could fail to say in his heart, how wonderous are the works of God, for by His hand has this lovely spot been redeemed from the wilderness? He alone could have inspired the early settlers with that courage and fortitude of which we, a hundred and fifty years later, enjoy the fruit. He alone could have sustained the widow of the first man who died within these precincts, in her terrible midnight journey through the solitary woods of winter, in quest of assistance. Sitting by our fire-sides surrounded by all the comforts of life, and in the enjoyment of countless luxuries, the heroic deeds of our ancestors seem more like the fancied ideas of a romancer, than acts of real life, and were not the proof of their authenticity before us, we should be inclined to doubt the possibility of their occurance. Gallant deeds of brave soldiers; the heroic conduct of naval commanders; and brilliant achievements of eminent statesmen, history has recorded; but in that dark period preceeding the Revolution, many an obscure and unnoticed individual showed greater heroism than was ever displayed upon the field of battle, in the naval combat, or in the Senate chamber. If the men of that age were brave, certainly they were very ably seconded by the women, and no more striking instance of their stoicism could be exampled than the conduct of Mrs. Badger at the death of her husband, to which we have already referred.

In June, 1735, the Massachusetts General Court, granted to Samuel King and others, in consideration "of their sufferings" in the expedition to Canada in the year 1690, the township of Lyndeborough, and about one third of Wilton on the north side, under the name of Salem Canada. In this part of Wilton, in June, 1739, was the first settlement made. The first settlers were Ephraim and Jacob Putnam, and John Dale, who removed to this place from Danvers, Mass. In 1749, the Masonion proprietors made a grant of the rest of the town under certain conditions, to forty-six persons. The grantees had it laid out, and annexed to a part of Salem Canada, and called No. 2. It was incorporated June 25, 1762, under the name of Wilton, a name probably derived from an ancient borough in Wiltshire, England; and the first town-meeting was held July 27, 1762, twenty-three years after the first settlement. Before the Revolution, a range of lots, half a mile wide was set off to Temple, and thus the town finally assumed its present size and shape. Improvements of all kinds were slow and gradual. The first settlers went to Dunstable to mill; and when Sheppard's mills in Milford, seven miles distant, were built, it was so great a convenience that it was hardly thought less of than a modern railroad. The first grist-mill in Wilton, was built by Deacon Samuel Greele, of Nottingham West. The first saw-mill was near Philip Putnam's, on the North Stream (Stony Brook). The second grist and saw-mill was Hutchinson's, at the east village. These were all the grist-mills erected before the Revolution. The roads were at first little more than foot-paths marked by spotted trees. For a long time there were apprehensions of danger from the Indians; Wilton seems never to have been a fixed residence for them, but merely a hunting-ground. They, however, lived along the Merrimack, and in time of hostility, or when hostility was feared, the first settlers went into garrison. This continued about ten years. One garrison was in Milford, the other in Lyndeborough, near where Ephraim Putnam settled. The Ecclesiastical History of our New England towns, has always been of great interest and importance, and it must be gratifying to all whose native place is Wilton, that the means for religious improvement have ever been carefully provided by its inhabitants.

When the town was first laid out, one share of two hundred acres was set apart for the first minister, and another for the support of the ministry. There

had been occasional preaching here most of the time; and from the records it appears that at least two persons had been invited to settle; but the first minister actually installed was Mr. Jonathan Livermore, who was ordained December 14, 1763, on the same day a church was formed consisting of eight male members. Mr. Livermore was minister thirteen years and resigned. It may be mentioned as an interesting fact, that there were only two families in town during his ministry whose children were not baptised. The first meeting-house was built in 1752. It was used twenty-one years and then taken down. The second one was built during the ministry of Mr. Livermore. They commenced raising it in September, 1773. Such things were conducted differently then from what they are now, and was considered a work of two days. People came from distant towns to see the spectacle, and great preparations were made. A committee of the town appointed the raisers, and ample provisions were made to entertain strangers. The morning dawned amid all the glories of that beautiful season, and people from all parts came in great numbers. Some came on foot, and some practised the method, unknown to modern days, of riding and tying; others were on horseback with their wives or sisters behind on a pillion. It was an occasion of universal expectation. The timbers were all prepared, the workmen ready, and the master-workman full of the dignity of his office, issuing his orders to his aids. All went on prosperously. The good cheer, the excitement of the work, the crowd of spectators, men looking on, women telling the news, boys playing their various games, all made it a scene of general rejoicing. The sides of the house were already up, and also a part of the roof at the east end of the building. One of the raisers from Lyndeborough, Capt. Bradford, had brought over his wife, whom he left on account of illness at the house of Mr. Baldwin, while he went on to take part in the work. Having to pass along the centre of the building, he observed that the middle beam, extending across the centre of the church, was not properly supported. A post was under the centre, but it was worm-eaten and was already beginning to yield and give way under the pressure. In raising the middle part of the roof, the weight of the workmen would come on this beam, which was evidently not strong enough to bear up the timbers and men. He immediately ascended to the roof and informed the master-workman, who, being made over confident by the success thus far, replied that if he was afraid he could go home, that they wanted no cowards there. Indignant at the reply Capt. Bradford went down and started off for his wife, with the intention of returning home. Before reaching Mr. Baldwins he looked back, and saw the men swarming upon the unsupported beam. They were raising up with much exertion and shouts of direction and encouragement the beams and rafters, when suddenly he saw the frame already erected tremble, the men shrink back aghast; the building seemed to rock for a moment to and fro, then all, timbers and tools and men, rushed down together in one mingled mass. The crash was so loud as to be heard nearly a mile. For a moment all was silent, then the air was filled with groans, and out-cries, and shrieks of terror. Of the fifty-three men who fell with the frame, three were instantly killed, two died shortly afterward, and most of the others were more or less mangled and wounded. To understand the impression that the event made at the time, it must be remembered that the whole population of the town was less than five hundred. At a fast which was kept, Mr. Livermore preached from the text, which then must have been peculiarly impressive: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." The event furnished a subject for one of the native poets, and the following memorable stanzas were familiarly sung by the young ladies of the town, as they carded and spun by their firesides:—

In seventeen hundred seventy-three,
September, seventh day.
In Wilton did Almighty God,
His anger there display.

A very great collection met,
The meeting-house to raise,
Wherein to speak God's Holy Word,
Also to sing his praise.

God did their labor prosper in
Erecting of the frame,
Until it was almost complete,
And joyful they became.

They thought the worst was past and gone,
And they were bold and brave;
Poor souls they did but little think,
They were so near the grave.

All of a sudden broke a beam
And let down fifty-three;
Full twenty-seven feet they fell
A shocking sight to see.

Much timber with these men did fall
And edged tools likewise;
All in a heap together lay,
With groanes and bitter cries.

Some lay fast bleeding on the ground,
All bathed in crimson gore,
Crying to Jesus, strong to save,
His mercy to implore.

Some lay with broken shoulder bones
And some with broken arms;
Others lay senseless on the ground
With divers other harms.

One in an instant then did pass
Through deaths dark shadowy way,
Who now is in the realms of woe,
Or in Eternal day.

Two more in a few minutes space
Did bid this world adieu,
Who are forsaken of their God
Or with his chosen few.

The remainder of this poem was not preserved, though it is probable that it went on to describe the sufferings of the wounded and mangled. After many mishaps the church was finally completed near the end of the year 1774, and dedicated the next January, when Mr. Livermore preached a sermon from the text: "But who am I and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort." In July, 1804, the house was struck with lightning, and the middle part at the end rent from top to bottom. In former days, before people had become so delicate and luxurious as now, there

was no fire in the church in winter. The older men chose to have it understood that their zeal kept them warm; while the young men, fearing perhaps lest their reputation for hardihood might suffer in the eyes of the gentler sex, would not confess that they were to be made to feel cold by any weather. But it has been intimated that there were lads, who when the thermometer was at zero, by the middle of the afternoon sermon, were ready, after some misgivings, to give up their reputation for zeal and pride of sex, for the chance of holding their fingers for a few moments over their mothers foot-stove.

Many of the town papers relating to the affairs of Wilton during the war of the Revolution, have been lost. An examination of those remaining prove, that nearly every able-bodied man belonging in the town, was out in the war, and either did service personally, or hired another to fill his place for a longer or shorter period. Wilton was represented in the battle of Bunker Hill, and a large number of her men were in the army at Cambridge. It is known that at least eight, and probably more, were in the battle of Bennington, one of whom, Ebenezer Perry, was killed. Eleven of those that were lost, died in the campaign of 1776, in the north-western army. Two died at New York about the time of the battle of White Plains, and two at Valley Forge. Others were wounded, but it is not known that more than one was killed in battle. An anecdote is related which shows the spirit that prevailed. A young man came to the muster-master (Maj. Abiel Abbot,) to be enrolled for the army. but was found not so tall as the law required. He insisted on being measured again, and it being with the same result, in his passionate disappointment, he burst into tears. He was, however, finally enrolled, on the ground that zeal and courage were of more value in a soldier, than an inch more or less, in height. In 1777, Ichabod Perry, enlisted for *during the war*. The first three years men who enlisted in 1777, were Humphrey Cram, David Hazleton, William Burton, Asa Lewis, Uriah Ballard, Joseph Grey, Christopher Martin, Nehemiah Holt, Amos Holt, William Pettengill and William A. Hawkins. The following are names of those who died in the Revolutionary service, William Burton, Valley Forge, 1778; Asa Cram, Jonathan Grey, Jeremiah Holt, Amos Holt, Soloman Holt, James Holden, John Honey, James Hutchinson, Joseph Lewis, Lieut. Samuel Pettengill, Benj. Pettengill, his son, Ebenezer Perry, Ebenezer Perry 2d, Jonas Perry, Caleb Putnam, Peter Putnam, Josiah Parker, Asa Pierce, Isaac Russell, Nurss Sawyer, Archilaus Wilkins, Jr.

During the ten years following the Revolution, the average price of wheat was one dollar and a half a bushel; rye one dollar, and corn seventy-five cents. The usual wages of a hired man on a farm were from forty to fifty dollars a year, while those employed only during the haying season were given forty cents a day. A letter written by Dr. Abiel Abbot in 1839, he being in the seventy-fifth year of his age to Ephraim Peabody, contains a minute and vivied picture of the early customs of the town. He says: "As I have so good an opportunity to send to you, I will not neglect it; and it being Sunday evening, I will say a word about Sunday of olden times. On Saturday evening the work of the week was finished. My father, after washing and putting on a skillet of water, would get his razor and soap, sit down by the fire and take off his beard; after which he would take his Bible, sometimes some other book. My mother, after washing the potatoes &c., and preparing the Sunday food, used to make hasty pudding for supper, which was eaten in milk, or that wanting, with butter and molasses. The little children were then put to bed early in the evening. My father read a chapter in the Bible and offered a prayer, soon after which the younger part of the family and the hired help went to bed; indeed, the family every night went to their rest soon after supper, especially in summer. Saturday night and Sunday, and Sunday night, a perfect still-

ness, no play going on, no laughing. Those of us who were old enough took the Testament, or learned the catechism or a hymn, and read in the Testament or Primer to father or mother; in the morning for breakfast, we had bread and milk; when this failed, bean and corn porridge was the substitute. Sometime after the Revolutionary war, for Sunday morning, tea and toast were used. As we lived at a distance from meeting, those who walked set out pretty soon after nine o'clock, and those who rode on horseback were obliged to start soon after. The roads and pole bridges were very bad, and the horse always carried double, and often a child in the mothers lap, and sometimes another on the pommel of the saddle before the father. All went to meeting, except some one to keep house and take care of the children who could not take care of themselves. The one that staid at home was instructed when to put the pudding, pork, and vegetables into the pot for supper after meeting. Those who went to meeting used to put into their pockets for dinner, some short-cake, or doughnuts and cheese. We used to get home from meeting at four o'clock, often much later. Immediately the women set the table and the men took care of the horses, and in winter, the cattle &c. In the short days it would often be sundown before, or soon after we got home. The sled with oxen was often used for meeting when the snow was deep, or by those who did not keep a horse. After supper the children and younger part of the family were called together and read in the Testament and Primer, and if there was time, said their catechism (the Assembly's), and some short hymns and prayers. No work was performed except what was deemed absolutely necessary, the dishes for breakfast and supper being left unwashed until Monday. Every person in the town, able to go to meeting, went, and if there were any absent it was noticed, and it was supposed that sickness was the reason. If any one was absent three or four Sundays, tithing-man would make them a visit; this, however was a rare case. The Sabbath was not unpleasant to me, early habit I suppose, rendered the restraint by no means irksome; I do not recollect feeling gloomy, or disposed to play, or wishing Sunday was gone, or would not come. Now what more shall I say? a word about schools. These were poor enough, we used to read, spell, write and cipher, after a sort. Our teachers were not taught. The Primer, Dilworth's Spelling Book, and the Bible, were the books. No arithmetic, the ciphering being from the master's manuscript. My father became sensible that the schools were useless, and in the winter of 1782, hired Mr. John Abbot, who was then a sophomore in college, to teach a month or five weeks in his vacation, and invited the district to send their children gratis. This gave a new complexion to the schools in the South District, and for a number of years after qualified teachers were employed about eight weeks in winter, usually scholars from college. Soon after the improvement in the South District, some of the other districts followed in the same course. To this impulse, I think, we may impute the advance of Wilton before the neighboring towns in education, good morals and sound theology. I venerate my father and mother, more than for anything else, for their anxiety and sacrifice to give their children the best education, literary and religious, in their power."

The inhabitants of Wilton have ever been characterized as a peaceful, religious and law-abiding people. Her ministers and teachers have always had the good of all at heart, and their labors have not been in vain. Many years of toil, of suffering and misfortune were required in the formation of the present prosperous and happy town, and the battles with fire and water were of themselves, sufficient to deaden the ambition of mankind. But the Wiltonians recognize no disaster as very overwhelming, and as each catastrophe has come upon them, they have bravely put the shoulder to the wheel, and fairly insisted upon the high position they occupy to-day.

WILTON IN 1880.

The Wilton of 1880, is a town of 1748 inhabitants, and is one of the most important manufacturing towns in the State. It was among the first to recover from the business depression; and the various wares it produces find a ready market. The sale of milk is one of the leading industries, two car-loads being shipped every morning. The East Village is the business portion of the town; and along Main street are many fine blocks where nearly every kind of trade is plied, while upon the hills upon either side of the river are fine residences. The neat and tidy appearance of the homes, bespeak an amount of solid comfort within; and the general appearance of the town on this bright October morning, forms an extremely pleasing picture. The roaring river bubbles and foams beneath the busy wheels, then flows calmly and tranquilly on in its beaten path. Through the pale-blue heavens feathery clouds are being wafted on fanciful voyages, and the golden sun reflects its splendor among the branches of the forest trees, when leaves are tinted in all the glorious colors of Autumn.

CHURCHES.

The First Congregational Church in Wilton, was embodied, and the first pastor, Rev. Jonathan Livermore, ordained December 14, 1763. The Second Congregational Society, and the only one of that denomination now existing, was formed July 18, 1823. The meeting-house was built in 1829; dedicated in January, 1830; and had for its first pastor, Rev. William Richardson. Rev. A. E. Tracey is the present pastor, and the church is in a flourishing condition. There are two prosperous Unitarian societies in the town, that at the East village being the largest. This church was very fortunate in securing the Rev. J. J. Twiss as its pastor. That gentleman has in every way added interest to the society, and by his able sermons and purity of life, taught many practical lessons for which his congregation will never cease to render thanks. The Baptist Society was formed in April, 1817, Rev. Ezra Wilmarth was the first regularly installed pastor, and the church has sustained a prominent position. Its present pastor, J. H. Lemerd, is a gentleman of fine abilities.

MANUFACTURERS.

The firm of D. Whiting and Sons, has been long and favorably known as manufacturers and dealers in a variety of products. They are the largest milk dealers in the State, and ship three car-loads of that commodity daily to Boston. Their cheese and butter factory is conducted upon a large scale, twenty-five of the former and from three to four hundred pounds of the latter being made every day. They also deal largely in lumber for the manufacture of barrel staves and box shooks, the latter being for the firm of B. T. Babbitt and Co., soap makers. All the coal sold in the town passes through their hands, five hundred tons being their average yearly sales. They keep from five to eight hundred hogs; and run a grist-mill which grinds two hundred bushels of corn a day, and sell an immense amount of flour, and grain. At the manufactory of Hopkins and French, near by, portable writing desks and fancy boxes of all kinds are made. They employ six hands, and a visit to their sample-room is convincing proof of the neatness and durability of their work.

The Newell M'f'g Co., are large manufacturers of carpet yarns. D. Warner and Co.'s mills, produces an immense amount of cotton yarn and twine annually. P. H. Putnam has a furniture manufactory; and D. H. Cragin has plenty to do in supplying the trade with wooden wares and toys.

MERCHANTS.

Among the leading merchants is D. C. Proctor, who occupies the depot store and is the largest dealer in his line. It would be useless to attempt an enumeration of the commodities which he has on sale, for besides the tiers of flour, bags of grain and countless bales and boxes piled about the store, he has hundreds of articles necessary to human comfort and happiness stowed behind the counters. C. L. Tarbell also has a fine line of groceries and country produce, as has also Mr. George A. Carter. At the clothing house of G. W. Wallace may be found all the new goods of the season. Mr. F. P. Kent's cigars and choice brands of "the leaf" are luxuries which the consumer can always appreciate; he has also a commodious livery stable stocked with fine animals. Mr. C. H. Ham, located in Freeman's block, is manufacturer and wholesale and retail dealer in boots and shoes. Mrs. S. M. Smith supplies the wants of the ladies with millinery work and fancy goods.

There are two dentists in Wilton, Dr. E. Wood and Dr. F. M. Pevey; Dr. Wood also has an office in Milford. Numerous other firms and business houses are scattered throughout the town which always has a lively appearance. Wilton possesses a feature which is wanting in many New Hampshire towns of its size, viz: a first-class hotel, new, spacious, with large airy rooms and a cusine unrivalled in this section of the State, it proves a very haven of rest and refreshment to the traveller, and a delightful home for the summer tourist. The genial proprietors, Messrs. S. N. Center and Son, possess the happy faculty of making people comfortable, and the traveling public show their appreciation of their efforts by a generous patronage. The same gentlemen also carry on an extensive trade in groceries, boots, shoes and dry goods. They occupy in this branch two large stores adjoining the hotel. Their block is two hundred feet long, three stories in height, and situated in one of the most desirable quarters of the town.

MILFORD.

After leaving Wilton, the Souhegan pursues a torturous course through miles of fertile valleys and enjoys a well earned respite from toil, until it is once more called into requisition at Milford. Here the old story is told again amid the whirring of machinery and spiteful buzz of circular saws. The citizens of Milford expect their visitors to admire first the natural advantages and facilities of the village, and secondly, the taste displayed in the erection of the new town-house; and certainly no one endowed with ordinary judgment and having an eye for symmetry, could dispute the claim or withhold his praise of the architectural beauty of the edifice. Situated upon the corner of two streets and facing the common, it forms the central object in many of the best views of the town, and its usefulness in a variety of ways can hardly be over estimated. It contains a large and elegant hall; the post-office, and a number of fine stores. H. H. Barber and Adams and Wallace are located here, the former commanding an extensive trade in dry and fancy goods, carpets, and paper-hanging. Mr. Barber is one of the most enterprising merchants of the town, and a better appointed store is not to be found in the State. Adams and Wallace do a large grocery business and have won deserved popularity in that line. Mrs. J. A. Wheeler occupies a store just north of the town-house, in which she has a fair assortment of books, stationary, and chromos. Opposite is a wooden block containing a number of stores, including those of S. C. Coburn, dealer in boots and shoes, and H. F. Warren, in furnishing goods. Mr. Eben Batchelder, so long and favorably known, still continues a prosperous dry goods business,

established more than twenty-five years ago. These and many other firms, in various branches, go to make up the commercial importance of Milford, which is a trade centre of this section. In contradistinction to most of the places in the valley of the Souhegan, Milford boasts of no antiquity and will not celebrate its centennial until 1894. For its origin it is indebted to a genuine outburst of human nature in the form of dissatisfaction, which took place in the old town of Monson. That ancient, now extinct town was incorporated April 1, 1746, and was bounded on the north by the Souhegan river and south by Hollis. Its corporate existence lasted for twenty-four years, during which time, it regularly held annual town-meetings, elected its town clerks, selectmen, tithingmen, hogreeves and other town officers, but there is no evidence that it ever had a school-house, meeting-house, or a "learned orthodox" or other minister. The only public structure ever owned by the town was a pound built for the confinement of disorderly cattle. At the first town-meeting held in May, 1746, it was voted to build a pound and also buy a suitable "book to record votes in, and other things as the town shall see fit." The people of Monson, however, like their neighbors of Hollis do not at anytime seem to have been well content with their chartered boundries. Several expedients in different years came before the annual meetings proposing changes in the chartered limits, some of them favoring additions to its territory, others a division of it in various ways. Among the rest was a proposal adopted at the March meeting in 1760, to annex the land on the south side of Monson to Hollis, and to petition the governor and council for such part of Souhegan west, to be added to Monson as would be sufficient to maintain the Gospel and other incidental charges. Again in 1761, the town voted to set off a mile and a half on the south to Hollis. This last was passed to favor a petition of Hollis to the General Court for the like purpose After this date all questions looking to a change in the boundaries of the town seems to have rested until 1770, when the people of Monson having abandoned all hope of maintaining preaching, or of "settling the Gospel among them," petitioned the General Court to put a final end to their unhappy and troubled corporate life by a repeal of their charter. In this petition they gave as a reason the barreness of the soil about the centre of the town, and their inability to establish the gospel or even to build a meeting-house. The consent of Hollis to accept of two miles in width of the south side of the suppliant town, and of Amherst, all the residue, having been obtained, an Act was passed by the General Court in 1770, dividing Monson by a line extending east and west passing very near its centre, annexing the south part to Hollis and the north to Amherst.

In 1794, the town of Milford was incorporated, the Act chartering it being entitled: "An act to incorporate the south-westerly part of Amherst, the north-westerly part of Hollis, the Mile Slip and Duxbuy school farm into a town. Milford as incorporated included a small part of Amherst, north of the Souhegan, much the largest portion of that part of the old town of Monson, which was ceded to Amherst in 1770, all of the Mile Slip not included in Raby, with the Duxbuy school farm, and an area of one thousand acres taken from Hollis. Thus it will be seen that Monson after having been carved into many slices and served up in a variety of ways, was finally collected, moulded into a different form, given another name, and in its new dress graces one of the most beautiful spots on the Souhegan river.

JAMES PATTEN.

BY REV. C. W. WALLACE, D. D.

HON. Matthew Patten was born in Ireland in 1719, and came with his father's family to this country in 1728, settling in Londonderry. Ten years later he removed to that part of Souhegan East, afterwards incorporated as the town of Bedford, N. H. He was a man of distinction, filling many important offices. He married Elisabeth McMurphy of Londonderry, and they had eleven children, the fifth being James, the subject of this sketch. He was born in Bedford, about 1753.

Of his early life little is known. From that little, however, it appears that he was very unlike his honored father. He was an easy-going sort of a man, who did not like hard work. Yet united with his indolent disposition, was a remarkable spirit of adventure. He scorned to walk in beaten paths, was ever allured by a bright future, and although, like the rainbow it fled at his approach, he pursued it still.

Some incidents in his career, as they illustrate the trials of the early pioneer life, may be worthy of record. A call signed by Gen. Rufus Putnam, who was a native of Sutton, Mass., was issued early in 1786, inviting all those interested in establishing a colony in Ohio, to send delegates to Boston. The convention met in that town the first of March, the same year, and what was known as the Ohio Company was organized. Subsequently, an application was made to Congress for the purchase of 1,500,000 acres of land, and nearly 1,000,000 was procured at 66¼ cents per acre.

On the 7th of April, 1788, the first company of emigrants from New England arrived at the mouth of the Muskingum, and there where its waters mingle with those of the Ohio, they laid out the city of Marietta, naming it in honor of Marie Antoinette. This was the first European settlement in what is now the great State of Ohio.

In that company were several families from Bedford and its neighborhood, and among them was James Patten. He was then about thirty-five years of age and unmarried, which bachelor condition remained through life.

How he made that long journey from New Hampshire to Ohio, we are not informed. It is fair to presume, however, that it was on horseback. At any rate many years after, when he returned to visit the home of his childhood, he made the journey both ways in that manner. How much has steam accomplished to annihilate time and space!

How the pioneer occupied his time for a year or two after his settlement on the Muskingum, we are not informed. He evidently was a very delinquent correspondent. In a letter dated June 13, 1789, addressed to James Patterson, one of the company at Marietta, his father says: "I have earnestly expected a letter from James before this time."

December 1, 1790, the father acknowledges the receipt of a letter from his son, and in his reply gives him many items of information, which, no doubt, would be of great interest to one so far from home. He informs him that at the last March meeting, "We voted to use Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns in public worship," and that "Rev. Mr. Pickles read the psalm or hymn before the singing." This marks the period of the change from lining the hymn to singing it. He also writes: "Ensign Patterson informs me that he thought

you wanted a fine shirt which he proposed to carry. We have no linen at present, of which to make one. We called on Robert Spear for the linen, for he is owing you, but as he had none, he offered to send his own shirt. This, however, was so much worn and patched, fit only to make baby things, it was thought not best to take it."

The following paper, dated Bedford, July 4, 1791, was drafted by Matthew Patten :—

"Whereas my son, James Patten, who was said to have been killed by the Indians up the Muskingum, the second of January last, of whom I have received information by Mr. Isaac Choate of Leicester in the County of Worcester: That he and my son and three others were taken prisoners by the Delaware Indians, on the said second of January, who were all taken to an Indian town about one hundred and fifty miles distant from Detroit, where he was parted from my son the 27th of said January, the day they arrived at said town, being twenty-five days on their march, being stripped almost as naked as they were born, in that inclement season of the year, besides being much beat and abused. Mr. Choate further informs me that he supposes my son may be purchased from the Indians for one hundred dollars. And being moved by paternal affection as well as humanity, I have used my utmost endeavors to borrow the money, but have not been able to procure it nor any part of it. And being advised by a number of my good neighbors to raise the money by subscription: These are therefore to pray for the assistance of all my friends and neighbors to advance to me such sums as they please, to enable me to redeem my son out of the hands of his cruel savage enemies, whose tender mercies are cruelties, hereby assuring every person who may advance any money to me for the redemption of my son, that they shall be paid the sum they advance in money as soon as it is in my power to do it, with the sincere, hearty thanks of your humble suppliant,

MATTHEW PATTEN."

Here follow the names of thirty-seven "friends and neighbors" with subscriptions, in sums varying from one shilling two pence to six shillings. This not being sufficient to meet the demand, another paper was circulated, the whole amount was raised and placed in the hands of Mr. Isaac Choate, and the following receipt was given :—

"Received of Matthew Patten, Esq., of Bedford, New Hampshire, ninety-three dollars which we promise to appropriate in the following manner, viz.: to take the same and carry it and deliver it to Capt. Ephraim Sanford of Montreal or Samuel Choate of Detroit for to be laid out in purchasing James Patten, a prisoner with the Delaware Indians and take a receipt for the same, the necessary expenses to Montreal and back again to be taken out of the above sum. In case we should fail in the performance of the same, we engage to be answerable for the above sum, accidents accepted.

ISAAC CHOATE, JR.,
ISAAC CHOATE.

Leicester, July 29, 1791.

Attest: DANIEL CONVERS,
JONATHAN CHOATE,
ROBERT PATTEN.

Mr. Sandford succeeded in purchasing the prisoner for the sum of seventy dollars, the remainder of the amount contributed having been used to defray expenses.

After his liberation, Mr. Patten returned to his home in Ohio, but soon after made a settlement at Belpre, a few miles down the Ohio River from Marietta. There he became the owner of a farm, and was also interested in the building of a toll bridge across "Duck Creek" in which he had four shares of fifty dollars each.

In September, 1814, he wrote that he expected to be at Bedford, N. H., the next summer, and in 1817, his friends at the West wrote to him, directing their letters to that town. He returned to Ohio in the spring of 1818, with the purpose, evidently, of disposing of his property there and coming back to New Hampshire to spend the remainder of his days. This purpose, however, was never fulfilled. From letters which passed between him and friends, we learn that his pecuniary circumstances were such that he was never able to do so.

A letter dated "Decatur, Washington County, Ohio, March 4, 1827," written to his brother David Patten at Bedford, says James died at Belpre the previous January of "old age and some fever," "after an illness of one week," and that his property would not amount to five dollars after his funeral expenses were paid.

Correspondence covering a period from 1788 to 1818, marks some of the changes which have taken place in our country since that time.

The financial results of Mr. Patten's life were not unlike that of the majority of pioneers of that day, but they laid foundations upon which others have built with abundant success.

Then it required about thirty days to make the journey from New Hampshire to Marietta, Ohio; now the same journey may be performed in fewer hours, to say nothing of the difference in fatigue and expense between horseback riding and traveling in palace cars.

In Marietta in 1801, wheat was worth "four and sixpence" per bushel; corn, two shillings per bushel; rye, three shillings; beef, by the hundred, eighteen shillings; pork, by the hundred, twenty-one shillings; and flour, by the barrel, thirty-six shillings. Considering the difference in the value of money those prices were very much higher than now.

The greatest change, however, seems to be in the mode of communication. When Mr. Patten and his company first went to Marietta, there was no Post Office there, nor at Bedford, N. H. At first, letters were sent by private conveyance. In one of his letters, Mr. Patten says he has not received a letter from his friends at Bedford for three years. When he wrote by mail, he directed his letters to Amherst, and in one case to Concord. In June, 1817, we find a letter from Mr. Patten written at Belpre, and directed to Bedford Post Office, and still after this his letters were directed to Amherst Post Office, until September, 1823, when they were directed to Bedford, and from that time onward. The letter of this last date was directed to "David Patten, Esq., Bedford, N. H.," "to the care of the post-master," mailed at Belpre, O., Sept. 2, and received at Bedford, Sept. 28, postage twenty-five cents. It was written on a very coarse sheet of foolscap, folded without envelope, and sealed with a red wafer.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S LAMENT.

BY MARY H. WHEELER.

The summer sun with stately grace
Had risen till his radiant face
Hung o'er the western sky.
The sultry air was still;—no breeze
Crept up to rustle through the trees;
The landscape all in languid ease
Lay sleeping 'neath the eye.

All faint and weary with the heat,
I sought a quiet, cool retreat
Among the Crystal Hills;
Where, resting on the mossy ground,
By cool, green shadows hedged around,
I listened to the lulling sound
Of distant mountain rills.

The partridge-vine and pale twin-flower
Were carpet-woven through that bower,
With many a fern thereby;
A fallen tree before me lay,
And just beyond, a little way,
A craggy height rose, lichen gray,
Against the glimmering sky.

The quiet hour, the grateful shade,
The murmur by the waters made,
Conspired to charm the air;
Or did the elves and sprites that dwell
In hidden nooks of wooded dell
Around me weave their mystic spell
While idly dreaming there?

I saw above the rocky height
A queenly form appear in sight,
In shadowy raiment clad.
The regal face and calm, clear eye
Looked ever onward through the sky,
As if intent on purpose high,
But all the face was sad.

I heard a voice of deep, low tone,
Like oak leaves by the night-breeze blown
When all around is still.
These mellow accents seem to flow
In swaying cadence to and fro,
And every word, breathed e'er so low,
Would through the silence thrill.

"Greenly all my fields are growing, and my silvery streams are flowing
Down the daisy-dimpled meadows, through my valleys to the sea.
All my woods are green and tender, glowing in the sun-light's splendor,
While the breeze-inviting shadows underlie each shrub and tree.

"To the northward, crowned in glory, stand my mountains, grim and hoary,
Granite-ribbed and granite-crested, with their foreheads to the sky.
Where the forests dark are leaning o'er the valleys intervening,
Sylvan lakes, all silver-breasted, mirror-like in beauty lie.

"On my slopes to southward leading, fearlessly the flocks are feeding,
And beneath my lowland willows quiet reigneth evermore,
While with never-ceasing motion the old mystery-loving ocean
Rolls his anthem-bearing billows on my echo-haunted shore.

"There are pleasant, sheltered places hidden 'mid my mountain mazes;
There are bold and craggy ledges, where the eagle rests her wing;
There are cascades loudly brawling and deep rivers hoarsely falling;
There are darkly-shaded hedges where the timid thrushes sing.

"Steamers on my lakes are sailing, with their cloud-vails backward trailing,
In and out between my islands, green as those of fairy tales;
While the rail-cars, onward steaming, find an echo to their screaming
In the hamlets on my highlands and the cities in my vales.

"Strangers come in days of leisure, traveling through my lands for pleasure,
Climbing up my rugged mountains, to their summits steep and bare;
Gazing far, with eyes admiring, and with voices never tiring,
Praising all my pearly fountains and my pure and bracing air.

"But my children, loved so dearly, they whose voices rang so clearly
Through my woods and o'er my waters and along each mountain side;
They who sported 'mid my flowers, learned love's lessons in my bowers,
Bravest sons and fairest daughters, they are scattered far and wide.

"Basking in the faded glory of the lands of ancient story,
Searching o'er the buried treasures of a long forgotten race,
'Mid the famous or the lowly, find they aught so pure and holy
As the simple loves and pleasures clust'ring round their native place?

"Find they, on the western prairies, or amid the gold-veined quarries,
Warmer hearts or kindlier faces than they left upon my strand?
Are there ties more true and tender that thus lightly they surrender
All the old familiar places hallowed by their household band?

"When the Sabbath bells are pealing are no dreams around them stealing—
Dreams of Sabbaths, calm and holy, 'mid the scenes their childhood knew,
When the very sky seemed blending with the earnest prayers ascending,
While the golden sun went slowly up the tranquil, cloudless blue?

"In the crowded streets of strangers, toiling on 'mid cares and dangers,
Through the roar of nearer noises and the far off busy hum,
Hear they not my trout-brooks falling and my breezy shade-trees calling,
With their loving, luring voices, ever calling, 'Come, O, come'?

"Come, O, come, for even gladness wears a look akin to sadness,
And a plaintive strain is throbbing through the wild-bird's song of glee.
In the sunlight's golden glimmer, one may trace a farewell shimmer,
And too tear-like is the dropping of the dew-drop from the tree.

"Come, for others now are straying where your little feet were playing;
Many a ruined roof is falling where a bright home used to be;
Tangled weed and brier are creeping where your kindred dead are sleeping;
Hear me, day and night I'm calling, come, my children, come to me!"

STRAY BITS BOUND INTO A SHEAF.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

THERE is a village in New Hampshire which has produced twenty-six editors, and it was in allusion to this circumstance, that a pious old deacon thus remarked: "Yes, there were twenty-six of 'em but as they've all left town, I reckon the Lord wou't lay it up again us."

A visitor at Marshfield, Daniel Webster's country residence, records with admiration the fact that he found a superb wood-fire in the great statesman's library at an early hour in the morning. Triumphantly he drew the inference that the great expounder had been spending the morning there while the family still clung to the pillow. We think the assertion of the statesman's early habits is, by such inference, "not proven." It is related that when a boy in New Hampshire, being trundled off with his brother Ezekiel early to bed, there arose between the two, an argument upon some statement in the Farmer's Almanac. The boys rose and went down, half naked as they were, to settle the point in dispute by the light of a pine knot, at the kitchen fire. If Daniel Webster learned thus early the advantage of artificial light in the dark hours, and obtained it under difficulties, it is hardly to be supposed that, as a habit, he turned off the gas at sundown, and took the first beams of light at "sun-up" instead.

In the early part of the present century, up among the hills of New Hampshire, a young collegiate of remarkable attainments and promise, formed an attachment for a young lady of much beauty and worth. Timid and retiring as he always was through his long life, he never made known his love. She however was not unaware of his unexpressed attachment. Time and events separated them. Like the subjects of Whittier's beautiful "Maud Muller," each married another. Subsequently the student became a professor in one of our foremost New England colleges. His talents were of a high and extraordinary order. His genius and learning found vent in philosophical and other works, which speedily found their way into the English-speaking colleges and academies of the two continents, and through translations, into the universities of France and Germany. At last the weight of years compelled him to give up the duties of his professorship; the partner of his honors and toils had gone to rest. A white-haired man, he took his staff and wandered off on a—to him—long journey into a distant city of a distant State. Amidst all the cares and labors of more than half a century, there was an object that he had never forgotten for a single day; the object of his first love up among the hills of New Hampshire. In that distant city, that object was still living, a silver-haired widow. He called at her home; their recognition of each other was as instant and mutual as was that of the Highlander and the lassie a half a century before. The interview was long, and to them, touchingly interesting. At last the man rose to leave. To those who knew the venerable professor, his dignity, his reserve, and his bashfulness, what follows will seem passing strange. Taking the venerable lady by the hand, for the first and last time in his life, looking her tenderly in the face and calling her by her Christian name, he said: "I have a favor to ask of you, will you grant me a kiss?" The request was granted. Their lips met with all the fervency, if not the passion of

youth, while tears streamed down their aged cheeks. They separated, and a few months later both had passed over the river. The story relates to Professor Thomas C. Upham, of Bowdoin College.

A curious law was enacted by the Legislature of New Hampshire, when this State was a province. It was passed in the year 1715, "*anno regni Regis Georg.*" It is entitled: "An act for suppressing and punishing of Rogues and Vagabonds." Among the classes enumerated for punishment are rogues, vagabonds, beggars, drunkards, persons using any subtile craft, juggling, or feigning themselves to have knowledge in physiognomy, palmistry, or pretending they can tell destinies, or such as neglect their callings, and misspend what they earn. The enactment further states that such persons shall be punished by putting fetters upon them and by moderate whipping, not exceeding ten stripes at once, which shall be inflicted when they enter the House of Correction, and from time to time in case they be stubborn.

THE DEVIL IN NEW HAMPSHIRE. The strange incident recorded below, happened in New Salisbury, N. H., in 1784, and is taken from the diary of the late Asa Redington of Waterville, Maine, who was a Revolutionary soldier. He was at work at the time for a Mr. Greeley. An elderly lady by the name of Bailey, and of whom it was said she was a lover of toddy, happened to be at the barn one day when there came on a heavy shower of rain and thunder, during which period the Prince of Darkness appeared unto her; in consequence of some valuable promises made to her, entered into contract with him; agreeing to give herself up both soul and body to his infernal majesty at a certain hour on a certain day, and in about six days after this interview. When the storm was over, the good lady returned to the house and gave them a history of what had taken place, adding that she had signed and sealed the contract with her blood, showing the wound on her finger from whence the liquid was drawn. Her friends were exceedingly alarmed at the dreadful story, and the news spread like wildfire both far and near. What could be done to save her! Notice was immediately given to Mr. Searle, the then settled minister of the town, and like a good shepherd he at once determined to defeat the evil-one if possible. Accordingly on the Sabbath following, he mentioned the appalling circumstances to the congregation, and with tears in his eyes, told them (Redington being one of the hearers,) that the Prince of Darkness had appeared in bodily shape to one of his parishioners, and on a certain day was again to make his appearance according to contract, and take off with him a member of his church to the regions of despair, and on the day named for the exhibition, he should by the consent of the church then present, appoint a meeting, and wished if any one present had any objections, he would make it known. A pause then ensued, and not even a whisper was heard. The minister then said he should, and accordingly did, appoint the meeting. On that important day, a multitude of persons of all ages and sexes, assembled in Mr. Pettingell's orchard on an elevated piece of ground; measures having been previously taken to have ten or twelve ministers from the neighboring towns to attend at the meeting, and they accordingly appeared on the ground in due season for the exercises. The good old lady was then introduced and placed in the centre of the multitude, the ministers forming in a circle around her; then another circle composed of deacons, elders and members of churches present, and then in the rear of those the multitude formed in a close column. Everything then being prepared for action, and at least one hour before the time appointed for his Satanic Majesty to make his appearance, the exercises began by singing, praying, and supplicating, all in favor of the good old lady,

and against the tempter, which continued till 5 P. M., it being several hours after the time appointed for the explosion, and no smell of brimstone or appearance of danger, the multitude began to disperse, and the lady was delivered over to her friends, and by sunset the ground was cleared. Says Mr. Redington in closing the incident, "Mr. Greeley early in the day, geared up his old steed with saddle and pillion, went a number of times, taking the females of his family on to the ground in season, and returning home in the same way, which was not accomplished till nearly dark. I did not attend at this scene of folly, but the meeting took place in sight of where I was hoeing corn in Mr. Greeley's field, and I could plainly see the gathering multitude at the place of action. The particulars of what took place at this meeting, I had from several persons present. My brother, Thomas Redington, then resided near Mr. Greeley's, and had a knowledge of the transaction, and recollects it." Apropos with the foregoing, is Mrs. Lydia L. A. Very's lives on the personality of the devil. She declares that she has found out all about him, and bursts out into poetry:

He walks the streets in broad-cloth clad,
No cloven hoof 'tis he foretelling;
His feet in patent leather bright,
He waltzes at the ball at night,
Of fragrant perfumes smelling.

Within the lawyer's ranks he sits;
Indignantly he talks of crime,
With rounded periods, striking hits,
He can describe, the coat so fits—
For he has worn it through a 1 time!

It was for the waters of the glorious old Merrimack, to receive into its arms the first vessel ever built by colonial money for a war vessel; others had been purchased. At Salisbury, Mass., only three miles up the river, in 1777, was built the first United States war vessel.

A hundred and three years ago, the Ranger, an eighteen-gun ship was built on Langdon's Island (now called Badger's Island), near Portsmouth, by order of Col. James Hackett. This was the ship which Paul Jones commanded, and with which he fought and captured the English Sloop of War, Drake, in the British waters.

At "Pannaway," named from the Indian appellation, and now known as Little Harbor, N. H., the first-born of New Hampshire first saw the light. It was John, the son of David Thomson.

DANIEL WEBSTER, when upon the platform, was generally cool, calm, collected. His nerves were of iron. Everything had been thought out before he rose to speak. "Mr. Webster," asked a friend nervously grasping him by the arm, on the morning when he was ready to reply to Hayne. "Mr. Webster, are you ready?" The great man, bringing his open right hand vertically down into the palm of the left, quietly said: "*I have got four fingers in.*" "Four fingers," was among sportsmen, the mark of an unusually heavy charge for a gun. Mr. Hayne found out how heavy the load was.

A little more than a hundred years ago, Dartmouth College was established, and one of the principal objects of its establishment, was the civilization and education of Indian youths. In fact, the college grew out of a school established

for this purpose. In looking over the record of the alumni, we find but one of the race who graduated at Hanover. He was in the class of 1777, and he studied theology, and became a preacher, and ministered to the Stockbridge Indians in Massachusetts, but he was suspended from the ministry about 1783, for drunkenness. In those days a minister must have been a pretty hard toper to have incurred such a penalty, since it was no disgrace for a clergyman to be a little boosy occasionally. Civilized Indians are like black swans, exceedingly rare birds; we do not see them even among those of New England, who have come into close contact with our own institutions and education for two centuries. Learning does not wean them from a wild life. A gentleman, a clergyman and a scholar, was taking a walk in the western part of New York lately, with a book in his hand, reading and looking at the landscape alternately. He came near a group of Indian basket-makers, and a red-man of the party asked what book the stranger was reading. It was a Greek Testament. The Indian took it and proved that he could read Greek quite creditably; but with all his learning, he preferred the life of a basket-maker, camping in the woods, to that of civilized men.

THE FLYING GIANT. Occultism seems to move in centennial cycles, at least in America. Three centuries ago, the converted Indians of Spanish America became possessed with the Devil, as the priests termed it, and they had their hands full in exorcising him. The next century saw the advent of New England witch-craft. This cropped out again a hundred years ago, in the Middle and Southern States, where there were several executions. While it took on a new phase at the North, illustrated in the vicinity of Seabrook, N. H., by the notorious meal-chest affair on Spofford's Hill, Georgetown, and by manifestations at Byfield, Rowley, and Ipswich, which according to tradition, paralleled all the principal phenomena which under the name of spiritualism, have come round again with the century, though as if the circle were a spiral, on a higher plane. It is now a little over a hundred years according to an article from the pen of Deacon Benjamin Colman, published in the New Hampshire "*Packet*," since the "Flying Giant" spread consternation through Byfield, Mass., the majority of the people, Rev. Moses Parsons, their spiritual leader included, believing it to be the Devil taking a walk, to oversee his earthly affairs as described in Smthey's poem. A member of the "Theosophical Society," assures us it was a materialization of an "elementary spirit," or one not yet embodied in a permanent human form. The following description is from the diary of an eye witness, an officer of the church, under date of April 27, 1778. An account of it was also published in the Essex *Journal*, and the New Hampshire paper referred to. At that time Deacon Colman was holding his celebrated newspaper controversy with Mr. Parsons on the slavery question, and he thought there was some connection between Mr. Parson's sin of slaveholding and this diabolical manifestation in his parish. "Yesterday, being the Lord's day, the first Sunday after Easter, about five of the clock in the P. M., a most terrible, and as most men do conceive supernatural thing took place. A form as of a giant, I suppose rather under than over twenty feet high, walked through the air from somewhere nigh the Governor's school, where it was first spied by some boys bathing (we presume the boys were bathing—not the giant), till it past the meeting-house; where Mr. Whittam, who was driving home his cows, saw it as well as the cows also, which ran violently bellowing. Sundry on the whole road from the meeting-house to Deacon Searle's house, saw and heard it, till it vanished from sight nigh Hunslow's Hill, as Deacon Searles saw. It strode so fast as a good horse might gallop, and two or three feet above the ground, and what more than all we admired, it went through

walls and fences as one goes through water, yet were they not broken or overthrown. It was black, as it might be dressed in cloth indeed, yet were we so terrified that none observed what manner if at all it was habited. It made continually a terrifying scream, "hoo, hoo," so that some women fainted." Then followed the inevitable theological and diabolical speculations of little account at the present day, though every reader can indulge in his own. Perhaps most will agree with the venerable Dr. Spofford, who, writing recently of the Spofford Hill phenomena, said it was more rational to believe in such inexplicable facts, than to believe that a large number of reputable and sensible people are deceived, or wilfully lie.

Lieut. Josiah Brown, who lived at Plymouth, N. H., between 1764 and 1818, as related by Dr. Edward Spaulding, was accustomed to go to Little's now Livermore's Falls, on horse-back at night, and return in the morning with a couple of meal bags filled with salmon, which he had taken with the spear. Mr. Edward Taylor, who lived at Campton, N. H., has stated that salmon were formerly at Taylor's eddy near an island, so plentiful that if they would lie still he could have *walked across the river on their backs*, without once touching the bed of the stream. They were so abundant in Daniel Webster's boyhood, that fishermen used to bring large quantities to his father and sell them at three cents per. pound, not for cash, but in exchange for corn. It is related of Widow Hemphill, who lived near the mouth of the Suncook, at Garvin's Falls, that, on one occasion, she assisted in spreading the net, and at one haul took eighteen salmon. In 1817, a party from Concord escorted President Munroe in a boat-ride down the river, and in passing through the locks in Bow, a large salmon was caught, taken on board "alive and kicking," and presented to the President, who expressed great pleasure, saying he had never before seen a live salmon.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PISCATAQUA ASSOCIATION OF MINISTERS AND CHURCHES FOR TEN YEARS, FROM 1825.

BY REV. ISAAC WILLEY.

THESE churches are in towns about the Piscataqua river, and were settled more than one hundred years before the towns in the interior and northern part of the State. They were generally small, had hardly got clear of the half way covenant, and many of them were Arminian in sentiment. It was assigned as a reason for the low condition of these churches, by a distinguished man of the Unitarian faith, that the evangelical doctrines taught in them, were repulsive to the people, and that under such preaching they might not be expected to prosper. The reply of one of the fathers was, that it was the want of these doctrines for which they were suffering. Few men in any age have left behind them a better influence than McClintock of Greenland; Buckminister of Portsmouth; Thayer of Kingston; and Appleton of Hampton, afterwards president of Bowdoin College. It has been a great blessing to these churches, and to their successors in the ministry.

Fifty years ago the meetings of the Piscataqua Association were held with the different pastors, and occupied two days. At that time Rev. Israel W. Putnam, D. D., had been ten years the pastor of the North church in Portsmouth, the largest in the State, and which had been blessed by repeated and powerful revivals of religion. After a pastorate of twenty years, Dr. Putnam was dismissed in 1835; and performed a long ministry in Middleborough, Massachusetts.

Rev. Josiah Webster, of Hampton, was at that time one of our oldest men in the ministry, and was settled over the church in Hampton, the oldest in the State. His preaching at times produced a strong impression, and he enjoyed several seasons of refreshing, in one of which fifty persons were gathered into his church. His ministry of thirty years was closed by his death, after he had preached the ordination sermon of his son, to be Seaman's Chaplain at Constadt in Russia.

In North Hampton, Rev. Jonathan French, D. D., was settled in 1801, and retired from responsible service in 1851. It was said that he was settled in a storm, but he outrode it, and was one of the happiest examples of a parish minister which has been known among us. To whatever duty he was called, he was always in his place, and did everything well. A man of modest pretensions, but in later life in all public meetings he was a standing moderator. When the degree of D. D. was conferred upon him, he understood it, he said, as designed to make him equal to his brethren (a fact which in this way is not always a compliment).

Rev. Jacob Cummings, was the fourth pastor of the church in Stratham; a sound scholar and theologian; and always ready to give interest to the meeting of the Association. His church, he found in a low condition, but by patient continuance in well-doing, it was raised in eleven years to a good degree of prosperity. Mr. Cummings was dismissed at his own request, in 1834; and afterwards had a long and useful ministry in Hillsborough. Among the prominent men in the Association fifty years ago. was Rev. Wm. T. Rowland of Exeter. He was then closing a ministry of nearly forty years, during which time one hundred and twenty-eight persons were received to his church. His successor was Rev. John Smith, a faithful and devoted pastor, who in nine years received one hundred and seventy persons to his church. As was reported at the time, Mr. Smith was allowed to pass away to afford an opportunity of securing an abler man,—an abler man it may have been was found, but trouble there with.

Rev. Chester Cotton closed his pastorate of a dozen years in Brentwood, in 1825. To him the people had become much attached. Under his labors they had enjoyed a precious season of revival, which was long remembered in the place. About seventy during his ministry were gathered into the church.

The people of this place for three or four years, enjoyed the labors of Rev. Jonathan Ward, a venerable man in advanced life. He taught the people by his own example how to live, and by his preaching what to believe, he strengthened the church, and gathered a good number into it. He spent his last years with his daughter in that place, and preached much in the neighboring towns. His early ministry had been in Maine, and in after years in Plymouth, N. H. He sought not the things of this world, but was eminently a man of prayer and faith; he went to God for the supply of his wants. A young minister who had been benefited by his preaching, once called upon him near the close of his life, and inquired as to his hopes for the future. His reply was: "I have not thought much about that of late, my thoughts have been upon the coming of the kingdom of God. As to myself, I am a great sinner, but I have a great

Saviour in whom I trust. I do not know that I have any doubts of my acceptance by him."

Raymond had not enjoyed the labors of an early ministry like Epping, but had the labors of men only at short intervals. In 1829, Rev. Seth Farnsworth was settled as pastor of this church. He continued ten years with eminent success. There was a continued religious interest during his ministry, and large accessions to the church. He entered a pastorate at Hillsborough Bridge in 1835, and when he had awakened a deep interest after two years, he was suddenly cut down by death. As he approached the closing scene, he exclaimed: "O, my God, how sweet, how sweet are the employments of heaven." After a season of unconsciousness he said: "I thought I was in glory, I have just come from the world of bliss. What happiness, what unspeakable happiness to sing with the angels." With many such expressions upon his lips he passed away. This was a young man who at the age of twenty-two, left his workbench for preparation for the ministry; fitted for college; pursued a regular course, of eight or ten years in close study, and spent all his property, so served he his Lord. Such men are ever wanted in the church.

Rev. Ephraim Abbott, closed a ministry in Greenland of fifteen years in 1828. During this time thirty-seven persons were received to the church. Rev. Samuel W. Clark succeeded to the ministry in that place in 1829. A faithful, affectionate and beloved pastor for eighteen years, when he died in great peace of mind. The people of that place were favored with two seasons of refreshing from above during his ministry, and thirty-seven were added to the church.

Rev. Ora Pearson became the pastor of the church in Kingston in 1827,—a young man from the Seminary at Andover. He entered upon his work with earnestness, and in dependance upon the spirit of God, and enjoyed his blessed influences. In a ministry of seven years more than seventy persons were received to his church. It is strange to us that a minister with few exceptional traits of character, and who had been so useful, should not have been retained. It remains to be accounted for, why the church and people in this important town, and after the ministry of two of the ablest men of their day for two generations, should have been five years without a pastor, and then to have been unable to support one without foreign aid. Rev. Forest Jefferds was settled here in 1825, for five years, and received fifteen to the fellowship of the church.

In 1827, a hall was fitted up for worship in the recently established manufacturing village of New Market. Preaching was commenced by Rev. David Sanford. In March, the following year, a church was organized, consisting of two men and sixteen women. This church awakened much opposition, and its existence it was predicted, would be short. But it had awakened an interest in all the surrounding churches, and secured their prayers. The husband of one of the female members was affected by the solemn services at the institution of the church and led to Christ, and not long after, became a member of the church and one of its officers. In June following, nineteen were received to the church. At short intervals during Mr. Sanford's ministry, additions were made to the number of sixty-five. Exhausted by labor, he was dismissed in 1830. He had made vigorous efforts to secure a house of worship, with which the neighboring ministers deeply sympathized. Seldom has there been so large a contribution from ministers as for this house of worship. Mr. Sanford was succeeded by Rev. O. Tinker, a young man devoted to his work. His stay was not comfortable but useful. He left at the end of three years and soon died. During this time forty-eight were added to the church.

Mr. Blodgett succeeded him for a term of about three years, when he removed to Pawtucket, R. I., where he spent his days. During his ministry twenty-five were added to the church. Few at this day can understand and appreciate the difficulties encountered in the establishment and early history of this church, but God has been with and blessed it. Into the period we are now considering the ministry of Rev. Fedrel Burt, of Durham extended. It commenced in 1814, and closed in 1828. He had valuable qualities as a minister. His successor speaks of him as "a man of large stature, of a magnanimous spirit and gifted with unusual conversational powers." The church when he came to it was small, but was gradually increased. The largest ingathering followed the meeting of the General Association of the State in that place, in 1826. The revival at that time extended to almost all the churches in this Association, and was of great interest and power. Rev. Henry Smith, of Camden, N. Y., a native of Durham, had for some weeks been visiting in that place and vicinity, striving by the grace of God, to save the people from sin and death. Mr. Burt's ministry, after great suffering, was closed by his death in 1828.

At a meeting of this Association in 1829, held in Durham, the constitution was revised and a new article adopted, that there should be at each meeting an inquiry meeting calling out the religious experience of each member. At this time important changes were taking place in Dover. Manufacturing was becoming the leading business. Other denominations were coming in. Rev. Joseph W. Clary, had been the only minister. The record of him, which we would gladly perpetuate, was that "he was a good and pious man, a serious and faithful pastor." This record was made in contrast with the character of some who preceeded him in that office. It was well understood that after the dismissal of his predecessor, the men of the parish did not harmonize in securing a minister, and called in the influences of the ladies of the parish, who united in securing Mr. Clary. His ministry of nineteen years, was regarded by his brethren and by the community as having been eminently useful. But it began to be felt that the place had outgrown the ministry, and that a change was necessary. This, to the minister, would be a great calamity. Not the cutting off his worldly prospects merely, living as he did upon a small salary, with a large family of children upon his hands, but the breaking up of all his plans of usefulness, blasting his hopes of securing spiritual good to a people to whom his life had been devoted. With a sad heart in himself and in the brethren of the council, he was dismissed August 6, 1828. But we cannot but look back to his influence in the large accessions to the church which soon occurred. Mr. Clary was again settled in Cornish for five years, in which time seventy-six persons were received to his church. Here he died, and his interment was sought by the people of Dover, and there his remains rest with the people to whom he ministered.

Rev. Hubbard Winslow, succeeded Mr. Clary and was settled in December, 1828. A young man of promising talents, fresh from the Seminary in New Haven, with what was regarded by some as an improved theology. He labored with great earnestness; a religious interest was awakened; but his health failed, and he left at the end of three years. He was dismissed in 1831, and became pastor of Bowdoin street church in Boston the following year. During his labors of three years in Dover, and before the settlement of his successor, one hundred and seventy-four were added to that church.

Rev. David Foot, was installed in February, 1833, from the Second Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati. He was an able preacher and a good man,—was useful for a time, but became absorbed by his zeal for the slave, and was dismissed in 1839. He afterwards became deranged. With all the imperfections

which may at any time have been found in this old church, succeeding generations may rejoice in the knowledge of the able and faithful men who have labored here—of the blessings which have attended their labors, and of the ability which this church has had of advancing the kingdom of our Lord.

A pleasing incident is remembered. It was at that time felt by many in Strafford county, that little had been done for Foreign Missions. To awaken an interest in that cause, the plan was adopted for the churches to associate, select, and adopt a missionary, and pledge his support. Accordingly Rev. John Emerson, was selected and ordained at the meeting of the Conference of Churches, then recently formed. He and his companion took there leave of us and went fourth to the Sandwich Islands, and we were to hear from them from time to time. The sum estimated as necessary for his support was six hundred dollars. At the end of the year, when we were gathered at our annual meeting in Dover, our treasurer reported a deficiency of one hundred dollars for the support of our missionary. Sadness prevailed for a time, but a lady from Gilmanton, presented fifty dollars for the purpose, and the church in Dover assumed the other fifty dollars, and we were relieved.

The people of Barrington are to be commended for maintaining the institutions of religion, in a spare population, for one hundred and twenty-five years. But an unfortunate habit gradually grew upon them of using intoxicating drinks, and in this town, as in others in the vicinity, it was indulged during the intermission of the services of the Sabbath. Rev. Cephas Kent, was settled here in 1828. He earnestly sought the spiritual good of that people, but he took strong ground in regard to the use of intoxicating drinks, and left in less than two years. Samuel H. Merrill, a young man just commencing to preach, began in this place in 1830. To this work he had remarkable adaptedness. He united the wisdom of age with the ardor of youth. His labors commenced at the opening of the memorable year of 1831, when the Spirit of God was reviving all the churches in the vicinity. He succeeded by the blessing of God, in awakening that old church and securing the confidence of the people. In the old meeting-house upon the hill, with its high galleries and sounding-board, he gathered in a large congregation. His meetings about the town were fully attended, and with deep solemnity. In the five years of his ministry fifty-two were received to the church. The people were then supplied for a year or two by the venerable Father Ward. Rev. Mr. Merrill spent a useful life. For many years he was Seamen's chaplain in Portland.

On the 16th day of May, 1827, the Piscataqua Association met at Great Falls, in Somersworth, where a small village had been commenced around a recently established cotton manufactory. They organized a church of eight members, one of whom, belonging to the race of Mathers, was selected for a deacon. The village was made up largely of young and enterprising men, many of whom had no families. Arrangements were made for erecting a house of worship, which was soon completed. A man was needed to preach the sermon at the dedication, and learning that Dr. Lyman Beecher was at Portland at the installation of Dr. Tyler, they waylaid him and induced him to perform the service. After having travelled from Portland in the stage, and performed this service the same day, he retired to his room for rest. The young men desired to make him compensation, and he was aroused from a sleep in his chair. His reply to them was: "give my compliments to the young men, and tell them to spit on their hands, and hold on to this little society." Rev. Josiah Hawes was soon settled as their pastor, and after two years Rev. Wm. Twining became stated supply. The first revival occurred in 1830 and '31, when one hundred were added to the church, and soon after forty more.

Rev. James A. Smith was settled in 1832; and dismissed in 1837. Mr. ..ith was greatly beloved by his people and much blessed in his labors. He ..ll lives to enjoy an honored old age in the state of Connecticut. Other de..minations soon came in and divided the people, so that the society was ..eak for a time and dependant upon foreign aid. But it has become one of ..r efficient churches, and has enjoyed an able ministry.

The early ministry of Rochester was valuable. Many were there trained up ..r heaven. But the decline in after years was alarming, for the reason that ..e people were not alarmed. Intemperance with its host of kindred vices, ..adually and imperceptibly made advances, until drinking was common and ..ery fifth man in town, it was well known, was intemperate. The Sabbath was ..secrated; the house of God forsaken, or but thinly attended, in which the ..eep upon the common took shelter from the hot sun of summer. The old ..inister who had served half a century, was closing his labors. The church ..as small, numbers having left and united with the Methodist Society, which ..out this time was formed in the place. In this state of things, a young man ..as raised up in the place to save the church. The son of a man of wealth, ..came a subject of renewing grace in a revival in Dartmouth College. His ..ention was turned to the ministry. While pursuing his studies at Andover, ..began to preach to the people of his native town. They became interested ..him, and gathered into the house of worship until it was filled. He kept ..the interest by frequent calls upon the people. Upon his little white horse ..Saturday, he would call upon half of the parish or more. His calls would ..only at the door, with inquiries for the welfare of the family, and whether ..ey would be at meeting on the morrow, and then he would be on his way to other ..milies. Many young people became interested and united with the church, ..hich was much enlarged. After some three years Mr. Upham was called to ..professorship in Bowdoin College. He left in the fall of 1825. He had ..tle regard to salary, and after he left contributed fifty dollars a year to his ..ccessors. He was a man of retiring habits, and would never preach after ..left his pastorate. But few men we are constrained to believe, have, in a ..ost unostentatious manner, done more for the benefit of there race, than he. Rev. Isaac Willey succeeded Mr. Upham in Rochester in January, 1826. ..ear the close of the first year of his ministry he was laid aside some months ..sickness. Under the labors of the young man who supplied his place in ..e parish, numbers of young people became thoughtful of their condition as ..ners, and in after years have shown that they then commenced a religious ..e. Efforts were made to stay the progress of intemperance by calling the atten..n of the people to the evils which they were suffering from it. These efforts ..re aided by the frequent deaths from this cause, and not unfrequently in the ..incipal families in the place. The religious influence greatly aided the work. ..forts were made to ascertain the supply of the word of God in the families, ..d the destitution was found to be great. The effort was extended through ..e county, which then embraced what is now three counties. A society was ..med for the purpose, the first in the State. Every town was carefully ex..ored, and supplied, and in the course of the work there were found in the ..unty twenty-two hundred families living without the word of God, and were ..pplied. In the progress of this work one objection often urged, was, that the ..ble when given would be sold for rum. Such a case occurred in Rochester, the ..ble was bought by an old woman in Barrington, an adjoining town, who lived ..ermits life back in the field, where the following winter men were getting ..nber, a man broke his leg, and was carried into the old woman's hut where ..e Bible was, and where he laid out his thirty days. The word of God is ..od seed wherever sown. There the Bible was read, and became the life of

his soul. Following the general supply of the Bible, in the course of a few years, occurred the general revival of 1831. At that time the courts in this large county were held in Rochester a portion of the time. The number of lawyers usually attending these courts was about twenty-two. They were from different parts of the county and indicated the progress of the revival, eleven of the above number professed to have commenced the christian life. One of this profession upon his bed of death, gave the following charge to his pastor, which at this distance of time he would be glad to repeat. "Be faithful to lawyers and others in the higher walks of life. You ministers will go and sit down by the side of the poor, and labor for their spiritual interest and pass us by. We do not enjoy the same privilege." Indicative of the state of things in Rochester, the pastor, being much abroad, attending protracted meetings, said to his people at the close of the services of the Sabbath, that he could not visit them as he would, and he was desirous of knowing more fully the state of feeling; requested so many as felt unusually the importance of their spiritual interest to signify it by rising, when it was judged that one half of a large congregation arose. The scenes of that period in our churches have been forgotten; other generations have come upon the stage; but they will be remembered in heaven, as the commencement of the religious life of multitudes. In Rochester, where in 1830 in the Congregational church, a case of discipline for intemperance could not be sustained, the contest has been more successfully carried on than in many of the surrounding towns, and where more than six thousand dollars worth of intoxicating drinks in that place, fifty years ago, was sold in a year, we hope little is now sold. Through the contest with intemperance, which has often been severe, the churches have stood firmly for the right.

Connected with the Piscataqua Association, there have ever been five churches from the State of Maine, with which the writer of this article had not so intimate acquaintance as with those in New Hampshire, and has not the means of speaking, except in the case of South Berwick. With this church as their pastor, Dr. Heeler, had his early ministry, who has spent a long and useful life in another part of the State. This church has had an able ministry.

The facts stated and the scenes witnessed as given in the foregoing statements, were at the time of great interest. But the men in the ministry and the churches, and people whom they served, have gone to there final account. Happy will it be if succeeding generations in this territory, shall live as useful lives and depart with prospects as fair.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN IN MICHIGAN. NO. 2.

HON. ZACHARIAH CHANDLER.

BY M. M. CULVER.

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER was born in Bedford, N. H., December 10, 1813. He was the son of Samuel Chandler, and the grandson of Zachariah Chandler. Zachariah, seems to have been a favorite name in the Chandler family. He received an academic education, and came to Michigan

n 1833. He settled at Detroit, and became an eminently successful dry goods merchant. In politics a Whig, while that party was in existence; he was elected Mayor of Detroit in 1851; but while leading the Whig ticket largely, he was defeated as candidate for Governor, in 1852. He was the first Republican Senator ever sent from Michigan, succeeding Senator Cass in office, taking his seat in the Thirty-fifth Congress, in 1857, and served as a member of the Committee on the District of Columbia, the Committee on Commerce, and the Committee on Revolutionary Claims. He was appointed chairman of the Committee on Commerce, in 1861; which position he held till 1875. In addition to his important position on the Committee on Commerce, he was a member of the Committee on Mines and Mining, and also a member of each of the celebrated congressional committees on the conduct of the war, during the thirty-seventh and thirty-eight congresses. During the war of the rebellion, his relations with President Lincoln were of a most cordial and intimate character, and he was a member of the national committee appointed to convey the remains of the martyred Chief Magistrate to Illinois. His faith in the integrity of the republic, never wavered, even in the darkest hours of the great conflict. He was an earnest and powerful advocate of our national banking system, and aided materially in its establishment upon a broad and substantial basis. During his whole public career, his efforts for the commercial and other vital interests of the country, were assiduous and untiring, and accompanied with a large degree of success.

He occupied the position of United States Senator, twenty-two years, and in all that long congressional career, he was particularly noted for his unswerving devotion to the interests of the State he represented, winning even from his opponents much approbation. Amidst all the temptations, which always surround a leader of a great political party, it has been said that he never stained his hands with corruption, and even his enemies admit that his official career was distinguished by rigid integrity. He died November 1, 1879. He had made a speech in Chicago, before retiring to his room, at the Grand Pacific Hotel, and spent a short time before retiring conversing cheerfully with a party of friends, and was expecting to make a speech at Detroit the next evening. But that speech, which was to be his last before election, he never made.

Death passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew and deeper,
The silence, and the gloom.

All the noted New Hampshire men in the State rallied to his funeral in Detroit, the ladies of their families vied with each other in sending floral tributes for the occasion. Mrs. Chandler, a highly esteemed christian lady, still resides in Detroit. His daughter, Mrs. Eugene Hale, lives in Maine. Mr. Chandler was a man of strong convictions, utterly fearless in his denunciations of what he considered wrong, and was perhaps more feared and disliked by his opponents, than almost any man in his party. There were some assailable points in his character, and his enemies made the most of them, but none ever doubted his great abilities.

THE COUNTRY RESIDENCES OF JUDGE LIVIUS AND GOV. WENTWORTH.

We are permitted to take the following extracts from a private letter to a friend, by one of the oldest and best known citizens of Carroll County.

"JUDGE PETER LIVIUS, who was one of Gov. John Wentworth's executive council from 1765, until he left the State about 1772, had a residence in Tuftonborough at a very early date, traditionally before the Governor built his house at Wolfeborough. John Tufton Mason gave the name to the town, whose daughter, Anna Elizabeth, Judge Livius married. He was Chief Justice of Canada from May 31, 1777 to 1786, living at Quebec. He died in England July 23, 1795, aged sixty-eight. His residence was about four miles from Wolfeborough Bridge; nine miles from Gov. Wentworth's house; and nine, from Moultonborough Corner. It was upon what was then the main traveled road; but upon what is now known as the Pond road, about fifty rods from where the river runs into the lake. This river is the outlet of what was once called the Livius Pond, but afterwards known as Dishwater Pond, and now known as Lang's Pond. The land at the outlet of this pond is owned by Hon. John M. Bracket, of Wolfeborough. There was at one time a saw-mill upon the river, the site being about four rods from the lake; and there was a school-house, store, tan-yard and several dwellings near there. The road to and from Tuftonborough next intersects with the main road (called the South road) at that place. A Mr. Kimball now ownes the lot of land once occupied by Judge Livius, and the old cellar is to be seen. It is between these two intersecting roads. The present main traveled or stage road to Moultonborough, now leaves the Livius place to the left. I was born upon the southerly shore of Smith's Pond, February 8, 1807, at a place then known as "Raccoon Borough," but now known as "Pleasant Valley," about two miles from Gov. Wentworth's house. I was on my way to school one morning in the summer of 1820, when I saw a man upon the top of the house, who was trying to stop a small fire with his hoe; the wind blew it and it caught in many other places. In a few hours the celebrated mansion was in ashes, much to the regret of the people in the vicinity with whom Gov. Wentworth was very popular until the Revolution broke out. It was two stories high, about one hundred feet long and thirty wide. At the time of the fire it was occupied by an English family named Raynard, whose descendants yet control it. The cellar is still to be seen, and there are old poplar trees nearly two feet in thickness. The driveway from the main road to the house, with shade trees upon each side, still presents a beautiful appearance. The pear trees that the Governor imported are still in a bearing condition. The old road laid out by the Governor through Wolfeborough and Brookfield, can still be traced by the stone bridges and water courses. This road was surveyed and laid out from Portsmouth to Canada. Gov. Wentworth wanted to make Portsmouth a successful rival of Boston for the Canadian trade, and he contemplated a canal from Alton Bay to tide water.

Judge Livius and Gov. Wentworth were warm friends for many years; but they became bitter enemies at last; and Judge Livius prepared charges against the Governor and tried to have him removed. The full particulars of the charges and trial may be found in the first edition of Belknap's History of New Hampshire, Vol. III. Farmer omitted them in his edition."

JOHN EVES.

IN the city of Liverpool, county of Lancashire, England, September 25, 1816, was born, of sturdy yeoman stock, John Eves. To see his full, genial face and sturdy form is to know him to be of English birth. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to learn the plumbers trade and served the seven years required in the old country, until, at the age of twenty-one, he was a thorough workman in every branch of the business. In 1847, he resolved to better his condition, and gathering his household goods he embarked for the western continent. After a rough passage of eight weeks, he and his wife Anice landed in New York, June 14th. A skilled workman, he had no difficulty in securing employment, and for five years he was connected with the best establishment in the line in the metropolis. In 1852, he removed to Boston, and was engaged by the firm of Lockwood and Lumb. Under their direction he visited many parts of the United States. Concord was one of the places visited. So much pleased was he with the city, that thither he came in 1864, and settled for life, winning his way by skilful workmanship, fair dealing, and honorable conduct to a high position in the respect of his fellow citizens. As a plumber he has done much to educate the public mind of this city and State to the importance of ventilation, sewage, and a proper attention to sanitary laws. His skill has been employed in many of the public buildings and private residences of the State. He is undoubtedly the oldest, most experienced, and most capable scientific plumber in the United States, and the City of Concord and the State of New Hampshire are especially fortunate in attracting and holding to this locality a man whose skill, honesty and prudence is of so much vital importance as that of the plumber.

John Eves is the father of three children, two daughters, and one son, John W. Eves, upon whom the mantle of the father seems likely to fall, for already in early manhood he gives evidence of inheriting his father's skill. Still in the pride of robust manhood and perfect health, Mr. Eves is enjoying the leisure and dignity which a long life of honest toil and thoughtful foresight warrants him in accepting, at the same time overseeing the large business which comes o his care.

RECORD OF BIRTHS AND MARRIAGES IN THE TOWN OF CANTERBURY, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

FROM THE TOWN RECORDS.

March 16th, 1794.
Now Enter on Record the Birth of Jesse Stevens' Children:

Bettsy Stevens, Born October 20, 1784.
Susanna Stevens, Born July 23, 1789.
Anna Stevens, Born December 4, 1791.
Asa Stevens, Born May 5th, 1794.

March 16th, 1794.
Now Recorded the Births of Simon Stevens' Children:

Otha Stevens, Born July 22d, 1776.
Edman Stevens, Born July 3d, 1778.
David Stevens, Born November 10, 1780.
Betsy Stevens, Born December 8, 1782.
John Stevens, Born July 29, 1785.
Jesse Stevens, Born September 29, 1788.
Polly Stevens, Born September 13, 1791.
Abyah Stevens, Born October 12, 1793.
Moses Stevens, Born July 29th, 1796.
Abigail Stevens, Born September 11th, 1798.

Thomas Jefferson Stevens, Born March the 12th, 1801.
David Stevens, departed this life Dec. the 3d, 1806.
Simon Stevens, Jr., Born July the 16th, 1803, and Died December the 16th, 1806.

Canterbury, March 18, 1794.
Now Recorded the Births of Samuel Sargent's Children:

His oldest son, Ezra Sargent, Born March 21, 1774.
Aaron Sargent, Born Oct. 15, 1775.
Samuel Stevens, Jun., March 21, 1777.
Dominieus Sargent, Born Nov. 12, 1778.
Lydia Sargent, Born February 20, 1783.
Charles Sargent, Born Febr. 28, 1785.
Sally Sargent, Born January 27, 1787.
Nancy Sargent, Born July 22, 1790.
Miry Sargent, Born Febry. 25, 1794.
John Sargent, Born June 12, 1792, and Died 18 January, 1793.

Births, &c., of Aaron Sargent's family:

Aaron Sargent was Born October the 15th, 1775, and was Married to Sarah Foster, of Hanover, Novem. the 13th, 1799.
Their first Child, named Lawrey, Born August the 26th, 1801.
Their 2nd Child, named Sophrona, Born Sept. the 1st, 1803.

Saml. Moor, Jun., Born Aug. 5th, 1778.

Canterbury, December 16th, 1794.

James Foster, Born December 28th, 1765.
Bettsy, his wife, Born August 18, 1764.
James Foster and Bettsy Samborn, was Married January 19, 1790.
Dorety Smith Samborn, her daughter, Born July 27th, 1784.
Hannah Foster, Born March 1, 1791.
James Gilman Foster, Born Feb. 22, 1793, and Died October 15, 1794.
Thomas Foster, Born January 29, 1795, and Died March the 11, 1795.
Clarissa Foster, Born 11th June, 1796.
Jeremiah Foster, Born 4th August 1798.
John Taylor Gilman Foster, Born 19th July, 1800.
Peter Foster was Born April the 27th, 1803.

Canterbury, March 20, 1795.
Now Recorded the Births Ruben Morrill Child:

Sally Morrill, Born October 21, 1794.
Polly Morrill, Born September 16th, 1796.
David Morrill, Born August the 12th, A. D., 1798.
Phebe Morrill, Born October the 16, 1804, and Died August the 31 1807.
Robert Smith Morrill, Born May the 11th, 1807.
Mora Emily, Born 18th, August 1811.

Canterbury, August 8th, 1795.
Now Recorded the Births of William Forrest Children:

Bettsy Forrest, Born April the 9, 1783.
Hannah Forrest, Born May the 15, 1785.
Jeremiah Forrest, Born June 25, 1787.
Polly Forrest, Born May 25, 1789.
Mehitable Forrest, Born July 28, 1799.
Sukey Forrest, Born September 3, 1793.
Dorothy Forrest, Born the 30th of May 1796.
Nancy Forrest, was Born April the 12th, 1798.
Sarah Forrest, was Born July the 5th, 1801.
Franklin Forrest, was Born June the 9th, 1803.
Sidney Forrest, Born May the 9th, 1805.
William Forrest, Died January the 7th, 1817, aged 60 years, 9 months, and 2 days. He was Born in Boston, April 5th, 1759. His wife Dorothy Worthing, was Born in Concord, Feby. 7, 1763.

March 16, 1796.
This day Recorded the Births of Nathanel Pallet Children:

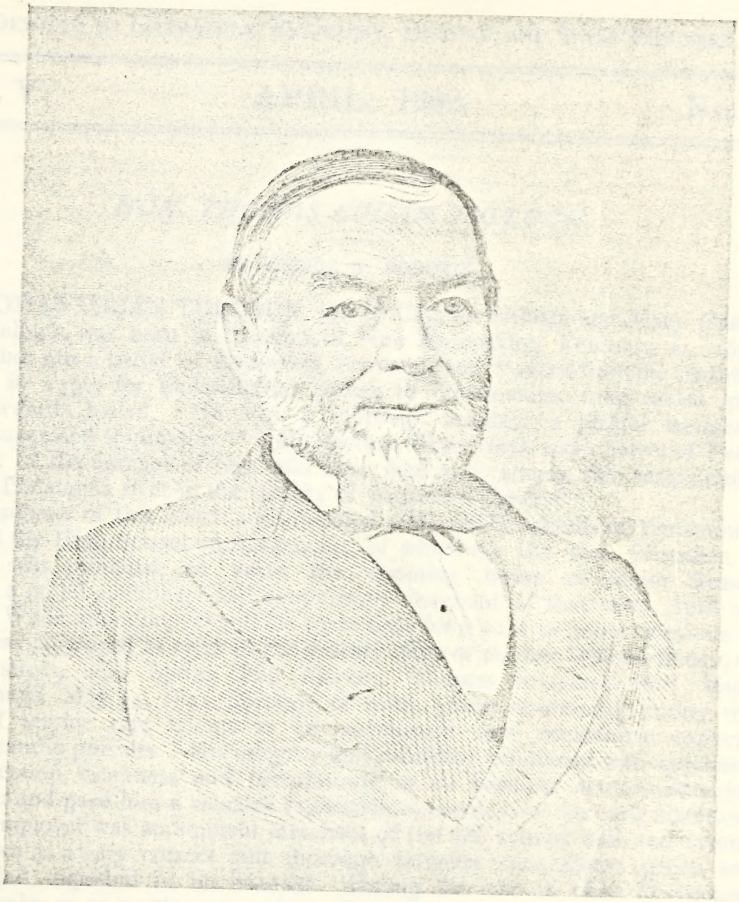
Joseph Pallet, Born February 12, 1779.
Jane Pallet, 16 September, 1782.
Moley Pallet, Born August 1, 1785.
Benjamin Pallet, Born November 9, 1789.
Deliverance Pallet, Born May 14, 1790.

Canterbury, March 24, 1796.
Now Enter the Births Shubael Sanborn Children:

Bettsy Sanborn, Born December 18th, 1790.
Benjamin Samborn, Born January 16, 1793.
Smith Sanborn, Born July 22, 1795.
Hannah Sanborn, Born February 28, 1798.
Polly Sanborn, Born April 13, 1800.
Shubael Sanborn, Born March 14, 1802.
Abraham Sanborn, Born May 19, 1804.
Jeremiah Sanborn, Born August 29, 1806.
Joseph Sanborn, Born January 14, 1809.
Hazen Sanborn, Born October 15, 1811.
Phebe Sanborn, Born December 22, 1814.
Sylvanus Sanborn, Born August 26, 1818.
Recorded March 8, 1838.
B. Sanborn Town Clerk.
Shubael Sanborn, Born June 18, 1764.
Phebe Sanborn, Born September 30, 1771.
These are the Parents of the above Children.

Births of Benjamin & Hannah Sanborns Children:

Apphia Sanborn, was Born March 3, 1820.
Eliza Ann Sanborn, Born December 17, 1823.
Joseph Sanborn, Born December 8, 1825.
Phebe Smith Sanborn, Born October 12, 1836.
Recorded March 8, 1838, B. Sanborn, Town Clerk.



Thos L. Tullock.



—THE—

GRANITE MONTHLY,

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND STATE PROGRESS.

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HON. THOMAS LOGAN TULLOCK.

BY GEORGE N. ROBERTS.

THOMAS LOGAN TULLOCK, son of Captain William and Mary (Neal) Tullock, was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, February 11, 1820. His father was a native of Stromness, Scotland, and "sailed from the Arcadian shores in 1792, for Philadelphia, thence to Portsmouth, from which port he afterwards hailed. He was a thorough seaman, a skillful navigator, and a successful shipmaster."* His mother, Mary Neal, was a native of Portsmouth; of the families of Neal and Lear, who were among the early settlers on the Piscataqua river in the vicinity of Sagamore Creek.†

The subject of this sketch was educated at the public schools of Portsmouth, and left the High School on State street, of which the late Col. Chandler E. Potter was principal, to enter the counting house of Major Samuel Larkin, a noted auctioneer and commission merchant of that town, April 21, 1834. While attending school, his spare time for a year or more previous to 1834, was employed as clerk in the grocery store of the late William Bodge, on Ceres street, near Spring Hill Market. Thomas remained with Major Larkin until May 24, 1841, upwards of seven years, developing during this term of service rare talents as an accountant and remarkable capacity for mercantile pursuits. His integrity and reliability, combined with quickness of perception, exactness and promptitude in all business matters, attracted attention and gave him a valuable reputation in the days of his early manhood.

His employer was an eminent merchant of the old school, well and favorably known as a very correct and thorough business man, always genial and affable, but dignified in his manner. During the war of 1812, he became very popular as an auctioneer, and usually sold the cargoes of the numerous prizes brought by the American privateers into Portsmouth and other ports between Portland and Boston. His happy humor, quick repartee and decisive business tact, rendered him almost incomparable in his profession. He continued to do an extensive business until the advent of railroads into Portsmouth, about 1840, when the trade of that town greatly changed. Previous to that time large consignments of merchandise of various kinds from Boston and elsewhere, were sent to Portsmouth by the many coasting vessels regularly entering that port.

*See sketch in GRANITE MONTHLY, May, 1880, pages 311-313 and September, 1881, pages 400-409.

†"GRANITE MONTHLY," April 1881, pages 266-271.

During his seven years' service with Major Larkin, Mr. Tullock acquired a general knowledge of business, in the different trades, as he had occasion to take account of stocks and keep records of the sales of goods in most of the stores in that city, in addition to his experience acquired at the regular auction and commission store on State, near Pleasant street, and the Parade. He left Major Larkin's employ, at the solicitation of Col. Samuel Gookin, who appointed him his confidential clerk when he became Postmaster of Portsmouth, on the accession of General Harrison to the Presidency. It was then an important office, and one of the five distributing post-offices in New England.

When a change occurred in the transportation of the mails from coaches to cars, the Portsmouth post-office became merely a local one, and the force of employes was consequently reduced. Mr. Tullock was selected to remain, and continued to serve a few months longer until July 19, 1842, when he resigned and went to New York city, where he was employed as a publishing agent in a newspaper establishment. In 1845, he was the principal bookkeeper in a wholesale importing hardware house in that city, but relinquished that position to enter again the employment of Col. Gookin, who, having purchased the large property, bordering on the river near Daniel Street, which had been used by the Portsmouth Foundry and Machine Shops, established the Portsmouth Machine Shops and Car Factory, and constructed the cards, looms, and some of the other machinery used in the large Portsmouth Steam Factory, which was built at that time. Col. Gookin did a successful business and continued to employ a large number of men, first as sole proprietor, and afterwards, under the firm name of Gookin and Stearns, until a revulsion caused a suspension of the establishment. Mr. Tullock had charge of the accounts and general management of the business, except its mechanical supervision, from November, 1845, until October, 1848, when he was appointed one of the assignees of Gookin and Stearns, and by the creditors, trustee of the property.

From May 1, 1847, to April 1, 1848, in addition to other duties, Mr. Tullock, upon the urgent request of the postmaster, who was of opposite politics, had the oversight of the post-office, the principal clerk having retired, leaving no person fully qualified to assort and dispatch the mails and render the accounts. Mr. Tullock was also connected in business with the late William P. Gookin, as a dealer in wood and coal, lime, cement, plaster and sand, at Machine-shop wharves near Daniel Street, and at Sheafe's wharf, Water street, under the firm name of Gookin and Tullock, until April, 1850, when he sold his interest to his partner, who afterwards conducted the business, mainly on Long wharf, which he had purchased.

From May, 1849, to May, 1853, he was Postmaster of Portsmouth having the entire confidence of the community, and being warmly commended for his intelligent and efficient discharge of the duties of the office. The newspapers of Portsmouth without exception made favorable mention of his administration of its affairs :—

The "Gazette" (Democrat) said: "A change of postmasters will soon occur in this city. We cannot suffer the occasion to pass without the observation that the present incumbent has discharged the arduous duties of his office to the universal satisfaction of the people of Portsmouth. Mr. Tullock is a most accommodating and uniformly polite gentleman, and the best wishes of this community, irrespective of party, will follow him in his retirement from the public service." The "Chronicle" (Independent): "Portsmouth never had a better postmaster than the present incumbent, always prompt, attentive and courteous." The "Messenger" (Free-Soil Democrat): "He has gained the universal confidence of our citizens. Ever at his post, patient, affable, and exceedingly obliging, Mr. Tullock has given perfect satisfaction by the prompt and faithful discharge of the arduous business

of the office. His removal is a matter of almost universal regret. It is gratifying to hear all our citizens speak in the highest terms of his capacity and fidelity, and of his correct moral and gentlemanly deportment. It is also conceded that we never had a better postmaster." The "Journal" (Whig): "If worth, devotion to business and attention to the wants of our citizens; in fact, if 'honesty, capability and being a friend to his country,' had been all the requirements for the office, the present worthy Postmaster would not have been displaced by the new administration."

From May, 1853, to June, 1858, Mr. Tullock was Treasurer of the Portsmouth and Concord Railroad and one of the Trustees for the Bondholders, and, from 1858 to 1860, Treasurer of the Concord and Portsmouth Railroad after it was reorganized and leased to the Concord Railroad. He was also interested in business in 1857 and 1858, with the late Joseph D. Pillow and Joseph Spinney, under the firm name of Joseph Spinney and Co., dealers in wood.

In 1858, Mr. Tullock was elected by the New Hampshire Legislature, Secretary of State, and held that office three years, from June, 1858, to June, 1861, under the administration of Governors Haile and Goodwin. During his term of office he commenced the Portrait Gallery of the governors and other citizens, distinguished for their civic and military services, which has since been steadily and largely increased until it has become one of the most valuable and highly prized institutions of the State.*

Mr. Tullock was energetic in aiding Gov. Goodwin, the first war governor of New Hampshire, in raising and equipping the 1st and 2nd Regiments of New Hampshire Volunteers. From May, 1861, to August, 1865, Mr. Tullock was Navy Agent at Portsmouth, N. H., an office of great responsibility, involving large disbursements. As a consequence of the war of the rebellion, the construction, equipment and ordnance departments were during this period worked to their utmost capacity, causing the employment of from two to three thousand men, and the use of immense quantities of materials, a great portion of which had to be purchased in open market. The admirable management of the office gave satisfaction to the Government and to the loyal public. Many vessels of war were built, and as many more repaired and equipped during Mr. Tullock's term of office. The Kearsarge, Franklin, Ossipee, Sacramento, Sebago, Mahaska, Sonoma, Conemaugh, Pawtucket, Nipsic, Shawmut, Sassacus, Agamenticus and others, having an honorable record, were among the number launched.

On Mr. Tullock's retirement from the Navy Agency, the newspapers were very complimentary in their respective notices. One editorial reads :—

"It is only justice to say in regard to Mr. Tullock, that in all his public offices, as Postmaster at Portsmouth, Secretary of State in New Hampshire, and United States Navy Agent, he has proved himself an officer and business man of unusual energy, promptitude and efficiency, as well as a thorough gentleman in all his dealings."

Another observes :—

"Mr. Tullock has proved a very acceptable Navy Agent. His accounts have been models in point of accuracy, and although the pressure of the duties of the office have at times been enormous, they have been discharged alike to the satisfaction of the government and the business community."

Hon. John P. Hale, in a speech in the United States Senate, May 23, 1864, in relation to Naval Supplies, after reading an extract from some evidence

*See Mr. Tullock's letters addressed to Gov. Prescott, December 28, 1872, and March 29, 1873, on the "Governors Portrait Gallery" and published in the New Hampshire papers. The State is particularly indebted to Gov. Prescott for his untiring and persistent efforts in securing portraits for the Gallery while Secretary of State and Governor, and for his active interest therein to the present time.

taken before a naval committee and expressed by the acting Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, said :—

"That is a wholesale denunciation by an officer of the Navy against a class of officers. Mr. President, I believe there are but five of these officers now in commission, at least on the Atlantic coast. They are the Navy agents at Kittery, at Boston, at New York, at Philadelphia, and at Washington. It is my fortune to be acquainted with three of them—with two of them I am not acquainted.

I will begin with the Navy agent at Kittery, Thomas L. Tullock; and I say what every citizen of New Hampshire, what every citizen of Maine that knows anything of Mr. Tullock will bear me out in saying, a more upright, conscientious, honest, faithful, vigilant officer never held a commission under this Government from the days of Washington to the present time. A Christian, who illustrates the sincerity of his faith by the purity of his life; a man of the most exemplary integrity; a man against whose reputation the breath of scandal never breathed, and a calumny was never uttered. Mr. Tullock I have known for many years. You know him, Mr. President (Mr. Clark, President *pro tempore*, in the chair). I think other gentlemen on this floor know him. I take pleasure and pride in saying to the Senate that he is my friend, my personal friend, and I am proud of the honor of being allowed to call him so; and I tell you, sir, that he stands as much higher in public estimation than those who detract and decry him, as it is possible in the present constitution of things for one man to stand above another.

I have read—I think it is in Æsop's Fables—that a viper once, impelled, either by the cravings of hunger or the demands of his nature, thought he could make a meal of a file. He gnawed at it some time. What the effect upon his teeth was, is not recorded; but I believe from that time to this the attempt of vipers to feed themselves with files has been given over. Just exactly as useless will it be for any man anywhere to undertake to build up a reputation for himself, or for any Department of this Government, by attacking such men as Mr. Tullock."

The distinguished officer in the Navy to whom Senator Hale referred, wrote to Mr. Tullock immediately after the delivery of the Senator's speech, assuring him that the opinion he expressed before a committee concerning Navy Agents and Naval supplies, and which inspired, in part, the speech vindicating them, had not the remotest reference to him, and was not in the least applicable to the Navy Agent at the Portsmouth Naval Station.

In 1865, Mr. Tullock was elected Secretary of the Union Republican Congressional Committee at Washington, a committee which was formed to secure a more efficient organization of the Republican party, especially at the South, and to disseminate among the people a thorough knowledge of the great principles which formed the basis of its action. It was composed of one member appointed from each State, having a Union Representative in either House of Congress. He was also Secretary of the Executive Committee. Mr. Tullock reluctantly accepted the position, and conducted the important political campaigns of that critical period, involving the great work of reconstruction, and the convention and ratification campaigns in the seceding States, and also the presidential canvass which resulted in the election of Grant and Colfax in November, 1868. He continued in charge until March, 1869, when he resigned, and the office was temporarily closed.

One who was connected with the Congressional Committee during this eventful period, and who had an excellent opportunity of judging of the value of Mr. Tullock's services to the country during his management of its affairs, bears testimony to the discretion, ability and fidelity with which he discharged its grave duties, and to the very great benefit that resulted to the nation from the wise and patriotic exercise of the high trust imposed upon him.

For the indefatigable and systematic labors of Mr. Tullock, he received many encomiums; but we have space only to quote from a few of the public notices. One of the New Hampshire papers paid a well-merited compliment to him for his able and efficient services, which was extensively copied and endorsed in e most flattering manner.

An extract reads :—

"The Republicans in Congress are learning what their brethren of like faith in New Hampshire ascertained several years ago,—that when labor requiring patience, care and exactness, is needed, no person surpasses Hon. Thomas L. Tullock of Portsmouth. He is an efficient worker, and the Republican party and cause of progress and liberty in New Hampshire owe much to his services."

"The Daily Standard" at Raleigh, N. C., Aug., 1868, in a column or more devoted to Mr. Tullock, said :—

"Among the great number of names prominent in the history of reconstruction, there is not a single one to whom more is due for services actually rendered the country than to the secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee."

Another :—

"The entire work of the committee was done under the able and almost sleepless supervision of Hon. Thomas L. Tullock, the efficient secretary of the committee, to whose earnestness in the cause coupled with practical political sagacity and labor was largely due the triumphant issue of the campaign."

The "Washington Daily Chronicle," in an article on the campaign of 1868, and referring to Mr. Tullock, said :—

"His labors for the success of the Republican cause during the last campaign were not surpassed by those of any one man in the country. Occupying the responsible position of secretary of the Union Republican Congressional Committee, he was the working man of that body. Watching the progress of the cause in every doubtful section of the country, he was compelled to wade through a mass of correspondence that would have appalled most men. His supervision extended not merely to states but to counties and neighborhoods, and whenever a blow could be most effectively struck with the means at his command, he stood ready to strike, and never failed to do so. Entertaining an almost religious devotion to the principles of the Republican party, he threw all his energies into his allotted work, performing it with the zeal of a devotee rather than the cold fidelity of an agent."

The "New York Times" thus alluded to Mr. Tullock :—

"The entire work of the committee, involving the economical expenditure of vast sums of money and a correspondence filling several large volumes, was under the supervision of Mr. Tullock, and much of it with his own hands and brains, and to his sagacity and vigilance is the country largely indebted for the triumphant result of the campaign. Mr. Tullock's public record is one to which the country can look with satisfaction and pride. He made the best secretary of state which his native state—New Hampshire—ever had. For more than twenty years a public officer he has shown himself a model of industry and tact, while in all things his integrity has become proverbial. With large experience, fine talents, and the noblest Christian character, there are few places in the Government to which he may not aspire, and, thus aspiring, none to which he may not attain."

Another :—

"Mr. Tullock has acquired a reputation for sagacious and economical management, and has performed political services with extraordinary ability; and the country will yet have for this brave-hearted gentleman some adequate recognition for the eminent services he has rendered it. He accepted responsibilities with motives very different from profit or ambition, and the success in aiding to secure the restoration with loyal government of seven states of the Republic is deemed by him a sufficient reward."

Mr. Tullock was subsequently elected secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee in 1870 and 1872, and also treasurer in 1880, but was so much occupied with other duties, as to cause him to decline the appointments.

He was a member of the general Committee of control of the Inauguration Reception and Procession, March, 1869, and was secretary of the executive committee and chairman of the auditing committee.

He was one of the managers selected for the Inaugural Reception of President Lincoln in 1861. After the inauguration of President Grant, Mr. Tullock was urgently recommended by all the Union members of Congress and senators from the reconstructed States and the entire Congressional Committee, as a suitable person for the office of first assistant postmaster-general, but failed to to receive the appointment, as Mr. Cresswell had made a designation simultaneously with being commissioned as postmaster-general, and without knowledge of the application which was about to be filed. Mr. Tullock was not anxious to hold a government position, and purposed returning to New Hampshire and engaging in business, but was invited to accept the office of Chief of the appointment division of the United States Treasury department, by Secretary Boutwell, whom he greatly respects, regarding him as one of the ablest officers who have held that important position, and his administration as eminently successful.

March 20, 1869, Mr. Tullock accepted what proved to be a most perplexing and difficult trust. It not only covered the thousands of employees in Washington, but the appointments controlled by the Treasury Department throughout the country. A large reduction of the local force in Washington had to be made to conform to the appropriations for the ensuing fiscal year, and the pressure for appointments, retention, promotion, and restoration was very great and urgent. Good judgment, patient investigation and just discrimination were requisite to effectually promote the efficiency of the service and mete out justice. Mr. Tullock, however, discharged the delicate duties of his office to the satisfaction of the Secretary, who was aware of his desire to be relieved at the earliest practical moment.

The appointment division of the Treasury Department never had a more efficient, impartial, and discriminating chief. Although in designating to honorable trusts and in the retention of incumbents in important clerical and other public positions, he favored those whose undoubted loyalty to the Union and unswerving fidelity to the Republican party were unquestioned, yet his discrimination and critical judgment as to their fitness and qualifications won for him the confidence and approval of the administration.

On the 17th of August, 1869, Mr. Tullock was appointed by Secretary Boutwell, collector of internal revenue for the District of Columbia, then an important office, which he held until September 30, 1876, when, on account of the great reduction of taxes, the District was consolidated with the Third District of Maryland, and the main office located at Baltimore. In April, 1873, he was designated by Secretary Richardson, of the Treasury Department, to convey to London a large amount of government securities, which service he performed, and returned to Washington in August with a large quantity of cancelled United States bonds, after visiting the continent with his family.

He was for a short time superintendent of the Labor Exchange of Washington, from its organization until Oct. 8, 1877, declining to receive any compensation. Afterwards he served the Exchange as director and treasurer. On the 8th of October, 1877, he was offered by the postmaster of Washington, the late Judge J. M. Edmunds, the office of assistant-postmaster, which he accepted and retained until August, 1880, when he took charge of the financial department of the office, being now the auditor of the city post-office. After the death of Judge Edmunds, Mr. Tullock was acting postmaster from Dec. 15, 1879, to January 13, 1880.

Mr. Tullock has been unemployed less than one year from April 21, 1834, to the present time. Generally the duties of one office have lapped over those of another, or the changes have usually been without loss of time. His services have been sought, and most of the offices he has held have been voluntarily bestowed, without application on his part. Close attention to business, and a personal supervision of every trust have characterized his administrations. He is regarded as a thorough accountant,—accurate, systematic, and vigilant; and possessing remarkable endurance, untiring industry, great energy and force of character, he never fails of success. His business training, sterling integrity, and courteous demeanor, united with a capacity for comprehending official duties, and an aptitude for their proper discharge, have enabled him to fill most creditably every position he has occupied. In the rendering of his accounts he has been uniformly prompt, and although receiving and disbursing very large sums of money, there has never been a difference in the settlement, or a voucher disallowed.

Many situations have been tendered to Mr. Tullock and declined, among them that of auditor Northern Pacific Railroad; auditor and also treasurer Central Vermont Railroad; auditor Vermont Central and Canada & Vermont Railroads; treasurer Sandusky, Dayton and Cincinnati Railroad; cashier of national, and treasurer of savings banks; president and also general agent of life insurance companies; superintendent of a steam cotton mill. He has declined positions in the United States Treasury, and been mentioned in the public prints for places to which he has never aspired. His consent could not be obtained to have his name presented for several important nominations, such as mayor of his native city, commissioner for the District of Columbia, and others of more or less important character.

He was one of the Directors and also Auditor of the Portsmouth Gas Light Company for several years, while a resident of that city, and is now a Director of the Second National Bank of Washington, and the Metropolitan Railroad of the District of Columbia, and also of the Graceland Cemetery Association; President of one Building Association, treasurer of another. He was one of the Trustees of the Freedman's Savings Bank and Trust Company, May, 1872, and subsequently vice-president and trustee, and one of the advisory council of the Washington Beneficial Endowment Association. At one time a Trustee with Gov. William Claflin of Massachusetts, of twenty thousand acres of land in the State of Iowa, he closed the trust in August, 1866, to the satisfaction of all concerned, by sales, and a division of the property remaining unsold.

From 1858 to 1865, Mr. Tullock, with George W. Pendexter, Esq., owned and operated the Steam Planing Mill at Portsmouth, N. H., and from 1857 to 1866, with others from New England, a large Steam Saw Mill at Dubuque, Iowa. As executor of estates; guardian for several children; appraiser of property, real and personal; auditor and arbitrator, he has rendered faithful services. He was a delegate to the Building Association Convention, Washington city, in 1873, and has served as a member of important committees of public interest and general improvement, as well as for humane and charitable purposes.

Politically both as a Whig and Republican, Mr. Tullock has been prominently identified with Electoral, Congressional, State, Councillor, Senatorial, and County conventions, and an influential member of State, County and other political organizations in New Hampshire and Washington. He was an efficient working member of the Whig and Republican New Hampshire State Committees from 1850 to 1865, when he removed to Washington. He conducted the political campaign in that State in 1855, with signal ability and

success, the result being the election of Hon. Ralph Metcalf as Governor, and a complete political revolution in the State. He was associated for several years on the executive committee, as treasurer, with those most thorough and superior organizers, Hon. E. H. Rollins, chairman, Hon. William E. Chandler and Gov. B. F. Prescott, Secretaries, for each of whom, Mr. Tullock expresses a loving remembrance and the strongest friendship. Since his residence in Washington he has been connected with the New Hampshire Republican Association of that city, as a member of its executive committee and its treasurer.

Mr. Tullock was a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, June sessions, 1855, 1856, was Secretary of the Legislative Caucus, and Chairman of the Committee on Finance, and was the author of the economical policy of apportioning the State tax at the regular session, instead of having an extra one for that purpose. He was appointed chairman of a committee which completed the work in an unexceptionable manner without prolonging the session, being the first time in the existence of the State that the apportionment of taxes was perfected at a regular session. This innovation, with its consequent saving of many thousands of dollars, is entirely due to Mr. Tullock, who offered the resolution against the advice of older members who in caucus did not favor the movement, fearing a failure and a long session.

The "Manchester American" commenting on the subject said :—

"The committee on the apportionment of taxes have performed their duties in the most creditable manner. By their industry and determination to push the labor through, the fall session has been obviated and thus forty thousand dollars saved to the State. Perhaps the most efficient man upon this exceedingly well selected committee was Thomas L. Tullock, a member from Portsmouth, who has no superior as a useful member of the Legislature."

The policy thus inaugurated has since been followed. Mr. Tullock being Secretary of State when the next apportionment year occurred, completed the preliminary calculations, so far as practicable, before the legislature convened, and thus relieved the committee of much labor and enabled it to report a bill within a reasonable time.

He has been a member of the Common Council, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen at Portsmouth, and one of the Superintendents of Election, at Washington; was a member of the New Hampshire Kansas Aid Association in 1856, and a delegate from New Hampshire, to the Southern Loyalist Convention at Philadelphia, in September, 1866, and also to the Republican National Convention at Chicago, in 1868, accredited to the seventh District of Virginia, and was one of the committee who notified Gen. Grant at his house on I street, Washington, May 28, 1868, of his nomination as the Republican candidate for the presidency, and also Schuyler Colfax as vice-president.

By appointment of the governor and council of New Hampshire, he was commissioner of the Sullivan railroad, 1855–6; Atlantic and St. Lawrence railroad, 1860; also commissioner New Hampshire State Prison, 1859–60; Justice of the Peace and Quorum throughout the State, besides holding other appointments.

For many years of his active life, Mr. Tullock has shown the warmest interest in the cause of education, especially as a member of the Portsmouth Young Men's Society for Mutual Improvement, 1838, of which he was secretary several years, and as an active member and officer of school committees, director of Portsmouth Lyceum; president of the Board of Trustees New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College at Tilton; vice-presi-

dent and trustee Methodist General Biblical Institute at Concord, N. H.; trustee and a member of the executive committee Howard University, Washington; and trustee and member of the joint committee from several annual conferences, Methodist Episcopal church, on locating a Theological school, which met in Boston in March, 1863 (Bishop O. C. Baker in the chair and Mr. Tullock secretary) a movement which resulted in the establishment of the Boston University; a member of the corporation Boston Theological Institute, 1869; honorary member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, 1859; and corresponding member of the New England Methodist Historical Society, 1881.

As a Mason, Mr. Tullock received his Masonic degrees in Portsmouth. He was initiated in St. John's Lodge No. 1, May 17, 1841; exalted in Washington Chapter No. 3, August 16, 1841; knighted in Dewitt Clinton Commandry, September 18, 1848, and has received the degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite including the 32°; has served as a representative to the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, and as Grand Lecturer, and held many other offices both in the grand and local bodies, and is now a charter member of the DeMolay Mounted Commandry No. 4, Mithras Lodge of Perfection, Evangelist Chapter, Robert DeBruce Council, and Albert Pike Consistory of Washington, and Treasurer of the Masonic Veteran Association of the District of Columbia, organized August 20, 1879, and a member of King Soloman's Lodge No. 2, Washington, of Free and Accepted Architects.

A member of the Methodist Episcopal church since 1841, Mr. Tullock has been a trustee, steward, and treasurer of the State street Methodist Episcopal church of Portsmouth, and in the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal church of Washington, has been scholar, teacher, librarian, secretary and superintendent of Sunday schools. He was a lay delegate to New Hampshire and Baltimore Conferences. District steward, Dover, N. H., and Washington, D. C., districts; delegate at large to the New England Methodist Convention, June 5, 1866; vice-president M. E. Historical and M. E. Education Societies of the M. E. church; member of the centenary committee of the same church for the United States in 1866; also a member of the general committee on the Centennial of American Methodism; director of Conference missionary, tract and preachers aid Societies, and of the Hedding Camp-Meeting Association, of which he was an original member; also a director in the Howard Benevolent, Bible, City Missionary and Temperance Societies of Portsmouth, and of the New England and St. Andrew's Societies of Washington city, and actively interested in other literary, social, benevolent, and religious institutions and societies; and he has had a very extensive acquaintance with the leading ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal church, having visited several annual and six general conferences, including the conference of 1844, in New York city, when the church divided on the question of slavery.

In reply to an inquiry Mr. Tullock said:—

"I never felt happier or more independent than when in mercantile pursuits, and have often regretted that I relinquished business to accept a public office. I sometimes think I should have resigned my place in political organizations, and accepted one of the positions tendered to me; but I was conscientious and believed it to be an imperative duty to exert myself to the utmost in preserving the integrity and in promoting the success of the Republican party, and thereby aid the great cause of liberty and union, good government and the rights of man."

Had the same oneness of purpose and intense earnestness, which were exhibited in his zeal for the restoration of the American Union, and the success of the Republican party in its vigorous, stubborn battle against secession and

disunion, been directed to mercantile pursuits, his financial success would have satisfied the most mercenary ambition.

Mr. Tullock's charities, like his friendships, have been unostentatious, but ever constant and unrestrained, prompted by an innate generous sympathy for his kind. His numerous acts of kindness to a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and his little deeds of love to the poor and friendless,—though unheralded to the world,—will make his name and memory

"Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Mr. Tullock was married in Philadelphia, August 29, 1844, to Emily Estell Rogers. She was born in that city, October 14, 1824, and was the only child of Job and Elizabeth Rogers. Her father, believed to be a lineal descendant of the martyr Rogers, was of Quaker parentage, originally from New Jersey. Her mother's maiden name was Bener, and both father and mother died before their daughter was six years of age. Her grandmother, Hannah (Duffield) Bener, who died December 17, 1857, aged eighty-three, descended from Thomas Duffield, one of three brothers,—Abraham, Jesse, and Thomas,—who came from England with William Penn and settled in Philadelphia. He was her great-grandfather, and purchased land commencing at Frankfort,—now within the city limits of Philadelphia,—and running up the Delaware River ten miles, and five miles back therefrom. Edward Duffield, the executor of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, was of the family. Hannah's father was in the Revolutionary War and at the battle of Trenton, N. J. An extended sketch of the family would be interesting. Mrs. Tullock was a Christian lady of rare excellence and accomplishments. She possessed a genial, happy temperament; a beautifully symmetrical character, and enjoyed the love and esteem of the society in which she moved. She was radiant with goodness and purity, and conspicuous for the salutary influence she exerted. Endowed with excellent judgment and discrimination, she was endeared to family and friends, and universally admired for her remarkable energy, vivacity, and loveliness. Her warm and generous heart promptly responded to every good work. She died at Portsmouth, N. H., January 1, 1865, leaving two children: Thomas L. Tullock, Junior, paymaster U. S. Navy, who was lost on the U. S. Steamer Oneida in Yokohama Bay, Japan, January 24, 1870;* and Seymour Wilcox Tullock, born in Portsmouth, April 5, 1855, who was a graduate of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, New York, June 13, 1877, receiving the degree of civil engineer. He was one of five of a class of ninety-eight, who finished their course without condition. Previous to entering the institute, he was a student at the Conference Seminary at Tilton, N. H., and graduated at the Emerson Institute, Washington, D. C., where he received medals at different times for punctuality, proficiency in his studies, and scholarship. He was employed by the U. S. Coast Survey in the vicinity of Mount Desert, Maine, during his vacation of 1875; and immediately on graduating at Troy, was connected with the U. S. Hot Springs Commission in Arkansas as draughtsman until September, 1877, when he entered the University of the State of Wisconsin, located at Madison, having been recommended by the Faculty at Troy, as assistant in engineering, which position he resigned at the close of the scholastic year to enter Racine College, which he left at the request of his father in December, 1878, to become the financial clerk of the Washington City Postoffice, where he is now employed as cashier.

Mr. Tullock was married to his second and present wife, Miranda Barney Swain, January 10, 1866, and they have one child, Henry Vanderbilt Tullock,

* See GRANITE MONTHLY, October, 1880, pages 43–48.

born October 25, 1874. The GRANITE MONTHLY, for December, 1880, pages 110, 111, has a sketch "of this most estimable woman, whose devotion to our wounded soldiers during the War of the Rebellion is gratefully remembered throughout the State of New Hampshire."

Mr. Tullock has quite a love for antiquarian lore, a good knowledge of history and biography, and is familiar with the character of the distinguished men of New Hampshire, and the nation.

His occasional writings are interesting and instructive. His scrap and record books contain a large amount of historical and varied information, and possess a value that does not ordinarily attach to such compilations. These books have made the preparation of this article comparatively easy; and it is with great pleasure I transmit for publication a tribute to the exalted worth and eminent public services of a citizen whom New Hampshire claims as her son, but whose reputation is national. My intimacy with Mr. Tullock began in "life's green spring." We worshipped at the same altar. I loved him for the simplicity and spotless purity of his character, and his gifted endowments commanded my boyish admiration. My affection and esteem for him have steadily grown as the associations of youth have entwined around the closer companionship of "manhood's riper years." Our political views have always harmonized, and my personal knowledge of his unselfish and self-sacrificing devotion to the policy and principles of the party of our choice, and my high appreciation of his unsullied character and eminent ability, have made it a pleasant duty for me to pen the foregoing sketch. Although now temporarily residing in Washington, we are both intensely partial to the State that gave us birth, and to our natal homes in the grand old "city by the sea."

PROSE.

BY ALICE ESTELLE FRIESE.

PERHAPS you may recognize the place, for I intend to be very accurate in the description. I was about to say the hill was a half of a mile long, as it really would have seemed to tired feet and aching head, had you endeavored to have climbed it on the hot, sultry day of which I am about to tell you; but I will adhere strictly to facts, and say a quarter of a mile. On the summit stood a large, two-storied farm-house; color, a somber brown, with green blinds. In front of the house, and stretching away on either side, a broad, gently sloping bank extended, scrupulously free from chips and dirt of every kind.

It might have been a delightfully pleasant spot, even on an oppressive summer day, with a few shade trees scattered over its surface, with cozy rustic seats under their sheltering branches, inviting to refreshing and coolness. But neither practical farmer Boyed, nor his weak-eyed, weak-voiced, nervous wife, could find time to waste upon such trivial, unimportant matters. There might have been a time, in the happy summers of long ago, when they had planned for themselves a house, a quiet restful spot, adorned and beautified with all the devices that happy hearts could suggest, and earnest willing hands accomplish,

But twenty-five years of struggle had taken away the graceful curves of fancy, and now they were eminently satisfied with this solid, substantial, square farm-house. The faint breezes stirring, brought from the spacious barn across the way, with its wide open doors, and from the fields beyond, the fragrant breath of the new-mown hay; while on the still air the voices of the teamsters rang out, urging on the oxen, with their mountain high burdens. From this hill could be seen the little village, nestling quietly in the valley below, with its row of white cottages on either side of the broad street. The little church with its modest spire pointing upward; a voiceless, yet eloquent appeal to men's hearts, seeming ever to say, "higher, higher; fling off your heavy burdens of care, of sorrow and of sin, and unfettered and free, rise higher, higher."

You could see too, just back of the village, on another hill, a large elegant house with all modern improvements, which was filled to over-flowing during the summer months with city guests. But it is neither of this house nor of the village in the valley below that I have to tell you, but of the inmates of the brown farm-house.

It was about half past four o'clock Saturday afternoon. The bare, grim house stood bravely yet painfully distinct upon its would be imposing eminence. The pitiless sun threw its scotching heat full upon the weather-beaten, faded exterior, that had withstood so many days of blighting heat and wintry tempest, with never so much as the faintest resemblance of a protector or sympathizer near. The continuous outline of the high fence, with its even row of pickets, that kept solemn guard around the enclosure, was broken here by a clumsy gate with rusty iron hinges and heavy latch that refused to be lifted unless most strenuously importuned, leading up to what seemed to be the main entrance of the house. But it were sacrilege to enter here, for the tall rank grass waving triumphantly where the path should have been, had surely never been pressed by the careless foot of man, and the pondrous knocker upon the close shut door, had not sent forth its resonant clang, since many months ago, the staid, venerable pastor from the village below paid his semi-annual visit to the farm-house.

Further on towards the pasture lands was another gate hospitably wide open, and following the well-worn foot-path you came at last to the inhabited portion of the house, an east wing or ell. Over the low door leading into the long old-fashioned kitchen, was a kind of rustic porch, which had evidently not been designed for ornament, but for practicability; for climbing over and around it, effectually shutting out the glare of the summer sun, was a luxuriant grape vine with its large green leaves, and abundant clusters of cool, slowly maturing fruit. Nature, ever lavish with her gifts, had transformed the gaunt, unsightly handiwork of man, into a perfect bower of simple purity and quiet beauty.

Two curly-headed, rosy-cheeked boys of six and eight summers, evidently considered this snug retreat their particular province for playing at jack-straws; for boys, straws, and other miscellaneous *debris* known only to the treasure house of a boy's well-filled pockets, were scattered about over the clean wooden door steps at comfortable and convenient distances from one another. A little further back in the door-way a quiet, scholarly lad of about twelve years was seated, utterly oblivious of the merry play about him, being busily engaged in mastering some perplexing questions in next Monday's lesson. Presently the curly-heads disappeared noisily into the kitchen beyond. "Say Janet, a'int supper most ready, where's mother, got the head-ache? Oh, well, never mind, give Tom and me something to eat," volunteered the eight year old. But it is about this Janet that I wish to tell you, and after all there isn't much to tell, only a simple, plotless record of a young girl's life. She was so very like the

many we meet with every day, and never think of them as heroines. I think she was about twenty, not handsome certainly. Large earnest gray eyes, clear and cool; glossy, abundant brown hair; a sensitive, passably pretty mouth, and over all a kind of shy, unstudied grace that attracts oftener than mere beauty. People who had known Janet from her earliest years, regarded her as a quiet reserved kind of a girl, perhaps a trifle odd, but on the whole uninteresting and with no claim to beauty. There were times however, when the thin, rather nervous face could glow with a fine, rare beauty, and the straight forward far-seeing eyes would be darkened and intensified, until one would be ready to aver that the blackness of night imprisoned in their depths had somehow caught a glimpse of the sunlight, and was struggling to be free. Great joy could effect this transformation, or sorrow that was acutest pain. But it was not often; for it was with Janet as with the most of her New England sisters. The "keen-edged atmosphere" and solid, enduring beauty surrounding them is unconsciously wrought into their characters, until they are cold and unimpassioned to all outward seeming.

A close observer might have frequently detected in the young girl's face a restless, unsatisfied expression, which made one feel as if life after all wasn't too happy for little Janet. And yet why shouldn't it be? Farmer Boyed was "well to do," was fond of his daughter of course; but he had been trained under the old Puritanical *regime*, and deemed all outward manifestations of affection or endearment, so many sure tokens of weakness and undue sinful love for the perishable things of earth. He had taken great care that this his one daughter should receive proper training both bodily and mentally; her educational advantages had been far superior to those of the average New England farmer's daughter. She ought to be happy. Still, notwithstanding his sense of paternal obligations fulfilled, the father was sometimes troubled as he noticed the wishful, far away look in Janet's tell-tale eyes. Her mother might have helped her, but she was a weak woman, and had so many troubles to bear, "and Janet is such a strange child," she would say. And so, with no companionship save that of a strong, untrained imagination, with no tender friend or loving, wise counselor to help her over the difficult, dangerous places, she drifted from girlhood into womanhood.

And hers was no isolated case. Many are the homes where the noise, and hurry, and worry of everyday life so loudly clamor, that stern, abstracted fathers, and weary, overworked mothers fail to catch the softer whisperings of rest, of quiet, and of peace; and in this chilling unhealthful atmosphere, light-hearted youth full of eager impetuosity, is either petrified into cold, hard, cynical maturity, or half sadly, half gladly, but too often sinfully turns away to bask in a golden sunshine that brings death with every radiant gleam.

Saturday to any but the most strictly methodical house-keeper, is the day of all days the fullest of work, of care and vexation. "Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work," says the old Mosaic law, which has been and ever will be held sacred and inviolable. But Oh, the multitude of little unfinished set-aside works of five days to be crowded into the sixth, before can come the day of rest, who but the many busy house-wives in the many busy homes can tell?

And so Janet, young and vigorous though she was, felt inexpressibly glad when supper being ended, father's evening paper read, the half hour of patient toil with restless, impatient Harry, and sleepy stupid Tom over, the Sunday-school lesson of tomorrow having come to an end,—when all this was ended, when nine o'clock and prayer time came, when presently the house was still, the girl with a great feeling of relief stole up to her little room, and with the calm, happy moon-light resting upon her upturned face, she watched the stars

shine, and glow, and twinkle in the far away serene blue. "Seems to me it's all prose," she murmured, "from Monday till Saturday, and on,—and on, was there no end to it, would there never be an end to it?" Janet's life was as yet one great, unanswered question. It grew tiresome occasionally, as monologues are apt to do.

Sunday was in its strictest sense a day of rest in the Boyed house-hold. The head of the house laid aside his newspaper, his wife her headache, and with a becoming reverence attended to the duties of the day. To Janet this was her one care-free happy day. Every one was pleasant, cheerful, and well-dressed. It was very easy to be good. But on this particular morning she lingered longer than usual at her simple toilet, trying first the effect of one bright ribbon and then another, to relieve the plainness of her sober gray dress; until finally becoming dissatisfied with all, she hurried down stairs to find sober-eyed, reliable Time, the large sleek family horse already in front of the door, behind him, in the heavy, but capacious wagon the rest of the family were comfortably bestowed; and, with the solemn worshipful tones of the Sabbath bells filling all the valley below, and coming up to meet them as they came down from the hill-side, the Boyed family quietly, decorously journeyed to the same place of worship that had seen already two generations of Boyeds reverently, humbly gather within its sacred walls, and from whose portals the carriers had slowly, sadly came forth at last to lay them away in the neighboring church-yard. Doubtless such thoughts as these were not with Janet, for the deep, dark lights were shining in her eyes, and there was a tender happy smile upon her face. The people in the church, neighbors and friends, all who listened to her clear, pure soprano, soaring up and away from all the other voices, from hearing, involuntarily glanced with surprise at the singer, for although they had heard the same voice, and seen the same face so many times at their Sunday worship, that it had come to be considered an inseparable part of the worship itself; yet to-day there was an added charm upon the pale shy face, and a more gladsome ring in the clear sweet voice. What was the secret that kept whispering itself to her heart through all that long Sabbath day? While others grew restless and a trifle impatient over the tedious doctrinal sermon of their highly venerated teacher and guide; still the dreamy smile and the happy lights did not go out of Janet's face, and in her ears the voice of the preacher, deep and unmelodious though it was, became musically mingled with the wild, joyous carol of a most audacious songster perched lightly upon a neighboring tree just by the open window; or with the drowsy tinkling and plaintive bleating which came to her afar off from the wooded pasture lands beyond. But the secret that came creeping through it all; that like some familiar strain of music, having lost itself in a labyrinth of variations and improvisations, finally comes forth again in all its original beauty and sweetness;—the secret—what was it? Among the worshipers was a young man apparently at home among this congregation, and yet from unmistakable evidences not of them. He seemed to be among friends who were strangers; to be attempting to grasp familiarly what was half forgotten; to be endeavoring to bridge over the distance between the long yesterday of the past, and short to-day of the present, so that the past might appear as if it had never been, and the present might lose its identity in the past. This was Arthur Strong. Why need I describe him? His character was like his name, upright, enduring. For the rest, he was scarcely of middle height, straight in figure, with a face which seemed made up of an odd mixture of contradictions. The mouth was hardly firm enough, and the smile that might be seen about it at rare intervals was tender as a woman's; while the deeply set, half shut eyes under the heavy brows; the broad yet low forehead from which the thick

black hair was pushed carelessly back; the abstracted thoughtful air, gave to the face an appearance of grave dignity almost approaching sternness. Many of the town-folks could remember how David Strong, the young man's grandfather and chief magnate of the village,—since he combined in one person the respective dignities of deacon, justice of the peace, and store-keeper,—had for many years worthily filled this same high-backed, uncomfortable pew, which was now occupied by this frail and sole survivor of an ancient family. It was unlike the story of the prodigal son, who, "having spent all in riotous living," heavy-hearted but repentant came back to enjoy once more a father's bounty; for the deacon's only son,—who had long been proverbially known as the one dark stain upon the otherwise spotless reputation of the sons of this simple village,—after many years of wandering came back a stern, gloomy, middle aged man, broken in health, almost touching the borderlands of the one unexplored country; but evidently not penniless, and bringing with him a young wife, who became at once the admiration and the envy of the younger portion of the little town, likewise a source of great anxiety and uneasiness to its gray-haired sires; for she had not been educated in the faith of the fathers, and her creed was so liberal and yet so just that they secretly feared for themselves while they prayed for her. But Hester Strong went quietly on her way, bringing light and sunshine to the great house of the village, and joy and happiness to two otherwise darkened lives; until her light went out with her life, and nothing was left them but her memory and the son, helpless Arthur intrusted to their loving care. The boy inherited from his mother his dark beauty, and rich poetic nature; but, being the constant companion of two gloomy men, he naturally imbibed with his earliest years a manner of thoughtfulness that left with an observer a painful impression of premature manliness; as though he had in some way missed the joyous, light-hearted period of child-hood, and had subjected himself all too soon to "earth's doom of care and sorrow." He would remain for hours within the hearing of the happy voices, and gay laughter of his merry companions; and yet silent and inactive. This want of sympathy in their childish sports and amusements, was quickly noticed and keenly felt by his little playmates; and so, more from animosity than from any desire to yield to his whimes, after a little time they studiously avoided him. All save one, Janet Boyed loved with all her childish heart this boy whom others shunned; and he in turn was not averse to the timid little maiden with the big gray eyes and sunny curls. So there grew up an intimacy between them which their companions were soon to perceive and to turn into a subject for merriment.

But it is with children as with those of a larger growth; opposition only serves to render more steadfast their purposes the opposed. And so Arthur and Janet kept their friendship unbroken, until at the death of his father and grand-father closely following each other, the boy left his native village for a distant home with his mother's kindred. Somehow during the long years of separation, Janet had sacredly cherished the memory of her boy hero. Perhaps because of her quiet, uneventful life. Romance and adventure were strangers to the brown farm-house over the hill. She found herself wondering,—with a guilty blush—on that Sabbath morning, if he remembered too, and if the remembrance filled him with such a strange rapturous joy as she herself was now experiencing. But no, it was scarcely probable that he would think of her at all, or attempt to seek her out. There was a vast, intangible distance between them; between this Janet whose whole life had been spent in this secluded town, shut in and closely guarded from the curious world by the mighty, massive granite hills; and this polished, cultured man, who, if rumor spoke truly, had gathered from years of study and travel a knowledge

so extensive that he was already acknowledged as a man whom men were proud to honor in circles where intellectual worth and mental acquirements are recognized as important elements in the foundation of the highest, noblest types of manhood. And better than all this, he had found the true elixir of life, which, if partaken of freely, dispels from the soul all sorrow, care, unhappiness and unrest; and diffuses instead, light, joy, happiness and peace. He had combined the simple faith and large sympathy of his mother's creed, with the strict integrity and stern justice of a nature inherited from his Puritanical sires; and in the popular church of one of the populous cities, where he went in and out before the people as their spiritual guide, the weary, the sorrowing, and the erring ones ever found in him a tender, loving, and helpful friend; while the arrogant, the self-righteous, and the professedly wicked alike feared, because the spotless integrity of his life, and his utter abhorance of lives like theirs made him—although a wise councilor—a not over lenient, somewhat merciless judge. All this had come to be known to the people of his native village concerning Arthur Strong, although he himself had been for a long time almost unknown.

And Janet, imperfectly understanding it all, felt as the full import of her secret dawned upon her—a secret which had never before been wholly confessed to her inmost heart,—that this wild hope, and strange longing must be crushed out of her life as a creation by far to wonderful to be attainable. No, it could not be! for was not Arthur Strong, as he stood revealed to her in the strength of his noble manhood, as far removed from her, as were the mountain tops above the sea? Still, passions and desires which take strongest hold of our natures, are neither lightly nor easily put aside. And so the hope in Janet's heart kept whispering, "wait, but not in tears, have patience, wait," and the joy would sing its wild, wild song of bewildering, intoxicating bliss.

The long Sabbath day had its end, as do all other days, and then another day was gone, and still another. During these days, the old farm-house, yielding to a new and strange influence, seemed to be making a pitiful attempt to impress an observer with an air of cheerfulness and home-like comfort. The long unused gate swung once more upon its rusty, uncertain hinges; the heavy knocker upon the half open door had been polished until its surface presented a shinning mirror, inviting the attention of the most careless passer-by; on the front of the house the hitherto invariable closed shutters now swung wide, letting into the damp stuffy parlor a breath of the pure free air, and a glimpse of the cheerful happy sunlight. But although every article in the room had been most carefully re-arranged, from the ample folds of the snowy curtains to the stiff hair cloth sofa, and great chairs had been most invitingly coaxed from their conners, to positions suggesting nearness and use, still notwithstanding all this hopeful, painstaking labor, the air and the sunshine had been the only visitors. Already the wild flowers which had been stealthily placed in the tall china vases at either extremity of the mantlepiece,—just beneath an ancient portrait of a still more ancient Boyed—had lost their first faint perfume and fresh dewy beauty, and were withered and drooping now, and the hands of the worker were weary with unrequited toil, and the heart heavy with unfulfilled hope, as, on this third day of the week, Janet reluctantly closed the door upon this unaccustomed brightness; and as the old time gloom settled once more upon the sombre, brown house, the dreariness and loneliness once more came back to the young girl's life, all was drearier and lonelier now, because of the new found element in her nature that was eagerly, passionately seeking for a something necessary to its very being, and yet unattainable.

Without, everything seemed rejoicing in the beauty of the long, sweet, sunny day, from which the intense heat of the noon-time had already departed, leaving only a flood of mellow light, a delicious sense of sweet perfumes, and an unreal, dream-like music from myriads of delicate sounds filling all the air around, faintly shadowing the lingering coming of the cool, still night.

But the girl saw not the beauty, heard not the gladness, felt not the benediction of nature's great peace; as walking swiftly, like one pursued by some dread shadow, she traversed the well-worn foot-path across the meadow-lands, beyond which was a narrow belt of wood-land, and still beyond, the quiet waters of the sleepy river ran lazily by, as they went on to meet the sea. Here, on the shore, close by the gleaming river, Janet and Arthur had spent many happy care-free hours in their joyous sunny child-hood. Here too, when perplexed and disheartened the girl older grown, had come for comfort and for rest. And now, hardly thinking of whither she was going, walking mechanically on, with only an involuntary longing to leave the unrest and heavy heart-ache somewhere, she found herself once more by the lapsing waves that knew neither trouble nor care in their calm, placid depths. She sat down on the shore, and looking out on the tranquil happy river, she wondered vaguely why, when everything around was so peaceful, though the air was so still, and only the "lesser notes of nature" could be heard; yet for her there was only this sense of utter weariness and awful desolateness.

Presently she became aware of a figure coming towards her along the shore; a slight solitary figure, which at a glance she recognized. Would he pass on without seeing her? For a few moments she thought so, then the steps came nearer, and finally ceased at her side. At the first approach, the rich warm color had rushed in one great flood upon the young girl, dying cheek, brow, and even down to the slender, graceful neck, a rosy red; but had as suddenly receded leaving the face of the silent watcher colorless as marble.

"Janet!" At the sound of that little word, so tenderly, strangely uttered, the girl sprang up with a glad, sweet cry of recognition.

"Janet" the young man said slowly, taking both the eager, outstretched hands in his, with his glad eyes upon her face, "I am come for my wife, is she ready for me now, Janet?"

Well, it was only the same old story told again there by the smiling, happy river; but hence forth there would be no more loneliness and desolateness for little Janet, no more long, weary days devoid of hope, dark without beauty; for although the coming days might be like all former days in their tedious, endless routine, yet however toilsome life might be, it would still be beautiful, for love the harmonizer, love the beautifier, had touched it with his wonderful magic wand.

BISSELL, AND BISSELL'S CAMP, AT WINDHAM, N. H.

BY LEONARD A. MORRISON.

AMONG the most eccentric persons who ever resided here was F. L. Bissell. The most romantic place was his camp, so famous when standing in its glory, and so well remembered since its decay. The personage and the place have become historic.

In May, 1823, F. L. Bissell, then nineteen years of age, came to Windham. He was an East Indian, or Malay, a native of the Isle of Sumatra, and came

to this country when in very early life. He acquired a good English education, and was fortunate in being the heir to a large estate, which was managed by a trustee, or guardian, named White, of Salem, Mass. He came to this town, accompanied by Major Dudley, a teacher of military tactics. They selected a spot, and built a camp of pine boughs, having a large stone fire-place. The camp was but little higher than the ground around it. It was quickly supplied with all kinds of the choicest liquors, and with all proper food and utensils suitable for pioneer life. Thus equipped, he with Major Dudley and other boon companions were ready for fishing at Mitchell's Pond, and for the pursuit of the wild game with which the woods abounded on both sides of the brook, which runs from Mitchell's Pond. Then commenced the frolic, the gayety, and their dissipation. The woods resounded with the sharp report of guns and the yell of swift running hounds, which made music for that portion of the town. The novelty of the place, the strange occupants, and the odor of *rum*, induced many to visit Bissel's Camp.

Evidently it was not Bissell's intention to be more than a temporary occupant, when he first settled at the Camp; but the notoriety he had acquired, the throng of visitors by whom he was generally surrounded, the attractiveness of the place, and the abundance of game, caused a change to come "over the spirit of his dream." So he made a change from what was almost a savage mode of life to one a few steps nearer civilization. The brush camp was torn away, a log house erected in its place. The latter contained two rooms with a hall across the west end. The house was finished in the most elaborate and elegant manner, the walls painted with East Indian scenes, and the tall palm tree was emblazoned in native colors. The outside of his abode was left in the roughest possible manner. A stable was built and equipped with fine horses and carriages. Money was of no account with Bissell, and it was scattered freely. He took a five dollar note to light his pipe, according to report. Numerous anecdotes are told of this tame wild-man. Once, while riding out, he saw a large flock of geese near the road, and raising his shot-gun he *blazed* into the flock, killing several and wounding others. He then ordered his driver to stop, and, having found the owner, he told him what he had done, and asked him his price for the shot. The price (not a small one) was paid, and Bissell went on his way rejoicing.

One day one of his men went for a pail of water, he heard the sharp crack of a gun, and looking around he saw Bissell at the door of his camp just lowering his gun from his shoulder. He was an *excellent shot*, and he had merely put a bullet through the man's hat, as he stood several rods away.

Bissell had erected summer-houses, made an artificial fish pond, put a fine latticed house over his well, and had made of his abode a sort of a fairy land. He was a good penman, and embellished his writing by using instead of black sand what was apparently gold dust. So he lived for some four years. But his days of glory, wealth, license, and pride, were fast drawing to a close. His money was exhausted, or withheld by his guardian. He contracted many debts, and his creditors were not slow in taking possession of his possessions by due process of law, and his financial trouble caused his sudden departure from the town.

He went to Vermont and his subsequent history is unknown. The beauty and attractiveness of the place quickly faded after the departure of its founder. The log cabin was demolished about 1865. The summer-houses are gone, but the latticed, circular well-house still exists; the artificial pond is still there; and there are other ruinous evidences of the places where his buildings stood; but the pomp and circumstance of its early state and beauty are gone forever.

MASTER PARKINSON.

BY R. PARKINSON.

A tombstone at Canterbury bears this inscription: "Henry Parkinson: Long an excellent Classical Preceptor: Died May 28, 1820, aged 79. Hibernia me genuit: America nutrivit: Nassau Hall educavit. Docui, militavi, atque manibus laboravi. Sic cursum meum finivi; et nunc terra me occupat, et quiete in pulvere dormio quasi in gremio materno meo. Huc ades, amice mi care; aspice, et memento ut moriendum certe sit tibi. Ergo vale, et cave."

This epitaph was written by himself. Among the Revolutionary patriots who, with firm reliance on divine Providence, pledged their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor in defence of self-government, and redeemed the pledge by jeoparding their lives unto the death upon the high places of the field, he was one of the earliest in New Hampshire. He was a pioneer in the State in promoting liberal education, and he left to it the noblest legacy a citizen can bequeath—the enduring fruits of talents improved by liberal culture, and beneficently occupied in the duties of good citizenship and in promoting human welfare. As in life he shared the principles, counsels and friendships of Stark, Reid, Dearborn, Webster, the Nesmiths, and other patriots in the Provincial army; and with them endured the hardships, privations, perils and sufferings of camp, march, battle, and winter-quarters, it is meet that he should share the gratitude and veneration due to them from succeeding generations. The duty of enbalming the history of this builder, who wrought bravely and wisely, as soldier and educator, in laying the foundations of the Republic, has been so long neglected that the once abundant materials in manuscript, military and family papers, and in the memories of associates, children, and pupils, are rapidly approaching the vanishing-point. Such lingering and scattered remnants as I have been able to collect are here presented.

According to tradition, William and Esther (Wood) Parkinson were natives of Scotland. They were kin to the Scotch Livingstons, who settled in New York and New Jersey. In 1741, they were residents of Londonderry, Ireland. In that year and city their oldest child, Henry, was born. In 1744, they emigrated to Londonderry, N. H. They removed thence to Princeton or vicinity, in New Jersey, but at what date is not ascertained. In June, 1776, William Parkinson united with others in Londonderry in pledging "to the utmost of their power and at the risque of their lives and fortunes, with arms to oppose the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies against the United American Colonies." Whether this was William, Senior, or Junior is uncertain. The former had five sons born in this country: Aaron, Jonathan, Reuben, Sylvanus, and William; and five daughters: Esther, Elizabeth, Katherine, Mary, and Susan.

Little is known of the parents. That little indicates a claim to grateful remembrance. They were among the settlers of New Hampshire, who with hardy endurance and heroic self-sacrifice toiled and suffered in the hope of achieving for posterity a better lot than their own. They were God-fearing and liberty-loving. Their fellowship was with the pure in heart and the upright in life. In spirit, aims, and efforts, they did nothing to hinder, and the best they could to help, the primitive settlers in making the wilderness and the solitary place glad for them, and the desert blossom as the rose. They were among the few first settlers who had the wisdom, frugality, and self denial

to save out of the scant rewards of frontier toil the means of giving children a higher than rudimentary education. And they so imbued their sons with the love of liberty, that five, if not six of them, volunteered in the war by which it was won.

A solitary letter, written by the mother to Henry, has escaped oblivion. The date is May 10, 1804. The place of writing is not named, but probably Schoharie County, New York. It is a long letter, chiefly occupied with accounts of her sons and their families in that county, and recent intelligence from those "in the Jersies" and "in the Genesee Country." The introduction is of special interest as evincing the deep religious element in her character. She recalls her indebtedness to God for his manifold mercies to her; expresses her consciousness that she is very near eternity; assures her son that she does not forget him and his family in her prayers, "late and early," that she earnestly prays that "he may have grace according to knowledge" for setting an example which his children may safely follow, and that she is thankful to God "for the sentiments and way of speech very pleasing to your aged mother" in his last letter to her. She concludes her religious preface thus: "My dear Henry, I once more beg that you be earnest at the throne of grace for yourself and your family and your mother." It seems a patriotic duty to perpetuate in some enduring record, this voice of a mother crying in a distant wilderness to her posterity in New Hampshire, to prepare the way of the Lord and make straight a highway for the God of their fathers, on whose favor the purity and perpetuity of the family, the church, and the State depend.

Henry was graduated at Princeton, in 1764. His class was larger than any previous one. It was eminent for scholarship and patriotism. The valedictorian, Ebenezer Pemberton, LL. D., had "patriotism" for his theme; Jacob Rush, LL. D., late Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, had "liberty" for his. Among other classmates were the younger Jonathan Edwards, D. D.; Theodore Dirck Romeyn, D. D., principal founder of Union College; Samuel Kirkland, strongly endorsed by Washington for patriotism, and founder of the academy which grew into Hamilton College; Joel Benedict, D. D., of Connecticut; William Davies, Revolutionary officer of Virginia, and intimate friend of Washington; John Bacon, pastor of the Old South in Boston, M. C., and a leader in founding Williams College; and Richard Hutson, M. C., and David Ramsey, M. C., of South Carolina—the latter the distinguished author of the History of the Revolution.

Several of Henry's brothers were students, though not graduates, at Princeton. A grand-daughter of Reuben, who had her home with him in youth and remembers him well, states that "he was educated at Princeton College, his oldest brother, Henry, being tutor (as he always called him) in the college;" and that, owing to a decrease in his father's finances, he left five years before the war; at the beginning of which, he enlisted in New York city, and served to the end. He spent his subsequent long life as a teacher in New York State.

Henry is not recorded as tutor in the Triennial; but, that subsequent to his graduation, he was connected with the college, is implied in a family tradition, that while at Princeton he became attached to President Witherspoon (inaugurated 1768), with whom in subsequent life he had friendly correspondence. Three of his brothers are recorded as having enlisted in the Continental army from Somerset county, New Jersey; Aaron, Jonathan, and Sylvanus. Whether the only other brother, William, was in the service is not yet learned.

In the Spring of 1775, Henry was at Londonderry. Parker's history of that town states: "Soon after the news of the battle of Lexington had been received, Capt. George Reid marched with a company of nearly one hundred

men from Londonderry and joined the American forces at Medford." He enlisted as a private in that company; James Nesmith and James Jr., grandfather and uncle of Judge George W. Nesmith, were among his fellows. This company was embodied in the First Regiment of New Hampshire. John Stark was elected Colonel, and Judge Nesmith is authority for the statement that at Stark's request Parkinson was chosen Quartermaster. The two men, of the same race and settlement, companions in youth, and agreeing in sentiment, were strong friends through life. While both lived it was their rule to visit, each the other, annually. Stark was the first to build a home for himself, and when Parkinson built his he copied Stark's throughout.

The Provincial Congress at Exeter, commissioned Stark June 3, 1775. The original manuscript of Parkinson's commission shows plainly that the same date was first written, but expunged and "July 6" substituted. On the back is recorded: "Mr. John Caldwell, is to have the pay for doing the duty of quartermaster until this day, July 6, 1775." Kidder's "History of the First Regiment" names both Caldwell and Parkinson as quartermasters, June 17th; Frothingham's "Siege of Boston" names Caldwell only. All the facts indicate that Parkinson was elected to the office when the regiment was organized, but for some unknown reason Caldwell acted as his substitute until July 6th. Tradition has given Parkinson credit for being at the battle of Bunker Hill, but record evidence is conflicting.

The First Regiment of New Hampshire became the Fifth in the Continental Service. In that, he received a new commission as lieutenant and quartermaster from the Continental Congress, signed by John Hancock, January 1, 1776.

During the siege of Boston, Stark's regiment was stationed on Winter Hill. In March, 1776, he was ordered to march with that and the Twenty-fifth, via Norwich, Ct., to New York. In May following, he was ordered to proceed, via Albany to Canada to reinforce our army. At the mouth of the Sorrelle he met it on the retreat. It is recorded that, in evacuating Saint John's, "Col. Stark with his staff was in the last boat that left the shore. They were in sight when the advance guard of the enemy arrived amid the smoking ruins." Stark was subsequently stationed successively at Crown Point, Ticonderoga, Chimney Point and Mount Independence,—the last so-named because his regiment was there when the news of the Declaration of Independence was received.

Shortly before the battle of Trenton, December 26, Stark joined Washington at Newton, N. J. He had to march more than two hundred miles, and it is recorded that his regiment was so "ill-supplied, ill-clothed, and so poorly shod that the march could be traced by their tracks in blood." This regiment, in the battle of Trenton, led the van of Sullivan's division. It also fought bravely in the battle of Princeton, January 3, 1777.

In March, 1777, Stark indignantly resigned. Probably from sympathy with him, Parkinson's resignation soon followed. He records that "it was accepted about the first of June, 1777."

In the spring of 1777, he contracted with parties to clear land for him in Francestown. He married Jenett McCurdy of Londonderry, September 17, 1777, and located in Francestown. The records of that town show that in 1779 he was chairman of its committee of safety, and that he was town-clerk for three years, ending March, 1781. One who recently examined the records states that he kept them "in a plain and very beautiful hand-writing."

He removed to Pembroke in 1781. His home was there about three years. "He maintained a superior school at Concord from about 1784 to 1794." The remainder of his life was spent in Canterbury. He owned a farm on which

he built a home and a mill. But except in the way of supervision, or recreation, his farming and milling were done by other hands. His life-work was teaching the classics and higher English. He fitted not a few students for college, and imparted to a large number of both sexes an academic education. As late as 1878, a remnant of his latest pupils were living in Canterbury and vicinity. One remembered attending "when he had about sixty pupils, every one of which liked him as a teacher. His order was excellent and his explanations perfect;" another, that "he was exceedingly fond of his books, and when indoors usually had one in hand."

He was a good citizen, a good neighbor, and kind to the poor. Social and hearty in spirit, he used hospitality without grudging. Among those of note in circumjacent towns with whom he held friendly intercourse, were Captain Ebenezer, father of Daniel Webster; Colonel Timothy, father of General John A. Dix; Matthew Thornton; and the Starks, Kents, and Bartletts.

He did not make a public profession of religion, but without scepticism he received the orthodox view of Christianity, worshipped God in His sanctuary, took the Bible for his guide, studied it much, and imbued his inner and outer life with its spirit of truth and benevolence. In old age he was much occupied with religious themes, and he noted a variety of sharp points indicative of scorn for every form or garb of religion, the genuineness of which, was not corroborated by the Saviour's test,—a good man bringeth forth out of the good treasure of his heart that which is good. "Christians," he says, "must be like Noah's Ark that was pitched within and without,—they must have a holy *inside* and a holy *outside*." In urging one of his children to "be always in the way of duty and leave the result to Providence," he adds, "these things I write to convince you of your absolute dependence upon the providence of God for all your enjoyments. For without His providence nothing falls out in the world, without His commission nothing stirs, without His blessing nothing prospers." One of his latest acts was to write for his children and posterity this final counsel and benediction: "Make the law of God your rule, religion your business, communion with God your daily employ, and as to soul and body, the glory of God your highest end and aim. I commend you to God and His providence and to the direction and guidance of His holy spirit; and I pray that the angels of God may encamp around you and preserve you from all evil of every kind; and that you may finally be received into the realms of light and love, where peace and rest shall forever dwell."

In 1878, the late Hon. W. P. Haines, of Maine, native of Canterbury, referred to his remembrance of the funeral of Master Parkinson as an extraordinary event in his childhood,—extraordinary for the number and character of those who came together from within and beyond the town to pay their last respects to the old teacher and Revolutionary patriot.

The *Concord Patriot* of June 3, 1820, noticing his death, states that "in the army he made his literary acquirements eminently useful," and to the statement that "he spent many years in preparing youth for the highest attainments in literature" adds, "the benefit derived from his instruction in this town will be remembered by many and his memory cherished with deserved respect."

He had three sons and six daughters. His taste for scholarship and teaching have descended in different lines, but more prominently in that of his oldest son, Robert. He was a teacher in his young manhood. He was a great reader, and like his father, "when in-doors usually had a book in hand," from which, in the evening he was wont to read aloud. He was familiar with English classics, in prose and poetry, thoroughly versed in national history, and intense in his affections for our republican institutions and their founders. In most of these respects he was worthily represented by his oldest son, the late

Henry Parkinson, of Nashua. He, Robert, met with reverses and became a poor man when his children were small. Notwithstanding, such was the inspiration descending through him and their faithful mother,—also a teacher in early life,—that he has since been represented: *by students* in Dartmouth, Harvard, and Bowdoin: in Johns Hopkins and Berlin Universities; and in Andover, Union, and Hartford Theological Seminaries: *by teachers*, in every grade of public and private schools, and academies, and in college tutorship and professorship. Of his eight children, five have been successful teachers for periods ranging from a few to forty years. Of his twelve living grand-children, eight have had successful experience in teaching; seven have completed a college curriculum; one is in college; and one having been in a year is out teaching. The other three are graduates of high schools, the youngest of whom may yet enter college. A divine proverb affirms that a good man leaves an inheritance to his children's children. Such was the inheritance left by "Master Parkinson." May it be multiplied and extended to the latest generation.

GILMAN TUTTLE.

GILMAN Tuttle was born in Sanbornton, N. H., October 4th, 1818. As a boy, with nothing but his hands to rely on, he drifted to Lowell, Mass., and later to Boston, where, after establishing a business and, with characteristic generosity, admitting a younger brother to an interest in his growing fortunes, he became one of the heaviest contractors of the metropolis.

As a builder, his works praise him, and hundreds of the finest residences in Boston as well as business blocks without number in the "burned district" and elsewhere, attest the thoroughness of his handiwork.

Horticultural Hall, with numerous imposing school edifices built for the city, a portion of the United States sub-treasury and postoffice, Boston, breweries, and family hotels, gives evidence of an enterprise and ability of which no man need be ashamed. The shrinkage of a large amount of real estate, in 1875, proved disastrous, and he left Boston with the wreck of his fortune and a brave heart to end his days away from the bustle and turmoil of the city, among his loved New Hampshire hills.

A man of simple tastes, honesty of purpose, unbounded hospitality, and charitable habits, his place as friend and neighbor will long remain unfilled.

As a husband and father his first thought was of his family and all that goes to make home what it should be, and nothing was neglected to promote the comfort of the stranger within his gates. While the community can ill afford to lose a public-spirited citizen who stands ready to further any work of public improvement to the extent of his means and hands. He was a member of the Masonic and Odd Fellows societies, the latter participating in the funeral exercises which were largely attended by sympathizing friends. Mr. Tuttle died in East Concord, N. H., May 27th, 1880, after a lingering illness of four months,—a sad sequel to an industrious and energetic career.

He leaves a widow and two daughters,—Mrs. C. E. Staniels and Mrs. John E. Frye, both of East Concord. Two aged brothers,—Gen. B. S. Tuttle and B. C. Tuttle, Esq., of Meredith Village,—still survive him.

INSCRIPTIONS FROM THE MILAN, N. H., BURYING GROUND.

COMMUNICATED BY WILLIAM B. LAPHAM, M. D.

Henry Paine died Nov. 23, 1863. Aged 60 yrs.

John Morgan died June 30, 1870. Aged 64¼ years. Fanny, his wife, died March 7, 1876. Aged 75¼ yrs.

Benj. Hebbard died Feb. 21, 1834. Aged 46½ years. Hannah W., his wife, died May 1, 1831. Aged 34¼ yrs.

Betsey Willard died June 11, 1856. Aged 57 yrs.

Rev. Edward Kingsbury died July 31, 1854. Aged 53. He was born in Sullivan, N. H. He lived in Worcester, Mass., and Andover, Me., and came to Milan in 1845.

David T. Hamlin died May 15, 1869. Aged 62½ yrs.

Huldah Ward, wife of Abner Keith, died Jan. 5, 1867. Aged 54 yrs.

Charles B. Burk died Nov. 12, 1865. Aged 53 yrs.

Charlotte, wife of Edward Richardson, died Sept. 17, 1859. Aged 68 yrs.

Charlotte Messer died Nov. 8, 1856. Aged 74 yrs. She was the wife of Simeon Evans.

Benj. Flint died Dec. 16, 1853. Aged 56 yrs. Elizabeth M. Merrill, his wife, died May 11, 1851. Aged about 53 yrs.

Lewis Hutchinson died Nov. 30, 1868. Aged 71 yrs. Abigail Merrill, his wife, died Nov. 6, 1851. Aged 60.

Hannah, wife of Samuel Phelps, died May 13, 1852. Aged 81½ yrs.

Charlotte Peabody, wife of Nathan Merrill, died April 15, 1839. Aged 44¾ yrs.

Adna Folsom died Feb. 3, 1860. Aged 55. Hannah, his wife, died Jan. 18, 1875. Aged 69 yrs.

Naomi, wife of Thomas Eastman, died March 7, 1852. Aged 47 yrs. Born in Whitefield.

Phillip Pettingill died Sept. 7, 1870. Aged 72 yrs. Born in Tamworth.

Sally Atwood, wife of last named, died Nov. 6, 1868. Aged 72.

Hazen Chandler died April 21, 1861. Aged 60 yrs. Born in Shelhune.

Judith, wife of Daniel Coffin, died April 17, 1871. Aged 85 yrs. Formerly of Gilead. Daniel Coffin died Apr. 24, 1848. Aged 67 yrs.

Melinda, wife of Harry Chandler, died Nov. 22, 1860. Aged 45.

Cyrus Twitchell died Sept. 19, 1873. Aged 95 yrs., 6 mo. Born Sherbune, Miss.; came here from Bethel, Me.; the father of the Twitchells herein named.

Eunice Belknap, wife of same, died Apr. 4, 1856. Aged 78 yrs.

Cyrus Twitchell died Apr. 25, 1854. Aged 47 yrs.

Charlotte W., wife of Chandler Dustin, died Feb. 22, 1862. Aged 53 yrs. She came here from Bethel, Me.

Eliza, wife of Uriah Evans, died Nov. 27, 1855. Aged 43. Born in Shelhune. Emily Phipps, first wife of same, died July 11, 1853. Aged 34.

Relief, wife of John Rich, died June 3, 1873. Aged 75 yrs.

Amos Wheeler died June 4, 1876. Aged 84¾ yrs. Born in Bethel.

Betsey, wife of Samuel G. Crafts, died May 4, 1872. Aged 50 yrs. Born in Hebron, Me.

Solomon J. Haywood died Oct. 10, 1877. Aged 75 yrs. Came here from Hanover, Me. Sarah P., his wife, died Sept. 27, 1863.

Sarah, wife of Joel Wheeler, died March 8, 1872. Aged 72 yrs., 4 mo.

Peter Wheeler died July 12, 1874. Aged 83 7-12. Sally, wife of Peter Wheeler, died March 8, 1875. Aged 75 yrs.

Nathan Bickford died Jan. 11, 1872. Aged 64¼ yrs.

Geo. B. Standley died May 28, 1874. Aged 67 yrs. Born in Chatham. Hariet O. Haley, wife of Geo. B. Standly, (ante), died Jan. 12, 1878. Aged 60.

Clayton Twitchell died Dec. 6, 1877. Aged 64 yrs. Mary Phipps, his wife, died June 25, 1874. Aged 65 yrs.

Asa Stevens died July 21, 1858. Aged 74 yrs. Mary, his wife, died Apr. 4, 1856. Aged 72 yrs. Born in Sweden.

Henry Emery died June 25, 1857. Aged 65 yrs. Deborah P., his wife, died Feb. 11, 1861. Aged 63 yrs.

Gilman Twitchel died Mar. 17, 1867. Aged 64 1-6 yrs. Lucy Harris, his wife, died Aug. 15, 1863. Aged 49.

Addison Hamlin died Oct. 28, 1871. Aged 73¾ yrs. Betsey, his wife, died Dec. 14, 1875. Aged 76¾ yrs. Born in Sweden.

John Chandler died May 12, 1873. Aged 73 yrs.

Elijah Phipps, Esq., died Sept. 13, 1865. Aged 79½ yrs. Son of Samuel

and Mary Phipps, of Chatham, N. H., and Cambridge, Mass. He came here in 1831. He had brothers, Samuel and John. Dorcas H., his wife, died Nov. 24, 1861. Aged 70¾ yrs.

Benj. Dale died Oct. 17, 1877. Aged 72 yrs. Born in Norway.

Daniel Evans died Feb. 20, 1877. Aged 70½ years.

Susan Gates, his wife, died Apr. 24, 1859. Aged 58 yrs.

Luther Kingsbury died Mar. 7, 1878. Aged 76 yrs. Mary B. Sawyer, his wife, died Sept. 26, 1873. Aged 71¼ yrs.

A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

BY SAMUEL DUNSTER.

DIED in Dover, N. H., on the 7th of November, 1846, Mr. BENJAMIN SULLIVAN, aged 86 years. Mr. Sullivan was born in Berwick, Maine, in 1761, where his remains were carried and buried under arms, military honors being performed by the Dover Artillery.

In 1776, he enlisted and served for two months in the Revolutionary War. In 1777, shipped on board the Rowly, Captain Thomas Thompson, the first United States ship that sailed out of Portsmouth. After cruising a month, they took two large British ships, carried them safely into St. Louis, France. They then sailed into the English Channel, where the outward bound Jamaica fleet, under convoy of eight, or ten armed vessels, were discovered, two of which were taken and carried into the port of St. Louis, then he returned to the United States, and went to Rhode Island, in 1778, under General Sullivan, was in the battle and in the rear guard when he made his retreat.

In 1779, shipped on board the privateer, "Sullivan," of Portsmouth, Captain Thomas Manning; was taken prisoner by the British frigate, "Roebuck," and carried to Newfoundland, where he was confined in irons for two months, when he was exchanged and sent to Boston. Then shipped on board a merchant vessel at Portsmouth, bound for the West Indies; again taken prisoner, and forced to do duty on board an English frigate for two months; then taken to New York, put on board the old Jersey prison ship; here, he remained for five months and ten days, with the bare "timbers for his bed," a scanty allowance of bread and beef,—half a pound of each per day. After an exchange, he again enlisted; was ordered to Portland under Colonel Joseph Prime; was employed in building the fort, which closed his service in this war.

In 1813, he enlisted and served one year under General Hampton on the line. Mr. Sullivan was a staunch and unwavering Republican (now called Democrat) of the old school and strongly attached to those principles which recognise the natural and unalienable rights of all men, which is to enjoy liberty.

His last sickness, which was long and painful, he bore with patience, sought with deep penitence the pardoning mercy of God, which enabled him without a murmur to say in his dying moments, "Thy will be done." He left a numerous circle of friends to mourn their loss, but they mourn not as those without hope.

"NOW IS THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT."

BY LUCIA MOSES.

THINGS had gone wrong all day. The sun had not shone for more than a week, and life had become a burden. The children did not know, or seem to care to know, that rivers do not run up hill, or that three fourths of a unit is greater than a half of it. So it was not a matter of surprise to myself that I went home from my pedagogic labors rather—not to put too fine a point upon it—cross. This feeling would doubtless have culminated in a tragedy of utter disagreeableness, had not kind fate interposed in her customary simple and quiet manner. How often does she save us from ourselves, and we suspect not until we hear our friends sigh, "Thank Heaven."

As I went down the stairs to supper, I said savagely to Gratia:—

"Why are rational human beings obliged to eat three horrible 'meals' every day? Why could not some more elevated way of sustaining life have been invented?"

Poor Gratia answered soothingly, "Are n't you tired, dear?"

"No, I am not. But who ever heard of such weather in Christmas week, and no diversion but eating?" thus I replied with emphatic disgust.

Even the cheerful cosiness of the dining-room did not dispel my gloom. There is nothing so fascinating as an ill-humored mood; the longer you are cross, the better you like it. So when Mary, the servant, asked me if I would have some tea, I snapped out, quite ferociously, "No, I will not. Don't you know I never take tea."

The poor creature beat a hasty retreat to the kitchen, saying, "Well, then may I make some dry toast?"

This was a most effectual sop to Cerberus. I would take toast, that pernicious panacea for all bodily, mental, and spiritual ills. The clouds were lifting a little from my perturbed spirit. Indeed, the very word, "toast," had in it something that savored of warmth and brightness, and my mood disappeared under its magic so quickly that when Mary came back, bringing the thin, crisp, golden-brown squares of toast on a delicate China plate, "hand-decorated" with a bunch of buttercups and daisies, I was at peace again with myself, and even disposed to look upon supper as the crowning glory of man's inventive genius. But coals of fire were heaped more abundantly on my head when Mary came and more in a frightened, apologetic manner, and silently placed before me a dainty, cut-glass dish filled with raspberry jam. A merciful fate could do no more for a contumacious mortal, so I submitted graciously to being pacified, and acknowledged my gratitude by a mental vow to array fate, or her humble instrument, Mary, in the most gorgeous necktie money could buy.

Now practically and calmly looked upon, raspberry-jam would never inspire the muses to very lofty flight. To most people, jam only means a wearisome dickering on a melting day with a very "near" country-woman who finally comes off victorious with her "Twenty cents a quart, m'arm, and awful cheap at that." Another melting day in a kitchen, whose torments only Dante could have described. An anxious stirring of a "pound for pound" mixture in an enormous porcelain kettle; the bottling and the labeling, "Raspberry Jam, 1879;" the final consignment to the Plutean shades of the "jelly closet." The prosaic observer sees nothing but these commonplace details; but to one

who loves nature, even in her *preserved* form, a jar of raspberry-jam may serve as an effectual aid to reflection, and be the store-house of many delightful memories. There is nothing that holds the very soul of summer as jam does. All the sweet richness and spicy fragrance of long, drowsy days are garnered in that little jar which you push unsentimentally away in a dark corner. But if you had picked the raspberries, yourself, how the summer would have come back to you as you stirred the delicious compound.

It may be rank heresy to declare that there is no berry like the raspberry, since good Dr. Boteler and John Burroughs have so lauded the strawberry. See what a sturdy, common-place plebeian a strawberry seems beside a raspberry. Think how the two grow. Did one ever pick strawberries for an hour without having an aching back? Now there is a real delight in picking raspberries. You put out your hand, the long spray sways away from you with all the coquettish grace of a girl. You try again. Again, it is, *noli me tangere*. But at last, the dainty little jewels of sweetness are in your hand, and you are more than paid for all your trouble. What treasure was ever lightly won? You drop the berries lightly into your basket, and then scramble away over toppling rocks for more. You are caught by brambles and stayed by bushes, but you do not care. The horse, loosely tethered, is quietly feeding. The rich air is as exhilarating as wine. Everything is throbbing with life. The squirrel, flying along the top of the stone wall is in full sympathy with you. He, too, feels that it is a great joy to be alive on such a day, and all the busy, flying little creatures in the grass and in the air share in your pleasure. The faint tinkle of a cow-bell comes musically from a distant meadow. A hidden brook, near by, sings in a soft undertone, and occasionally a bird flts by singing a few gay notes. You almost forget that you are "berrying." You sit, idle for a moment, to drink in the beauty of the scene, but your more practical companion rouses you with, "I've picked nearly a quart;" and you bestir yourself speedily.

At last, the bushes are plundered of their sweet burden, and you bear your trophies proudly home.

But Gracia says: "Why are you so quiet? Do you enjoy your toast and jam?"

"Yes," I answered, but I do not tell her whither my fancy has led me, for she thinks me a person possessed of much common sense, and I do not wish to undeceive her.

THE ENDICOTT ROCK.

BY E. A. PHILBRICK.

ONE of the most interesting objects connected with the early history of New Hampshire, yet one that is little known, is the "Endicott Rock," which is situated on the head of a small island in the channel, at the Weirs. Undoubtedly the exploring party who left their names chiseled upon it, were the first white men that ever gazed upon the waters of our beautiful lake. Although two and a half centuries have elapsed since that time, yet this inscription still remains as a monument to their bravery and endurance.

The inscription can still be entirely read by much study, but is fast wearing away, and must soon entirely disappear under the constant action of the elements. Recognizing this fact, the Lake Company, on whose domains it stands, have had several plaster casts taken, one of which is to be seen in their office at Lake Village; while others have been presented to the Historical Societies of New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

When, and by whom, the discovery of this interesting relic was made, is not definitely known, but is supposed to have been made by Stephen Lyford and Nathan Batchelder, of Meredith Bridge, the constructors of the "Old Belknap," as they built a dam across the channel on the Meredith side, in 1832, for the purpose of deepening the other one, in order that that famous steamer could pass down to Lake Village, which was then a large and thriving place of about a dozen houses. Others claim that Messrs. Daniel Tucker and John T. Coffin, president and cashier of the Meredith Bridge Savings Bank, were the original discoverers.

The cause of the visit of these old-time explorers was thus: During the early history of the Colony, many disputes arose from the boundary lines of the original proprietors. In 1652, when New Hampshire was united with Massachusetts under the jurisdiction of that stern old Puritan, John Endicott, an attempt to establish the northern boundary of the Colony was made. Dr. Belknap, in his "History of New Hampshire," says:—

"Charles I, in the fourth year of his reign, by letters patent, conferred a grant, by the Council at Plymouth, to certain persons, of a territory thus described, namely: 'All that part of New England in America, which lies and extends between a great river, that is commonly called Monomack, alias Merrimack, etc.' A committee of the General Court, attended by Jonathan Ince and John Sherman, surveyors, and several Indian guides, went up the Merrimack to find the northern part thereof, which the Indians told them was Aquedocketan, the outlet of Lake Winnipiseogee."

The following is a verbatim report of the surveyors:—

"Whereas wee, John Sherman and Johnathan Ince were provided by the aforesaid committee to take the latitude of the place above named. Our answer is that at Aquedakeen, the name of the head of the Merrimack, where it issued out of the Lake called Winnapusseakit upon the first of August, 1652, wee observed, and by observation found that the Latitude of the place was forty-three degrees, forty minutes, twelve seconds, besides those minutes to be allowed for the three minutes more north w'ch run into the Lake.

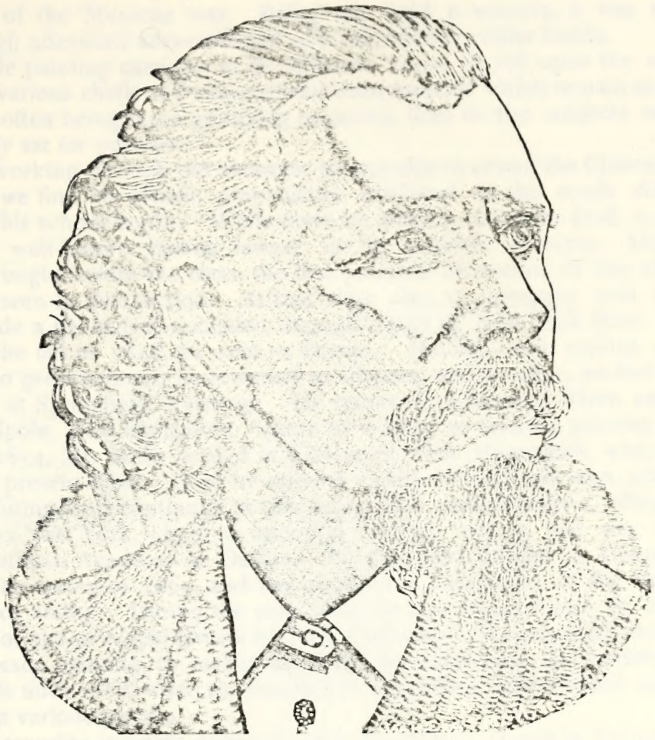
In witness whereoff, wee have subscribed our names this nineteenth of October, sixteen, fifty-two.

JOHN SHERMAN,
JOHN INCE.

Jur coram me. JOHN ENDICOTT,
Gub'r."

The inscription reads as follows:—

EI S W.
W.P. IOHN
ENDICVT,
GOV.



PROF. ROD. E. MILLER.

IF boldness and grandeur of scenery inspire the artist's soul, surely New Hampshire should boast of many a well-filled studio. Be that as it may, she has reason to be proud of the paintings of R. E. Miller. Quietly working among her granite hills, he has accumulated no mean collection of views from our own State, as well as from other lands.

Roderick Edward Miller was born February 22, 1830, at Saxton's River, Rockingham, Windham County, Vermont. His father was Edward Darley Miller, from Westminster, Vermont, descended from the Scotch who settled in Londonderry, New Hampshire. His mother was Lucy Bishop, a descendant of the Pennsylvania Germans. He was the eldest of four children, one of whom, a brother, attained some skill in figure painting.

His grandfather, two uncles on his father's side, and three on his mother's, were ornamental painters. One uncle, his father's brother, was very successful as an imitator of wood and marble, a large part of his work having been done in New York city, notably that upon Trinity Church. Thus the idea of painting was inseparably connected with his childhood.

When the subject of our sketch was ten years of age, the family removed to Chester, Vermont, where he remained four years, after which time he "paddled his own canoe." We then find the boy experimenting with coarse paints, in his first attempts at picture painting.

In 1844, he returned to Saxton's River, where he worked at carriage and house painting. It was during this time he painted a few sections of a pan-

orama of the Mexican war. Being too bold a venture, it was abandoned, although afterward accomplished and exhibited by older hands.

While painting carriages in the different towns, he left upon the walls of the shops various chalk and charcoal sketches, some of which remain at the present time; often being more gratifying to others, than to the subjects who unconsciously sat for portraits.

By working through the summer, he was able to attend the Chester Academy, where we find his artistic propensities exhibited in the crude sketches that adorn his school books. While there he acted assistant to Prof. A. A. Ranney, now a well-known Boston lawyer, in his scientific lectures. He designed, and brought before the class, the first practical illustration of the electric telegraph seen in that section. At that time also, in company with a professor, he made a geological excursion through a part of New York State.

In the fall of 1848, he went to Boston. Having tried various occupations with no great success, he returned to Chester, and in 1851, we find him a shoemaker at Springfield, Vermont. He removed to Saxton's River, and afterward to Walpole, New Hampshire, where he worked at carriage painting until 1853.

In 1854, Mr. Miller settled in Claremont, New Hampshire, where he resides at the present time. Here he opened a shop for carriage, sign, and ornamental painting, and continued at this occupation until January 1, 1863. He then went to New York, where he attended drawing schools and was admitted to the National Academy of Design. He afterward studied at Cooper Institute until the spring of 1865, and was awarded a certificate of the first class, for superior ability. During the year 1864, he was engaged also in lithographing views of the principal streets of New York city. He resumed work at scene and fresco painting, by means of which he continued his studies at the art schools until 1868, when he returned to Claremont, and worked at his profession in various places.

An amusing incident occurred while frescoing a church in Vermont. A lady remarked that she "didn't know he was going to have such a cunning little room behind the pulpit," and nothing but actual contact with the wall would convince her that it was an illusion.

In June, 1870, Mr. Miller sailed for Germany, where he pursued his studies for two years. He spent much of this time at Munich, and among the mountains of Bavaria and Tyrol, some of whose fading flowers still adorn his studio. Dear to every artist's heart are the remembrances of sojourns in the German schools and art-crowded galleries. He brought home well-filled portfolios and sketch-books, and thoughts and fancies that have blossomed into rare paintings of Alpine scenery.

Since his return he has been busy painting landscapes, and other forms of beauty and interest, and giving instruction in his art. His classes have been quite a success. His works have been exhibited in various places, and some of them, borne far from home. The unfortunate burning of his house occasioned the loss of many of his early paintings, and other works scarcely to be replaced, yet the new room presents no aspect of loss.

Entering the pleasant studio, we notice many attractive pictures, among which are nearly a dozen different views of Ascutney Mountain. These are of various sizes, and any one of them would seem a gem by itself. The blue mountains and lakes of Sunapee, and Kearsarge Mountain, figure conspicuously. A crowd of views of the German Alps charm with their refreshing scenery of lakes, mountains, and valleys. Curious studies peep out from sly corners, and here and there tempting fruits and artistic figures vary the collection. Charcoal and crayon pieces are not wanting, while crowded portfolios stand in out-of-the-way places. Crayon copies of antique statues and living models are

many, and sketch-books lie in confusion on the table. Among the other pictures is one by the artist's brother, Charles Miller, entitled "Just in Time," a very pleasing figure piece.

A guitar standing in the corner, and a viola, speak of musical hours. A case of well-chosen books, mineral treasures, and other trophies add to the interest of the room. Scientific apparatus and models for studies lie in close proximity. Mr. Miller's studio is his castle, and many a king has held unstable sway over less satisfactory possessions.

Mr. Miller was married in May, 1851, to Mary L. Holden, of Springfield, Vermont. Of their four children, the youngest only is living, Albert I. Miller, born in Claremont, May, 1860. From exchanges we quote the following:—

"Hon. William M. Evarts, of New York, the eminent lawyer, and good judge of such matters, has purchased the magnificent painting of Ascutney Mountain, by Rod. E. Miller, the artist. The study was made from the farm of Capt. Pike, Cornish, with the view down the river. The painting represents in the foreground the fine farm of Capt. Pike, and the Connecticut river in the middle ground, the beautiful farm of Mr. Evarts, with Windsor (his summer residence), in the distance, and the grand old mountain with its September haze in the back ground. It is thirty-two by forty-eight inches. Critics on works of art pronounce this picture worthy to compete with the works of more noted artists. The picture is to be sent to Snedecor's, New York, for framing, after which it will worthily ornament the walls of Mr. Evarts' beautiful New York residence."

"While in Claremont, one day last week, we visited the studio of Roderick E. Miller, where we beheld some of the finest landscape painting which we have ever seen. Mr. Miller spent two years in Europe in the study and practice of his art, bringing away on his return sketches of some of the most beautiful as well as the grandest and most magnificent scenery upon the continent. He has also several pictures wherein Ascutney Mountain figures prominently, which cannot fail to excite the admiration of all who have resided or are acquainted in that region. We advise all lovers of landscape painting, who may happen to be in Claremont, to visit Mr. Miller's studio, assuring them that they will be amply repaid for their trouble." R.

HIS EXCELLENCY CHARLES COFFIN HARRIS, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

THE subject of this sketch, CHARLES COFFIN HARRIS, who died at Honolulu, in 1881, was born in the township of Newington, a small suburb of the city of Portsmouth on the ninth day of June, 1822. His father was William C. Harris, who was for some thirty years or more a prominent teacher in the city of Portsmouth, and one of the most prominent in the State, who was the son of Abel and Rocksly (Coffin), of Portsmouth. Charles Coffin Harris's brothers are Thomas A., late in the service of the Pacific Steamship Company; Robert, of Chicago, president of the Chicago Burlington Railroad; Abel, shipmaster, who died at Honolulu; George, lost at sea, in the Pacific. Charles Coffin was educated in his father's school until he entered Harvard College in 1837, at which institution he graduated in due course in 1841. Upon leaving college he returned to Portsmouth, and engaged for a time in the occupation of teaching, at the same time commencing the study of law with his kinsman, the Hon. Albert R. Hatch, who afterwards became his brother-in-law, by their marrying sisters. In January, he married his cousin, Harriet M. Harris. In 1847, he removed to Boston, having received and accepted a proposition from

Thayer & Cushing to teach for them in their famous Cauncey Hall school, still continuing diligently the study of law. On the discovery of gold in California, and the breaking out in the East of what was termed the "gold fever," he deemed it a good opportunity, like many another of our New England men, to "break away" from his New England life and seek his fortune and his fame on the Pacific shores, and accordingly embarked for California, and arrived, in the youth and vigor of his manhood, at San Francisco, early in May, 1850. Of course, there had been no planting as yet in California, and the price of vegetables brought from the Hawaiian Islands was so enormous, that Mr. Harris was induced to embark in an enterprise to procure them from the islands, and having procured a vessel wnich had brought many of his townsmen to San Francisco, he embarked with his two brothers, Thomas and Abel, who were both sea-faring men, in this enterprise, and arrived at Honolulu in August, 1850.

Before leaving San Francisco, he was severely attacked by the ague and fever, which during the voyage down, and after his arrival at Honolulu, continued to trouble him. Immediately upon his arrival, he was addressed by several people having need of legal services, for enterprises were rife, and all the world appeared to be moving, and those who desired his services were prompt and liberal with their fees. This fact, together with his impaired health induced him with the consent of his brothers to remain there, and the vessel which they had loaded as they had proposed returned to California. He did not intend at this time to make his home there ; but fate ordered it otherwise, and month passed on after month, until he became thoroughly identified with the country. In September of that year (1850) the two young princes,—Alexander Liholilu, who was afterwards King Kamehameha IV, and Lot Kamehamhea, who was afterwards King Kamehameha V,—arrived home from their American and European tour. He immediately became intimate with them, and this intimacy, perhaps, determined his fate. This intimacy was somewhat interrupted in the case of Prince Liholiho, during the first year of his reign, though resumed during the last years. But in the case of Kamehameha V it continued uninterrupted to his death. His first public employment was that of police magistrate of Honolulu in the year 1851. He was elected representative for one of the districts of the Island of Hawaii in 1852. His wife with their infant son arrived from Boston, January 1, 1852, and from that time his residence there may be regarded as permanent.

He continued to practice law with marked success. In 1862, a law was passed, creating the office of attorney-general of the kingdom, and to which office he was appointed on the 26th of August, 1862 by Kamehameha IV. This king died 30th of November, 1863, and was succeeded by his brother, Kamehameha V, and Mr. Harris was immediately appointed minister of the interior, *ad interim*. He was a member of the Privy Council of state, and continued to hold the office of attorney-general until the 22d of December, 1865. In March, 1867, he received the appointment of minister at Washington, and having returned here in 1868, he resumed the duties of Minister of Finance, in which office he continued until December 20, 1869, when he was appointed minister for foreign affairs, which office he resigned on the 10th of September, 1872. At the death of Kamehameha V, there was no lineal heir to the throne, and William Lunalilo was elected by the legislature as provided by the constitution. He reigned one year, during which Mr. Harris was not in office, but continued to be a member of the Privy Council of state. At the death of Lunalilo without heirs, Prince Kalakana was elected king by the legislature on the 12th of February, 1874, and Mr. Harris was appointed at once first associate justice of the supreme court, and on the resignation of

Chief Justice Allen on the 1st of February, 1877, Mr. Harris was appointed chief justice of the supreme court and chancellor of the kingdom.

During the reign of Kamehameha V, he was likewise continually a member of the board of education and board of immigration. On the 11th of October, 1870, he received the decoration of Knight, Grand Cross of the Order of Queen Isabella the Catholic, from the Spanish government. On the 29th of August, 1871, he received from the Austrian government the decoration of Knight, Commander Cross, with Star of the Order of Francis Joseph. On the 9th of October, 1875, he was appointed by His Majesty Kalakana Knight, Grand Cross of the Order of Kamehameha I; and on the 11th of November, of the same year, was appointed to the same grade in the Order of Kalakana, which Order His Majesty had constituted in commemoration of his election by the legislature as king.

SAINT ANDREW, THE PATRON SAINT OF SCOTLAND.

BY HON. THOMAS L. TULLOCK.

IN accordance with a time-honored and much cherished custom, the Saint Andrew's Society of Washington, assembles annually, on the evening of the 30th of November, to celebrate the festival of St. Andrew, the Patron Saint of Scotland. This anniversary has, with few exceptions, been regularly commemorated by the Society since its organization. The meetings have uniformly been characterized by good cheer and fraternal greetings, and have proved profitable as well as agreeable reunions of the Sons of Auld Scotia, whose homes are in this beautiful Capital of our nation. Thus are revived recollections of old friendships, while new ones are created and cemented; and thus, too, above all, is kept alive and strengthened our love for both our native land and our adopted country, while to us of Scotch lineage only, is renewed and refreshed our interest in our ancestral home.

After a thorough research of authorities for information relating to the eventful life and exalted character of so distinguished a personage as St. Andrew, I have to regret the limited record concerning him. The commemoration of the anniversary of the Apostle's death, as a national holiday and festival, by the Scottish people, was no doubt first observed by them in the year 359, and from that time to the present it has been generally celebrated in Scotland as the great religious and social festival of the nation. And on this their gala-day, the 30th of November, Scotchmen wherever congregated revive the memories of the past, and with appropriate festivities celebrate this time-honored anniversary.

Upon what appears to be equally reliable authority, St. Andrew was admitted into the Masonic Calendar, on the 30th of November, 1737, when his anniversary was adopted by the fraternity as an annual festival also, and that day is now everywhere recognized by the brethren of the mystic tie. There are some who contend that the festival of St. Andrew was placed at the head of the holidays beginning at Advent, from the circumstance of his having been the first who found the Saviour, as well as the first who brought others to Him. In the Book of Common Prayer, are the Collect, Epistle and Gospel appointed by the church specially for St. Andrew's day. In the niches of the ecclesiastical year devoted to eminent saints, this Apostle has a prominent place. For centuries all who kept Saint's days have publicly assembled to celebrate his name and work.

Other countries than Scotland have their tutelar Saints. England honors St. George, who is represented on horseback, clad in full armor with a vanquished dragon at his feet. Ireland patronises St. Patrick; while the guardian saint of Spain is St. James; of France, St. Denis; of Italy, St. Anthony; and of Wales, St. David. The patron Saints of Genoa, are St. George, St. Lawrence and St. John the Baptist. On the piazzetta at Venice, their are two granite columns, one bearing the "Winged Lion of St. Mark," the emblem of the tutelary Saint of Venice; the other, St. Theodore on a crocodile, the patron of the ancient Republic. St. Michael is regarded as the patron or guardian angel of the Jews.

But this is a degression. I will not test your patience by reference to other celebrities, but proceed at once to present the historical and legendary account of our own revered patron Saint, who is also the patron of Russia, Hungary and Burgundy. In this effort to throw some new light upon the history of St. Andrew, and to illustrate his character, I shall necessarily blend to a very large extent, the authentic record of Scripture with statements which rest alone on tradition.

Without elaborately quoting authorities, or citing passages of Scripture which refer to St. Andrew or his ministry, I have to say that his name signifies manly, and is of Greek origin: *aner—aneros*, or *andros*—man. He was one of the twelve Apostles who were commissioned to preach the Gospel, and appears as one of the confidential disciples who accompanied the Saviour in his earthly mission. He was born in Bethsaida, a town in Galilee, situated on the shore of Lake Tiberias, in Palestine, and near the head at its northern extremity. The country adjacent abounded in deer, and the sea in fish, and therefore hunting and fishing were both the pastime and occupation of many of its inhabitants. To this locality Jesus frequently resorted. Andrew was a younger brother of Simon Peter. Their father's name was Jonas, and the vocation of himself and sons was that of fishermen. Being a disciple of St. John the Baptist, who at the fords of the Jordan had expressly designated Jesus as the Lamb of God, Andrew was led to receive Him as the Messiah, and was distinguished as the "First Called" of the disciples, and to the Master he brought his brother Simon, afterwards called Peter, and hence is named by some of the fathers as "The Rock before the Rock." Neither of them, however, became at that time the stated attendants on our Lord. Pursuing their humble occupation as fishermen, they were not called by Jesus to follow Him, until after the imprisonment of John. This was about twelve months after Simon's introduction to Christ. Then Andrew and Peter, together with James and John, were personally called by our Lord when passing through Galilee. Finding them fishing upon the sea of Tiberias, he gave them a miraculous draught of fishes, thereby demonstrating his divine power. They left their nets and followed Him. The employment of most of the twelve Apostles, if not of all of them, with the exception of Matthew, a tax-gatherer, was probably the laborious occupation of fishermen. Paul was a tent-maker.

The principal incidents mentioned in the Gospels, in which St. Andrew's name occurs during the life of Christ, are the feeding of the five thousand. It was Andrew who said, "There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes." His introduction to our Lord at Jerusalem, during the Passover week, of certain Greeks who desired to see Him, which, together with his having brought his brother Peter to the Saviour after announcing to him "we have found the Messiah," caused him to be called the "Introducer to Christ." Another incident was his asking with other disciples, Peter, John and James, for a further explanation of what our Lord had said in reference to the destruction of the Temple. Andrew was with St. John the

Baptist, the day following the baptism of Jesus, when our Lord was saluted by John, who exclaimed, "Behold the Lamb of God," and Andrew followed Him. He was also present with the mother of Jesus and with the other disciples, at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, and witnessed the miracle there wrought by the Saviour. After they were called by Jesus while fishing in the lake, and were made "fishers of men," Andrew and his brother Peter were regular in their attendance upon Him, and in the prosecution of their new mission. Andrew received the evidence of Christ's resurrection from Mary Magdelene and the other women who had visited the tomb, and he saw Him and heard His voice when He said: "Peace be unto you." He was also at Olivet on the ascension morning, and with others received the Saviour's blessing. Andrew and Peter after becoming disciples left "Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter," and lived in Capernaum. It was at their house that Jesus lodged when He preached in that city, and it was also at their house and at the request of both, that He cured Peter's wife's mother of a fever.

It appears that from Christ's disciples who had listened to His matchless teachings and witnessed the miracles proving His Messiahship, and were thereby qualified to give reliable testimony concerning Him, that He chose His Apostles. In enumerating them, two of the evangelists mention first the names of the two brothers. Connected with the Apostle's creed, which is so universally adopted by the Greek, Roman and Protestant churches, and so generally believed as a summary of Christian faith, there is a legend, that the creed was composed by the Apostles at Jerusalem before their separation after the day of Pentecost, each one contributing a sentence for the purpose of securing unity of teaching in the great outline of the faith they professed. The creed consists of twelve articles, and to Peter are ascribed the words: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty." To Andrew, "and in Jesus Christ, his only son, our Lord," and to John, "Suffered under Pontius Pilate." The words attributed to Andrew are by some credited to John, while the article ascribed to John is named as originating with Andrew, while another writer concedes to Andrew the sentence, "who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary."

After our Lord's ascension, when the Apostles were miraculously endowed and qualified for their sacred mission, the vast northern region of Scythia and Sogdiana and the neighboring countries was assigned to Andrew, who traversed those inhospitable regions upon the dispersion of the Apostles, encountering hazards most perilous with an unflinching courage and a pious determination, which could only have been inspired by the blessed hope he cherished. Concerning St. Andrew's ministry, Origen writes that he preached at Scythia, (Russia). St. Jerome, also Eusebius, says he preached at Achaia (Greece), Nicophorus, in Asia Minor and Thrace (Turkey in Europe); St. Paulinus names Argos, where the Apostle preached, silencing their philosophers. Other ancient writers name other places as having been visited by him, as Sogdiana, Colchis and Epirus. Tradition particularly assigns as the scenes of his ministry, Russia, Greece, Asia Minor and Turkey in Europe, which may be regarded as the field of his Apostolic labor. Other localities are named where he zealously propagated the doctrines of Christianity and confirmed his teachings by miracles. At Synope on the Euxine (Black) sea, he was maltreated and suffered great cruelties. The inhabitants became exasperated against him, and conspired to burn the house in which he lodged, which design was frustrated. They, however, treated him with savage cruelty, throwing him to the ground, stamping upon him, pulling and dragging him from place to place. He was beaten with clubs, pelted with stones, and there were some so demonical and brutish as to be guilty of biting off his flesh with their teeth.

When supposed to be entirely deprived of life, he was cast aside into a field as dead. But he miraculously recovered and returned publicly to the city, where he recommenced his labors and wrought miracles. He was eminently successful. Many believed his teachings and were converted, and became of like precious faith with himself. An author quoting from the ancients, says that while at this place, Andrew met his brother Peter, and they both remained at Synope for some time. The chairs, made of white stone, wherein they were accustomed to sit when instructing the people, were existing and commonly shown in his time. Andrew afterwards returned to Jerusalem, and from thence travelled extensively, encountering many difficulties and great hardships until his execution.

It is believed that he established a church in Byzantium (Constantinople), and ordained Stachys, who had been named by Paul as its first Bishop, and alluded to in his epistles to the Romans as "My beloved." He was bishop sixteen years. Andrew's travels may be succinctly enumerated by stating that after leaving Jerusalem, he first journeyed through Cappadocia, Galatia and Bithynia, provinces of Asia Minor, continuing along the Euxine Sea, into the desert of Scythia. An ancient author writes that he first came to Amynsus, where he preached in one of the Jewish Synagogues, next to Trapazium, a maritime city on the Euxine Sea, thence after visiting other places he came to Nice in Northern Italy, where he remained two years; then passed to Niesmedia and Chalcedon, whence he sailed through the Propontis to the Euxine again, and from there to Heraclen, and afterwards to Amastres and thence to Synope. Returning to Jerusalem, from thence he travelled over Thrace, Macedonia, Thessera, Achaia and Epirus, until he came to Patras, a city of Achaia in Greece, where his earthly mission ended, after a very laborious and perilous service, which he resolutely conducted with constancy and fidelity. The Muscovites claim that St. Andrew carried the Gospel into their country "as far as the mouth of the Borysthenes," in Russia, and "to the mountains where the city of Kiow now stands, to the frontiers of Poland." They believe that he was the first to preach to the Slavonians in Novogorod, also in Sarmatia, the vast region of Eastern Europe and Western Asia, which includes the most considerable portion of Poland, and the whole of Central and Southern Russia, except the Crimea and Northern Hungary.

They honor him as the principal titular saint of the Empire. Peter the Great created under Andrew's name, the first as well as the most noble order of knighthood,—the Knight of the Blue Ribbon, December 20, 1698,—in commemoration of the supposed introduction of Christianity in the Russian Empire, by the Apostle Andrew. This order is the highest in rank in the Empire, and is confined to members of the Imperial family, princes and the chief officers of the realm, being only bestowed by special favor of the Emperor. The badge or medal is the figure of St. Andrew on a gold enamelled cross, on the corners of which are four letters S. A. P. R., "Sanctius Andreas Patronus Russae." On the reverse is the Imperial Eagle with spread wings and double-headed, with the legend, in Russian, "For religion and loyality," and the name of the Saint. It is fastened to a sky blue ribbon and suspended from the right shoulder towards the left hip, but at festivals is pendant to a collar of gold, composed of square chains and roses. The collar of the order consists of St. Andrew crosses alternating with imperial crowns. The Emperors carry a St. Andrew's cross with the figure of the Apostle with a smaller cross. Beneath and above may be defined the double-headed emblematic eagle, with an inscription, "Peter possessor and autocrat of Russia." The decorations have undergone some alterations since the Order of St. Andrew was instituted, but the Apostle and his cross have always been the conspicious

jewel—studded with diamonds. The Russian naval flag is distinguished by a purple St. Andrew cross on a white ground, another indication of their reverence for his memory.

One of the historians of Scotland (Cullen) says: "There is little doubt but Christianity was promulgated very early in Britain, that St. Paul personally preached in the island, and that the gospel was preached in Scotland by St. Andrew the Apostle." Christianity was in a flourishing state in Scotland at the beginning of the fourth century, when the tenth and last persecution of the Christians under Dioclesian raged most furiously. Many of the British Christians fled for refuge to Scotland. The sanguinary persecutions commenced A. D. 303, and lasted ten years. It was in this persecution that St. George, the Patron of England, suffered martyrdom. Having mentioned the countries recorded as having been visited by St. Andrew, the termination of his public ministry is reached. He suffered martyrdom, being crucified at Patras, in Achaia, in Greece, by order of Aegeas, the Roman pro-consul, who, enraged by his preaching, commanded him to join in sacrifices to the heathen gods, and upon his refusal, ordered him to be severely scourged and then crucified, a sentence which was executed with peculiar cruelty,—seven lictors alternately exerting their strength with the scourge on the Apostle's shoulders. To make his death the more lingering, he was fastened to the cross with cords, instead of the customary nails. He survived the terrible torture two days, and while strength endured, praised God and exhorted those who witnessed his sufferings to repentance and faith—teaching and instructing them in the way of life. He welcomed the cross and the martyr's crown, and exultantly accepted the fate that awaited him. Great interest was manifested to spare his life, but the Apostle earnestly desired to depart, and to seal with his blood, the truth of the religion he professed. His body is said to have been embalmed and honorably intombed by Maximillia, who had embraced the Christian religion,—a lady of "quality and estate," believed to be the wife of the pro-consul who had caused his death.

Patras is described as a "city seated on a hill, near the sea." It is a fortified seaport in Greece, on the Gulf of Patras, and the principal entry of its foreign trade. "One of its churches is traditionally connected with the martyrdom of St. Andrew, and is greatly resorted to by devotees." In ancient times the goddess Diana was worshipped at Patras. The cruel custom of sacrificing to her yearly, "a most beautiful young man and maid," was continued until by the preaching of St. Andrew, Eusypilus was converted to Christianity, when that wicked superstition ceased.

The account of the Apostle's martyrdom is given in the "Acts of his Passion,"—said to have been written by the presbyters and deacons of Achaia, present at the time—a work of great antiquity, being mentioned by Philastrius about 380. The Apostle had been eminently successful in his mission. Multitudes had fallen off from paganism and embraced the Christian faith, among whom are mentioned the pro-consul's wife (Maximillia) and his brother (Stratocles), which caused Aegeas great rage and displeasure, and hence his cruel treatment of the Apostle.

The cross on which the Apostle was suspended, was made of two pieces of timber crossing each other obliquely in the centre in the form of the letter X, "*crus decussata*," and from this the St. Andrew's cross derived its name. It is supposed that the Apostle expired on the 30th day of November, in the year 69. His remains were afterwards removed to Constantinople by Constantine the Great, and buried with great solemnity in the great church he had erected in honor of the Apostles, where they remained till the year 369, when it is said an Abbot, named Regulus, who was a pious Greek devotee, caused

them to be removed to Scotland, or at least certain relics of the Saint; said to be the arm bone, three fingers of the right hand and three toes, and deposited them in the church, with a monastery which he erected to the memory of St. Andrew at Abernethy, where now is established the city of St. Andrew, in the county of Fife, with its far-famed University, the most ancient of the four Scottish Universities, and believed to be the only one in Europe where theology is the sole study. The city originated from the Abbey, which was in a flourishing condition when the University of St. Andrew was founded, about the year 1411. It was to this church of St. Regulus, that pilgrims from foreign countries resorted in the early ages. "Hungas, King of the Picts," about the year 809, in acknowledgment for great success which he had achieved in battle, gave to this church the See of Kilrule, the tenth part of his dominion, and directed that the cross of St. Andrew should thenceforth be the badge of the country. Kenneth II, King of the Scots, having conquered the Picts, whose capital was at Abernethy, extinguished their kingdom in North Britain in 845, and transferred the seat of government from Abernethy to the town of Kilrule, changing its name to St. Andrew, and ordering that the Bishop of St. Andrew should be the chief in the kingdom. He also "repaired and richly endowed the church of St. Regulus, in which the arm of St. Andrew was reverently kept."

According to an ancient legend or tradition, it is pretended that Hungas, who reigned over the Picts in Scotland in the 9th century, had a vision (833) the night preceding one of his battles, in which the Apostle Andrew appeared and promised to him a decisive victory, assuring him that a token or a sign should appear over the Pictish host, representing a cross fashioned as the one upon which St. Andrew suffered. Hungas, awaking, looked up to the sky, and saw the promised cross, as did all of both armies. The vision when related greatly encouraged the Picts, and the appearance of the cross terrified the army of King Athelstan, who was killed in the ensuing battle. After achieving victory, Hungas, to express his thankfulness for prevailing over the King of the ancient Saxions, went in solemn procession to the Kirk of St. Andrew, to render thanks to God and His Apostle for the victory, and with the Picts on that occasion vowed for themselves and their posterity, that from henceforth in time of war, they should wear as a badge of cognizance the cross of St. Andrew. Hungas as a further expression of thankfulness, gave to the church of Regulus divers rich gifts, including many to adorn the church, and also "a case of beaten gold for preserving the relics of St. Andrew." John Leslie, Bishop of Ross, Scotland, says that the cross of St. Andrew "appeared to Achaius, King of the Scots, and Hungas, King of the Picts, the night before the battle was fought betwixt them and Athelstane, King of England, as they were on their knees in prayer."

The See of St. Andrew was established in 518; and the city of St. Andrew, became the seat of the Scottish primacy, and therefore the ecclesiastical metropolis of the kingdom. The origin of the city was in the very early period I have named. The legend concerning it, is that Regulus, the Greek monk of Patrae in Achaia, about the year 370, was commanded by a vision from heaven to leave his own country for the island of Albion, the ancient name of Great Britain, and there preach the gospel to the Picts. Having passed through the Mediterranean, and coasted along the shores of Spain and France, he entered the German Ocean, where after a tedious and tempestuous passage, he was shipwrecked in the Bay now called St. Andrew, and with difficulty reached the shore, accompanied by his companions, a few monks, and the small box which contained the relics of the Apostle Andrew. Hergustus, who was then King of the Picts, received the strangers graciously, and in a short time em-

braced the Christian religion, as did a great part of his subjects. He afterwards presented St. Regulus with one of his palaces and some lands, and built him a church, of which the ruins still exist at St. Andrew, bearing the name of Regulus. The companions of Regulus are named as Damianus, a priest, Gelasius, Tubaculus and Mermacus, deacons, Nerinus and Elisenius, a Cretian, Merinus and Silvaneus his brother, monks by profession, and eight other persons, five hermits and three devoted virgins. Regulus lived here thirty-two years, and established the first Christian priests of the country called Culdees, signifying "God's servants." They were generally married men—pious and indefatigable, and respected for their zeal and virtues. Regulus changed the name of the church and place from Kilrymout to Kilrule.

Kenneth to whom reference has been made as having translated the Episcopal See which the Picts had established at Abernethy, to St. Andrew, died in 854. As an item of Scottish history, I will mention that the marble stone which Fergus, the first King of Scotland, had placed at Argyle about 330 years before the Christian era, Kenneth caused to be removed to Scone, by the river Tay, about two miles north of Perth, and had it enclosed in a wooden chair in which the Kings of Scotland were afterwards crowned. It was removed to England by King Edward I., in 1297, together with the Scotch sceptre and crown. This famous stone was originally brought from Spain to Ireland, from whence Fergus came, and had been preserved at Argyle and Scone for many centuries. It is claimed by some, as being the veritable Jacob's Pillow, brought to Ireland by the prophet Jeremiah, afterwards known as St. Patriarch or St. Patrick. It is quite a large marble block fitted in the chair, below the seat, and is fully exposed to view. It is now in the Chapel of St. Edward, in Westminister Abbey, and is known as the coronation chair in which all the reigning sovereigns of England have been crowned since Edward the First. When in London in 1873, I had the privilege of inspecting this ancient relic.

In the records of the duchy of Burgundy it is mentioned that the cross of St. Andrew, made of Olive wood, was removed from Achaia, the place of the Apostle's crucifixion, and deposited in a nunnery at Weaune, near Marseilles; but was lost during the Moorish invasion, and subsequently rediscovered by Hugues, a monk, and placed in the Abbey of St. Victor in Marseilles in the year 1250, where it is now venerated. A part thereof enclosed in "a silver case, gilt," was carried to Brussels in 1433, by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, who obtained at great cost "the precious relic." In honor of it he instituted his famous order of chivalry, known as the "Knights of the Golden Fleece," and placed it under the protection of the Apostle; his knights wearing as a badge the figure of a cross which is called St. Andrew's cross or the cross of Burgundy. On the occasion of the Duke's marriage, January 10, 1433, the order was consecrated to the Virgin Mary and the Apostle Andrew. This portion of the supposed cross is now at Tourney, in Belgium.

There are many improbable stories by frivolous authors; but the student of history can collect from the church antiquaries authentic accounts concerning the Apostles and their contemporaries. It is to be regretted that many of the ancient ecclesiastical works to which reference is made by the early writers, are not now extant, but many credible and unquestioned sayings have been transmitted to us. Gregory, Bishop of Tours, reported that on the anniversary day of St. Andrew's martyrdom, there was wont to flow from his tomb, "a most fragrant and precious oil, which according to its quantity denoted the scarceness or plenty of the following year; and that the sick being anointed with the oil were restored to their former health." It has been suggested that if any semblance of truth attaches to the story, it was merely an "exhalation and sweating forth at some time of those rare and costly perfumes and oint-

ment wherewith his body was embalmed." It was after this record that the body of the Apostle was removed to Constantinople by Constantine, in the year 337, and buried in the church which was built by him, and taken down some hundred years thereafter by Emperor Justinian, in order to its reparation, at which time the body of Andrew was found in a wooden coffin, and was again deposited in its proper place. There is another record concerning the relics of St. Andrew, which states that when the city of Constantinople was captured by the French, Cardinal Peter of Capua, brought the relics of St. Andrew from thence into Italy in 1210, and deposited them in the Cathedral of Amalphi.

George Phranza, the last of the Byzantine historians, relates that when the Turks became masters of Constantinople, "Thomas the Despot," in going from Greece into Italy, carried with him the head of St. Andrew and presented it to Pope Pius II. in the year 1461, who allotted to him a monastery for his dwelling with a competent revenue.

In the early ages the bones of the Saints were greatly venerated, especially those supposed to belong to an Apostle. In addition to the disposition already named, it is stated that an arm bone of St. Andrew was given to St Gregory the Great, by Tiberius II; another was deposited at Notre Dame at Paris; and other bones distributed to certain churches and monasteries at Bordeaux, Rheims, Brussels, Orleans, Milan, Aix, and other places, which consider themselves enriched by their possession.

It is represented that at the time Constantinople was taken, and the relics of St. Andrew dispersed, a lively and intense enthusiasm for the Apostle was excited throughout all christendom. The inspired account of St. Andrew is confined to a few verses in the Gospels:(—Matthew 4 : 18—10 : 2; Mark 1 : 16—29—13 : 3—3 : 18; Luke 5 : 2—6 : 14; John 1 : 35, 40, 44—6 : 8-9—12 : 22;—Acts 1 : 13.) The apparent discrepancy (in John 1 : 40, 41, with Matthew 4 : 18 and Mark 1 : 16,) where Andrew and Peter appear to have been called together is easily reconciled. St. John relates the first introduction of the brothers to Jesus; the other evangelists their formal call to follow Him in his ministry. In the catalogue of the Apostles, Andrew appears in Matthew (10 : 2, Luke 6 : 14,) as second, next after his brother Peter; but in Mark (3 : 18. Acts 1 : 13,) as fourth, following Peter, James and John, and in company with Philip, which is probably considered by some as his real place of dignity among the Apostles; but St. Andrew, Scotland's illustrious patron—that grand and intrepid Apostle of the primitive church, stands pre-eminent as the "first born of the Apostolic quire." He had the distinguished honor of being the first disciple who came to Jesus—the first Christian believer—the first preacher of the Gospel under the new dispensation, and fully represented in himself the first complete embodiment of the Christian church in miniature.

Nicephorus pretends on the authority of Euodius, who was St. Peter's immediate successor in the See of Antioch for twenty-three years, and in whose time the disciples were first called Christians, "that of all the Apostles, Christ baptized none but Peter with his own hands; that Peter baptized Andrew and the two sons of Zebedee, and they the rest of the Apostles." Baronius, however, contends that the Epistle of Euodius was "altogether unknown to any of the ancients." There is a book bearing the title of "The Acts of Andrew" as well the "Gospel of St. Andrew," which by a decree of Pope Galasius, was declared apocryphal; and "The Acts of Andrew and Matthew," are also regarded as spurious. Cardinal M'Closky in a sermon on the "Immaculate Conception," December 7, 1877, refers to "the earliest liturgies of the church, in the liturgy of St. James and in that of St. Andrew."

Each of the Apostles had his mission. Continuing with the Saviour until the crucifixion, the world was so divided after the day of Pentecost, as to

give to each of them his respective field of labor, and they then entered upon their public ministry. Biographical brevity is characteristic of New Testament history. The record of each of the Apostles and early disciples is limited, and only elaborated in the case of Peter and Paul, one representing the circumcision, and called the "Apostle of the Circumcision," the other the uncircumcision, to whom, (according to Gal. 2 : 7,) "the Gospel of the uncircumcision was committed."

Andrew in his first following of Jesus, was not so constant in his attendance as to prevent him from continuing his occupation as a fisherman. He had stood with John when he bore testimony to the divinity, the humanity and the office of One among them "whom they knew not." He was with him at the Ford of Bethabara, when he announced : "Behold the Lamb of God ;" and when he bore record : "This is the Son of God." After which Andrew "findeth his own brother Simon," saying unto him, "We have found the Messiah." When Andrew's constant presence became necessary, he was formally called by the Master and accompanied Him in his journeyings, and was an eye and ear witness of His wonderful acts and sayings, saw His miracles, listened to His teachings, heard His discourses, and conversed freely with Him, thereby becoming thoroughly prepared for the great work which was graciously assigned to him.

In the calling to the Apostleship of Matthew, James and John, Peter and Andrew are specially and prominently mentioned, while the circumstances attending the calling of the other seven are not recorded. On account of the priority assigned to Peter, it has been supposed that he was the oldest of the Apostles ; but there are writers who consider Andrew to have been older than his brother. He is generally represented as younger. There is no scriptural authority on the subject.

St. Andrew was styled by the Cretes the "First Called." He was emphatically the "First Missionary," for when St. John the Baptist saluted the Saviour, Andrew followed Him, and "abode with Him that day." Immediately on being convinced that Jesus was the Messiah, he started to communicate the glad tidings to others, and persuaded them to come and see for themselves. The promptness and alacrity of the Apostle has been suggestive, for in some cities, particularly in Montreal and New York, I have read of "Philip and Andrew Societies," whose specific work is to bring persons to the Saviour. These brotherhoods connected with local churches are active and aggressive, and are appropriately named, because Philip and Andrew early exemplified a true missionary spirit.

The names of Philip and Andrew are intimately associated with the Greeks who desired to "See Jesus," which occurred during the last days of the Saviour's ministry in the courts of the Temple, in the presence of Andrew and these Greeks who had come to Jerusalem to the feast of the Passover, and were called "proselytes of the gate or covenant." The Father declared the third time His love for the Beloved Son, by AN AUDIBLE VOICE, thus convincing the Greeks, who were to be the first fruits of the Gentiles, that Jesus was the Messiah. Andrew having been a disciple of St. John the Baptist before the advent of Jesus as a public teacher, and probably a member of the sect to which John belonged—the Essenian, a Jewish sect of mystics, ascetics,—may "account for the learning" and ability which he subsequently exhibited in his public ministry.

THE THISTLE.

The Thistle is the National emblem of Scotland, and evoked from her illustrious bard the tribute :—

"The rough burr thistle spreading wide
Among the bearded bear,
I turned the weeder—clips aside,
An spar'd the symbol dear."

The Scottish order of Knighthood known as "The Thistle," has for its principal decoration, a gold collar composed of sixteen thistles, interlaced with sprigs of rue; to which are suspended a small image of St. Andrew, and this Saint's cross of silver. In the centre of this is a thistle surrounded by the motto of the Order, from which emanate silver rays forming a star. The motto of the Order, as also that of Scotland, is a Latin inscription, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*,"—no one insults me with impunity. The institution of the order in honor of St. Andrew, is attributed by the Scots to King Achaias in the 8th century, in memory of an appearance in the heavens of a bright cross resembling that whereon St. Andrew suffered martyrdom,—seen by Achaias the night before he gained a victory over Athelstan, King of Northumberland, the first who called himself King of England. He died in 940. The introduction of the order has also been attributed to the same King (Achaias), as commemorative of a famous league of amity he formed with Charlemagne (Charles the Great), King of France, he having selected as a badge "The Thistle and the Rue." It has also been suggested that Charles VII, of France, who reigned 1403–1461, having received great assistance from Scotland, renewed the league of amity which had been entered into with Achaias, the 65th King of Scotland, who had died in 809. Authors are divided as to the origin of the order; but it was no doubt instituted in 787; restored about 1540, by James V, of Scotland, who was "the handsomest and most chivalrous Prince of his times;" revived May 29, 1687, by King James VII (II of England); and reëstablished by Queen Anne, December 31, 1703. This order also called the Order of St. Andrew; was accessable only to the Peers. It dates at least from the time of King Robert II, 1370–90, whose coin bore the cross and image of St. Andrew. The order as a regular 'organized knightly fraternity," is conceded as existing in the reign of King James VII, in 1687. By a statute passed in May, 1827, the order consists of the sovereign and sixteen knights. It is contended by some that the badge of the Thistle may not have been worn before the reign of James III, and was not probably connected with any distinct order of knighthood previous to James V. 1540. If the Thistle and the Rue, as one writer claims, were once symbols of two different orders, one "The Thistle," with the present motto; the other "The Garland of Rue," it is certain that from the collars of both hung one and the same jewel, the figure of St. Andrew bearing his cross. The Thistles, which no one could touch without being hurt, was in the badge significantly associated with the Rue, the antidote for poison.

The Andrew cross is worn in their hats, by the people of Scotland, on the day of the feast of the Saint. It consists of blue and white ribbons disposed with a cross, aud is intended as a commemoration of his crucification. I have before me seven ancient copper coins with three thistles on one stalk, one bearing date 1678, another 1692. The other five pieces are older but without date, or the dates cannot be deciphered, and are quite crude and irregular in workmanship, having been made and stamped by hand, machinery not being used in coining at the early period they were made. One of the gold coins issued by King Robert II, 1371–90, was called "St. Andrew's," and bore the image of the Saint on his cross. Another was issued with only a St. Andrew cross. The "St. Andrew's" of Robert III, 1390–1406, has the figure of the Saint on the cross. The "St. Andrew's Half," differs by representing the Saint with his arms extended, but without the cross. The gold coinage of

James I dates from 1433, and has on the reverse side a small St. Andrew's cross. In 1451, the gold issue of "St. Andrew's" and its half (James II.), bore on the reverse of each a figure of the Saint. The gold coinage of James III, 1460–67, consisted of a "St. Andrew's" and the "St. Andrew's Half." In 1468, the Billon Plack and half Plack appeared, bearing a St. Andrew's cross in centre on the reverse side. In 1488, James IV, the "St. Andrew's" bore the image of the Saint, with a glory round his head, together with his cross which reached to the outer edge of the coin. In the last coinage of James IV, 1512, appeared the Billon Plack, representing the Saint and cross in each quarter. In the second issue of the same year, the Saint and cross appear in the centre. In 1677–81, some of the coins were adorned with a St Andrew's cross passing through a crown, and have the thistle design. Other coins might be mentioned with somewhat similar devices. Towards the close of the last century, a large number of copper tokens were circulated as coin, by private corporations and individuals. One of the Edinburgh half penny tokens represents St. Andrew carrying his cross in front of him, with the erect thistle on either side. It had also on the rim the motto of the order. The Russian quarter roubles of Peter the Great, of 1701, had an eagle with a St. Andrew's cross around his neck. The roubles of 1723 had the Grand Ribbon of the order of St. Andrew; of 1724, the Star of the order of St. Andrew. Peter the Great died in 1725, and his widow Catharine I, had new designs, and among the adornments, the broad Ribbon and Star of St. Andrew. In 1731–41, on the half roubles of Anna, the broad ribbon of the order of St. Andrew is worn by the figure in armor. In 1741, a Russian coin has a small bust, draped, and wearing the ribbon and badge of St. Andrew. These references to coins may not be deemed pertinent to our subject; but being interesting in connection with the Saint, may be regarded as permissible.

There is a tradition that "The Thistle" was first suggested as the national emblem, by a circumstance which occurred during the invasion of Scotland by the Norseman (Danes). Meditating the surprise of a Scottish camp, at night, and while the main force were halting, a spy in endeavoring to discover the undefended points, stepped with bare feet upon a thistle, which caused such pain that his loud and involuntary exclamation prevented a surprise by arousing the "unsuspecting Scots," who immediately attacked and repulsed the invaders and obtained a complete victory. The Scotch thistle (*crucus acauties*) was recognized as instrumental to their success, and has since been regarded as the heraldic badge of Scotland.

The "Wisconsin Historical Collections" (vol. 4,) refer to a relic of the Scotch rebellion, which is deposited in the rooms of the Historical Society of that State, at Madison. It is "a portion of an old red silk flag, bearing date in gilt figures 1719, which is four years later than the Scotch rebellion of 1715;" "also the Scotch Thistle in gilt and the Latin motto of the Order of the Thistle or Knights of St. Andrew." It was obtained from a Captain Clarkson, of Ceresco, Wisconsin, a lineal descendent of its original owner. By distinct tradition of the family through whom the ancient flag has been handed down, it was used in the memorable Scottish rebellion of 1745, and was in the fatal defeat of Prince Charlie at Culloden, soon after which its early possessors—the Clarkson family—migrated to New England, bringing this interesting relic with them. There is also recorded in Brewster's "Rambles about Portsmouth," New Hampshire, (vol. I), an interesting account of two brothers, Andrew and John Clarkson, who occupied a spacious old framed house with gambrel-roof which I well remember to have frequently shunned in my boyhood days as haunted. In 1835, the grand old mansion, long unoccupied, was demolished. The Clarksons are represented as natives of Scotland, and men of distinction.

Andrew "enlisted under the banner of the Pretender, and was an ensign in his army." He "came to this country in the year 1717, and brought with him the colors belonging to his company." Whether or not the two accounts refer to the same flag, I am unable to determine. A discrepency in dates exists; but this might occur in statesments derived from traditional and not published sources.

Masonry honors St. Andrew; records his name in her calendar and observes St. Andrew's day. Many lodges bear his appellation, and none more worthy than the "Lodge of St. Andrew," of Boston, Mass., which obtained its charter from the Grand Lodge of Masons in Scotland, November 30, 1756, and is noted for its excellency of membership, munificence in charity, and proficiency in Masonry. Enrolled upon its scroll of membership are the names of many men of renown, Joseph Warren and Paul Revere being conspicuous. The twenty-ninth degree in the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Free Masonry, is known as the order of "Grand Scottish Knight of St. Andrew." The banner of the order is white, fringed with gold, with a St. Andrew's cross in green on each side. The dress of the knights, in part, is a crimson robe, having embroidered on the left breast a large white St. Andrew's cross; the jewels, a St. Andrew's cross of gold, with a large emerald in the centre, surmounted by the helmet of a knight, and with a thistle of gold between the arms at the bottom. The lessons of the order teach humility, patience and self-denial as essential virtues; also, charity, clemency and generosity, as well as virtue, truth and honor, as most excellent qualities which should characterize all so distinguished in Masonry as the "Grand Scottish Knights of St. Andrew." The order was established by King Robert Bruce, in 1314, and was first composed of persecuted brethren of the order of the "House of the Temple at Jerusalem," "The Knighthood of the Temple of Solomon" or of "The Knights of the Temple," was established in 1118, and declared heretical by Pope Clement V, at the instance of Philip the Fair of France, in 1307. The members of the order in that country, were imprisoned, many executed, more tortured and all impoverished. In most of the European States their property had been confiscated, and their leaders incarcerated, which caused the persecuted brethren to leave their homes and lay aside the garb of the "Temple." In England, King Edward proscribed them, unless they entered the Perfectories of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem or of the Hospital. In Scotland, however, they found protection, and joined the army with which King Robert Bruce resisted the invasion of Scotland by Edward II, of England. The battle of Bannockburn was fought on the 24th of June, 1314. In recognition of the heroic aid of the Templars on that memorable day, Bruce created, and then received them into, the Order of St. Andrew-du-chardon (of the thistle), of Scotland, which was afterwards annexed to the degree of the Rite of Herodum, which concealed the real name of the order "The Holy House of the Temple at Jerusalem." When the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite was finally organized by those in possession of the degree of the Rites of Herodum and Perfection and other Rites, and detached degrees that had been from time to time established in Scotland, France, Germany and elsewhere, the order of "Grand Scottish Knights of St. Andrew," became the twenty-ninth of the new Rite formed by selecting from the different rites and observances, seven degrees in addition to the twenty-five of Perfection, and created the thirty-third as the supreme and last degree to rule the whole.

The Standard of Great Britain is formed by the union of the three crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick. It is called the great Union Flag of the Empire of Great Britain. It is recorded that the flag called the Great Union, raised by Washington at Cambridge, Mass., January 2, 1776, consisted

of thirteen alternate red and white stripes of the present flag of the United States, with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew emblazoned on the blue canton in place of the stars.

Many churches likewise bear the manly and exalted name of St. Andrew. Near by my own New Hampshire home, there stands a little church, not far from the ragged headlands; and as the prayers of its worshippers ascend on high, the grand old ocean, that great wonder of the Creator, beats its ceaseless monotone as it laves the pebbly beach and thunders along the rocky coast. To this sacred edifice, recently erected, has been given the appropriate name of "St. Andrew's by the Sea."

At Madrid, in the Museo-del-Rey, are collected forty-five pictures by Murillo, the celebrated Spanish painter (1618–1682); one deserving special mention, is the Martyrdom of St. Andrew. It is described as "painted in small proportions, and is one of the best of the ærial style; a silver tint, which seems showered down from heaven by the angels holding out the palm of immortality to St. Andrew, who is being crucified, pervades every object, softens the outlines, harmonizes the tints and gives the whole scene a cloudy and fantastic appearance, which is full of charms." In the collection of Mr. Miles at Leigh Court, is another painting by Murillo exhibiting St. Andrew suspended on a high cross, formed of the trunks of trees laid transversly. This is described as a work of great beauty and very effective. I would here remark that all authorities are not agreed concerning the form of the cross. One says it was an Olive tree and not a cross formed of plank. "The Martyrdom of St. Andrew" and the Saint preaching the Gospel, by Jaun-de-Roelas, are also mentioned as splendid productions of art. In the Hampton Court Palace, were deposited seven cartoons which were brought to England by King Charles the First from Brussels, in 1629, at the suggestion of Rubens, the distinguished Flemish painter. They were the composition of "Raphael the Divine," and prepared by that Prince of Painters, who is recognized as without a rival. He designed in the years 1513–16, twenty-five scenes executed in colors, representing Gospel subjects, which were copied at Brussels, by being woven in tapestry fourteen to eighteen feet in length and twelve in height. Several are preserved at the Vatican at Rome, and in the European courts. Among the number formerly at Hampton Palace, but now exhibited at South Kensington Museum, is one representing "Christ calling Peter and Andrew," but more generally known as "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," in which the Saviour, Peter and Andrew are in one boat, and Zebedee and his sons James and John in another. They are the prominent and absorbing features of the sketch, which is particularly distinguished as having all of Raphael's characteristics of "simplicity, perspicuity, emphatic expression and clear developement of the story it illustrates." In Leonardo-de-Vinci's celebrated picture of the Lord's supper, which is painted upon the walls of the Refectory of the Dominican Convent at Milan, Italy, and was completed in 1492, the position of St. Andrew is next to Philip, who is near the end of the table earnestly looking at Jesus. Andrew is seated with his elbows resting upon the table.

In the ancient Greek types and in the old Mosaics, St. Andrew is represented as aged, with flowing white hair and beard, and is distinguished by the transversed cross. Since the fourteenth century, in the devotional pictures in which St. Andrew figures, he is represented as a very old man, his hair and beard silver white, long, loose and flowing; and in general the beard is divided. He leans upon his cross, and holds the Gospel in his right hand. "St. Andrew adoring his cross," by Andrea Sacchi, which is in the gallery of the Vatican at Rome, is remarkable "for its simplicity and fine expression." Guido painted in fresco in the Chapel of St. Andrea in the Church of St. Gregorio, at Rome, "St.

Andrew's Adoration of his Cross," and on the opposite wall Domenichius painted the "Flagellation of St. Andrew." He also painted the same subject in the Church of St. Andrea-della-Valle, in somewhat different style, choosing another "moment of the torture," and in the same church the crucifixtion of the Saint and his apotheosis surmounting the whole. Correggio, the great Italian painter, secured additional lustre to his name by his matchless genius he displayed in delineating the Apostles. "The calling of St. Peter and St. Andrew." by Masaccio and Guido, 1407–43, now in the church of the Carmelites at Florence, are very celebrated. "The Communion of the Apostles," by Ribera, an Italian artist at Naples, in San Mantino, is also considered a masterpiece. Cespeda's painting of "The Last Supper," has a marked reputation. In the mediæval pictures, the Apostles are represented by distinctive badges or appendages, as Peter with the keys, James the son of Zebedee (James the Greater) with a pilgrim's staff and a gourd bottle, John with a cup and a winged serpent flying out of it, Philip with a long staff shaped like a cross, Bartholomew with a knife, Thomas with a lance, Matthew with a hatchet, James the son of Alpheus (James the Less) with a fuller's pole, Lebbeas whose surname was Thaddeus (St. Jude) with a club, Simon the Canaanite with a saw, Matthias with a battle-axe, St. Paul with a sword. St. Andrew is represented in all pictures and sculptures with a cross.

I have thus enumerated a few of the famous paintings by the great masters in which St. Andrew is a prominent figure. In the collections of paintings, mosaics, engravings, sculpture, carvings and castings, which are extensively dispersed over Europe and constitute one of the greatest attractions of its leading cities, there are a large number in which he is represented grouped with other Saints, or isolated and alone with his cross. I have had the privilege of seeing most of these notable works of art to which I have referred.

In considering the life and character of St. Andrew, alike renowned in sacred and profane history, I have briefly recounted the prominent events of his Apostleship, the fortitude and fidelity which characterized his mission, and the patience and heroism exhibited at his martyrdom; the respect paid to his memory by the potentates of earth; the reverence of a nation whose Patron he became; the veneration of communities incorporated by his name; and the tributes of genius in symbolizing through the medium of form the qualities which distinguished him. He has been delineated on the canvas, sculptured in marble, wrought in mosaics, woven in tapestry, emblematized on coin, carved in wood, engraved on stone and cast in bronze. Temples of piety, houses of mercy, and institutions of learning, have been dedicated to his memory. Societies, religious and secular, perpetuate his name—a name which must ever be sacred in Christian annals; illustrious on the martyrs' scroll; conspicuous in the orders instituted by men; and inestimably dear to the Christian heart as an eminent exemplar of a divinely religious faith. His name, "Written in the Book of Life," shines "as the brightness of the firnament," and will endure the stars forever and ever."

When I commenced to note my thoughts and examine my collections relating to the illustrious Saint whose name we all revere, I had no purpose of writing so extended a sketch. It has been collated from scriptural and historical sources, as well as traditional and legendary records. I have not attempted to question the authenticity of any of the statements I have consulted as to the history of St. Andrew, or to discredit in the least whatever has been ascribed to him, but have given such scriptural and historical facts, as well as traditional reports, as I have been able to gather from the materials within my reach relating to him; and I shall now leave it to you to discriminate between what is known to be historical truth and what may be mere fiction. Having been deeply

interested in considering the subject and in the preparation of this sketch, I trust I have been successful in enlisting your interest, without exhausting your patience by its recital, and that it may have imparted some information which will be new concerning St. Andrew the Apostle, and the patron Saint of Scotland.

LETTER FROM JACOB B. MOORE TO EX-GOV. WILLIAM PLUMER.

CONCORD, N. H., April 17, 1826.

Dear Sir:—

I regretted very much that my brother discontinued his paper, and that circumstances out of his or my control obliged him to do so. He had a small, but a sufficient patronage to enable him to keep along a few weeks before the publication of his last paper, when the formation of large "companies of subscribers," agreeably to propositions sent forth from our *Patriot* and *Statesman* establishments, reduced his subscription list so much that no alternative presented but to *stop*. I do not complain that people wish to increase their amount of *income* or *influence*, but I do dislike the means which are too frequently used by the greater establishments to put down the lesser.

A newspaper, conducted on the principles which you name, supporting the great cause of the country against the interests of factious and designing men, —judging of measures as they are, without putting into the scale those with whom they happen to originate,—would, in my opinion, be very useful and perhaps profitable. If I ever engage in a newspaper, it would be in one of this description. At the present, my employments are of a nature requiring *all* my attention; and being such, with a moderate income, free from the toils and vexations which generally attend an editorial life, I shall content myself with my present course of business, unless that by some event should pass into other channels.

As to political affairs, young as I am, I have seen a great deal of what I believe to be corruption; and have no reason to hope, from the examples continually before the world, that any better standard of morals can ever be applied to our political rulers. And when the stern integrity, the republican virtue and talents which have characterized the age in which our country sprang into existence and grew to be the power she now is, shall be talked of only as *belonging to the past*,—we need not the spirit of prophecy to describe our political condition.

I should be very happy to see you, and spend a few hours in talking on these and other matters; and shall give myself the pleasure as early as convenient.

With best regards to your family,

I am your most obt.,

JACOB B. MOORE.

LOG-BOOK OF THE RANGER.

CONTRIBUTED BY E. P. JEWELL.

TUESDAY, Feb. 2, 1779. Winds and weather much the same as the day past. Scraped and payed the bowsprit, bent our top sails and top gallant sails, fore sail, fore stay and mizzen; reefed new braids for the mizzen. Expended forty fathoms batline for reef and head earings for our top sails and fore sail. Received on board 250 cwt. damaged bread.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 3, 1779. Winds from S. W to W., the first and middle part of this twenty-four hours; the latter part northwardly winds and pleasant weather. Bent our main top gallant stay sail, middle and main top mast stay sails and jib. Received on board sixty muskets with bayonets. Whitewashed and dryed our magazine. Received a new middle stay sail. Down hale and jib, out hale.

THURSDAY, Feb. 4, 1779. The former part of this twenty-four hours wind north, and from N. to S. W., the latter part of the day. Bent the main sail, main top mast stay sail and middle ditto. Reefed new main bowlines, main top mast stay sail, brails and clewlines. Finished tarring the sides.

FRIDAY, Feb. 5, 1779. Strong gales at N. W., and cold. Down top gallant yards and masts. Received on board our small sails. People employed about sundry necessary jobs.

SATURDAY, Feb. 6, 1779. Pleasant gales at N. W., fair weather. The people employed clearing the storerooms. Received on board 26 half barrels, 6 whole ones, and 2½ kegs powder. Got up top gallant masts and yards, and at sunset got them down. Received on board one coil 1¼ inch, some junk, one barrel beef and two bundles iron hoops.

SUNDAY, Feb. 7, 1779. The fore part of this twenty-four hours the wind at N. W., with snow; latter part pleasant. People employed clearing the decks.

MONDAY, Feb. 8, 1779. All this twenty-four hours fine pleasant weather, the wind at N. E. Hauled both cables up and coiled them on the fore castle. Employed clearing ship's hold to look at the water. Started five small casks of water to fill up the ground tier. Received forty pigs of lead aft to keep the ship in trim.

TUESDAY, Feb. 9, 1779. Wind from south to S. W., with rain and snow. Completed the hold and coiled down the cables. Delivered the sailmakers ten yards ticklingburg, also six yards to mark staples, by Capt. Simpson's order.

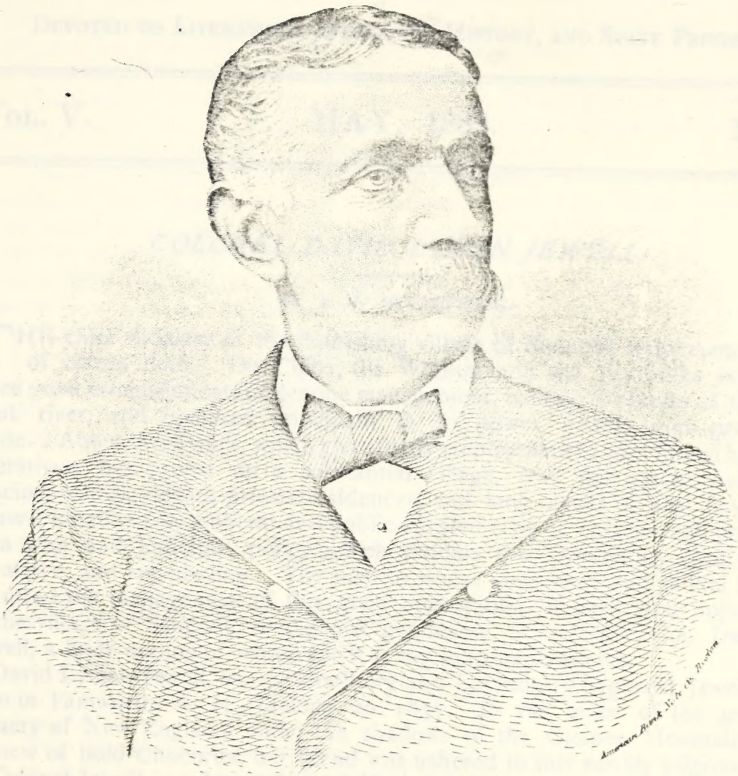
WEDNESDAY, Feb. 10, 1779. Foggy, winds and southwardly weather. Stored our kedge and steam anchor. Received on board two top masts, a spare main yard; also ten bushels potatoes came alongside our cutter from the boat-builders.

THURSDAY, Feb. 11, 1779. Cloudy weather throughout this twenty-four hours, and cold wind from S. W. to N. B. W. Received on board three hogsheads water. Employed stowing and lashing our booms. Fixed tripping lines for top gallant yards, fifty fathoms bowline.

FRIDAY, Feb. 12, 1779. All this twenty-four hours fine pleasant weather, the wind at S. S. W. Employed getting our stern anchor on board and getting all clear to go down. Received on board 3 hhds. water, ⅔ barrel of peas, 2 top gallant masts, and a new stock for a stern anchor. Found our stern cable to be chafed against the rocks.

SATURDAY, Feb. 13, 1779. Fair and pleasant weather throughout this twenty-four hours, wind variable from W. S. W to N. W. At nine A. M., cast loose from Moffat's wharf and came to sail at ¾ past nine; anchored with best bower in Pepperel's Cove. Veared out and moored our small bower ⅔ of a cable each way. The light house bearing south ¾ east. Fort Washington W. N. W. ½ W. Kittery Meeting House, bearing north ¾ west. Distance from shore ½ mile.

SUNDAY, Feb. 14, 1779. The fore and middle part of this twenty-four hours light airs and variable with rain and sleet. Came in a sloop gandolope bound to Newbury. Latter part small breezes at N. W., and a thick fog. Broached a hogshead water. Read prayers.



L. L. Jewell



—THE—

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COLONEL DAVID LYMAN JEWELL.

BY J. N. McCLINTOCK.

THE chief industry of the flourishing village of Suncook is the manufacture of cotton cloth. The China, the Webster, and the Pembroke mills, are three great establishments under one management, built on the banks of the Suncook river, and operated principally by its power, where print goods are made. About these mills, which give steady employment to over fifteen hundred operatives, has grown up a substantial village, with fine public buildings, spacious stores, elegant private residences, and long blocks of neat tenement-houses, inhabited by a liberal and public-spirited class of citizens, and governed by a wise and judicious policy which renders this community comfortable, attractive, and law-abiding. The man to whose clear head and skillful hand is intrusted the management of this great corporation, of such vital importance to the village of Suncook, is a genial gentleman of forty-five, Col. David L. Jewell, a brief outline of whose life it is my purpose to sketch.

David Lyman Jewell, son of Bradbury and Lucinda (Chapman) Jewell, was born in Tamworth, N. H., January 26, 1837. In the midst of the grandest scenery of New England, under the shadows of the Ossipee Mountains, and in view of bold Chocorua, our friend was ushered to this earthly pilgrimage.

Colonel Jewell is a descendant of Mark Jewell, who was born in the north of Devonshire, England, in the year 1724, and died in Sandwich, New Hampshire, the 19th of February, 1787. He descended from the same original stock as Bishop John Jewell, of Devonshire. Mark Jewell came to this country in 1743, married and located in Durham, N. H., and was the father of three sons, Mark, Jr., Bradbury, and John. Mark, Jr., was the first white man who settled in Tamworth, in 1772, on what is now called "Stevenson's Hill," removing soon after to "Birch Interval," as known at the present time. He married Ruth Vittum, of Sandwich, in 1776; they were the parents of sixteen children. He was prominent in all town affairs, and sometimes preached, and was familiarly called, among his fellow-townsmen, "Elder" or "Priest" Jewell.

Bradbury, son of Elder Jewell, married Mary Chapman, in 1806, by whom he had two sons, Bradbury and David. Bradbury Jewell, a pupil of Samuel Hidden, was a teacher of considerable note, and his memory is tenderly cherished to-day by many of his pupils throughout the State. While engaged in

teaching, he pursued a course of medical studies, and in 1839, having completed them, collected his worldly goods and removed to Newmarket, a place presenting a larger field for practice. There he commenced in earnest his chosen profession; but being of a delicate constitution, the exposure incident to a physician's life soon told upon his limited strength; he sickened and died "ere the sun of his life had reached its meridian," leaving his widow, with two little children, in indigent circumstances, to combat with a cold and selfish world. A wealthy merchant of the place, having no children, wished to adopt young David, offering to give him a college education, and leave him heir to his worldly possessions; but with a mother's love for her offspring, Mrs. Jewell refused the offer, and resolved to rear and educate her children as well as her limited means would allow. Being a woman of undaunted spirit, she opened a boarding-house for factory operatives, when factory girls were the intelligent daughters of New England farmers, who regarded this new industry as a most favorable opportunity for an honorable employment.

Having brothers in Massachusetts, and thinking to better sustain herself and children, Mrs. Jewell removed to Newton Upper Falls, Mass., following there the same occupation. In that village young Jewell first attended school, the teacher of which was a former pupil of his father. To render his mother more substantial assistance than he could afford her by doing irksome chores, he went to work in the factory when but nine years of age, receiving for a day's work,—from quarter of five in the morning until half past seven in the evening,—the very munificent sum of sixteen cents a day, or one dollar a week. He worked nine months and attended school three, every year, until he was nearly thirteen years of age, when the close confinement was found detrimental to his health, and he was taken from the mill and placed on a farm. The next three years he passed in healthful happy, out door work. Returning home from the farm, strong, robust and vigorous, he reëntered the mill, where he was variously occupied, becoming familiar with the operations of the numerous machines in each department, but more particularly those pertaining to the carding-room, where his step-father, Thomas Truesdell (his mother having married again), was an overseer, learning as he pursued his work, gradually and insensibly, things that to-day are of incalculable benefit for the business in which he is now engaged. He little thought, however, when moving his stool from place to place, in order to facilitate his labor, he would some day be at the head of similar works, many times greater in magnitude, than those in which he was then engaged.

His inherited mechanical taste was developed by his life among machinery, and when he was seventeen years of age he gladly entered a machine-shop. Here his ready perception of form rendered his work attractive and his improvement rapid. Before completing his apprenticeship he felt keenly the want of a better education, and determined to obtain it. His exchequer was very low, but having the confidence of friends he readily obtained a loan, and in the spring of 1855, entered the Wesleyan Academy, at Wilbraham, Mass. The Principal, after a casual examination, said, "Well, you don't know much, do you?" Being quick at repartee, young Jewell replied: "No, sir. If I did, I would not be here." This brief sip at the fountain of knowledge only increased his thirst for more, and in September of the same year he entered the State Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass., under the regime of Marshall Conant, a life-long friend and counselor.

Mr. Jewell from the first was a favorite among his class-mates, courteous, genial, pleasant in disposition, somewhat careless withal, but physically vigorous and always the first at athletic sports when relieved from study. Mathematics, of which he was very fond, and Natural Philosophy, were his favorite branches

of study, and free-hand drawing his delight, as slates, book-covers and albums attested. While in school he made rapid progress, and graduated in the Spring of 1857, having acquired, as his diploma reads, "a very creditable degree of knowledge of the several branches taught therein. Besides these attainments, Mr. Jewell possesses tact and skill for rapid sketching and delineation, which give life to his blackboard illustrations."

To show the forethought possessed by him in a marked degree, before graduating he had secured a school to teach in New Jersey, and the day after the closing exercises were over, he started for his new field of labor. He taught with great success in New Jersey and also in New York, some three years. One school, of which he was principal, numbered three hundred scholars, and employed five assistant teachers, all of whom were his seniors in years. Like his father he gained an enviable reputation as a teacher; and his credentials speak of him in the highest terms as a competent, faithful and pleasing instructor, and most excellent disciplinarian. One superintendent of schools, remarks,—"He was the best teacher who had been employed in the town for thirty years." While engaged in teaching, Mr. Jewell pursued a course of study in engineering and surveying, and finally determined to follow engineering as a profession. He gave up school-teaching, left the "foreign shores of Jersey," and entered the office of R. Morris Copeland and C. W. Folsom, of Boston. His first work was the re-survey of Cambridgeport. He afterward worked in Dorchester and on Narraganset Bay. He had but just commenced this new occupation when "the shot heard round the world" was fired on Sumter, and the tocsin of war sounded the alarm.

Surveying, like all other business, came to a stand-still; the compass was changed for a musket; distances were measured by the steady tramp of the soldiery, and the weary flagman became the lonely sentinel. About this time the owners of the Pembroke Mill and property connected there in Pembroke and Allenstown, New Hampshire, decided to increase their business by building a new mill twice the capacity of the one then owned by them. Knowing Mr. Jewell to be a good draughtsman, having employed him during the construction of the Pembroke mill, they again engaged him. Consulting with their then resident agent, he prepared the required working plans and drawings for the Webster mill. The work of the building was soon under way and rapidly pushed to completion. While thus engaged the agent at Newton died, and the immediate care of the mills was given to Mr. Jewell, until (as the treasurer said) he could find a competent man for the position. Finishing his work at Suncook, and having conducted the affairs of the company at Newton in a very satisfactory manner, the treasurer tendered him the agency of the mills. In accepting the position, his career as agent began, where, fifteen years before, he commenced the work, that fitted him so thoroughly for the successful management of the same. The mills were in a bad condition, the machinery old and run-down, and the owners impatient and anxious. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Jewell entered heartily into the business, making such changes that at the time he tendered his resignation he had doubled the production, and greatly improved the quality of the goods manufactured. Looms built more than fifty years ago, and improved by Mr. Jewell, are still running and producing nearly as many yards per day, and of as good quality, as those made at the present time. These mills were run throughout the war, paying for cotton as high as one dollar a pound, and selling the cloth for thirty-five cents a yard. Mr. Jewell was very anxious to enlist during the exciting times of war, but was prevailed upon by the owners to continue in charge of their works, and by the entreaties of his wife, who was hopelessly ill, to remain at her side.

The treasurer and part owner of the mills at Newton Upper Falls was also treasurer and large owner of the mills at Suncook. The Suncook company, seeing a brighter future before them, agitated the project of enlarging their plant, and in 1867 active operations were commenced upon the China mill, which was, when completed, the largest works of the kind contained under one roof in the State. Mr. Jewell again fulfilled the office of engineer and draughtsman. The company's agent at Suncook, wishing to devote his time exclusively to the construction of the new mill, desired that Mr. Jewell should come from Newton several days each week to look after the manufacturing in the two mills. Thus for more than two years he acted as agent at Newton, and as superintendent of the Webster and Pembroke mills.

In 1870, before the China mill had fairly commenced operations, the agent resigned his position. Mr. Jewell, having at Newton proved diligent, faithful and capable, was appointed in his stead. Resigning his position at Newton, he moved with his family to Suncook, and assumed the management of the triumvirate corporation, June 1, 1870. Again he was obliged to go through nearly the same routine as at Newton. The machinery, however, was more modern, but had been neglected, and the power was inadequate to the demand. With indomitable perseverance he has remedied these defects. By providing reservoirs, and more thoroughly utilizing the water power, adding new and valuable improvements, putting in powerful steam engines, so that now the mills are able to run during the most severe droughts, and the amount produced has been increased from twelve millions of yards, in 1874, to twenty-seven millions of yards in 1880, with substantially the same machinery, showing what tireless perseverance and devotion to duty can accomplish, when impelled by men actively schooled from boyhood in practical manufacturing.

Mr. Jewell is one of the directors in the China Savings Bank, Suncook. He is a member of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association, and of the New Hampshire Club. Mr. Jewell was honored by being appointed *aid-de-camp*, with the rank of Colonel, on Gov. Head's staff, and smilingly speaks of turning out *officially* more times than any other member. He is a member of the Gov. Head Staff Association, an active member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, of Boston; a member of the Amoskeag Veterans, of Manchester; a member of the New Hampshire Veteran Officers' Association; and an honorary member of the Old Twelfth New Hampshire regiment. He was elected Captain of the Jewell Rifles, a military company named for him, but graciously declined, and was made an honorary member. The Masonic fraternity also claims him, being an active member of "Jewell" Lodge, Suncook, named in his honor, and of the Trinity Royal Arch Chapter, Horace Chase Council, R. and S. M., and Mount Horeb Commandery, Concord. He is a member of the Supreme Council, having taken all the Scottish Rites up to the 33d degree, and is an active member of the Massachusetts Consistory S.·. P.·. R.·. S.·. 32°, Boston, and a member of Connecticut River Valley Masonic Association.

Colonel Jewell is a public spirited citizen. To him Suncook is largely indebted for its material advancement since his residence in that community. Three times has his presence of mind and mechanical skill been the means of saving the village from entire destruction by fire. To him is the place indebted for its very effective water-works, to guard against fires in the future. In private life Colonel Jewell is genial, affable and approachable. His home is embellished by his artistic tastes, and his private library is rich in works of standard merit and art. In happy combination with the great executive ability of the subject of our sketch, is a fine literary taste, and a decided artistic talent,

the former shown by his architecture in exterior decoration, and by his household embellishments.

Colonel Jewell affiliates with the Congregationalists, but the Sabbath with him is a day of rest. His first wife was Mary A. Grover, daughter of Ephraim Grover, of Newton, Mass., to whom he was married in August, 1860. She died October 16, 1862. He was again married, May 31, 1865, to Ella Louise Sumner, daughter of Lewis Sumner, of Needham, Mass., and a near relative of the late Senator Charles Sumner. Mr. Jewell has kept out of politics, but is a good Republican, and should he be the standard bearer of the party in any future contest, he would probably lead its forces to victory.

THE LOWLY BARD.

BY WILLIAM C. STUROC.

He who in Fortune's smiles delights,
And spends his days and eke his nights,
  In luxury and ease—
Whose life is one harmonious round,
Of plenty, with affection crowned,
Where every sight and every sound
  Encompass but to please:—

Could he but gaze a little space,
Within that dark and dreary place,
  Where pines the lowly bard,
Bent o'er a feeble, flick'ring fire,
Whose fading embers now expire;
Perchance might come the sweet desire,
  To pity and regard.

Hard, doubtful lot! Alas for truth!
That thus a noble, nameless youth,
  The frowns of fate should know—
Should, once again, the chalice sip,
So often press'd to poet's lip,
And freeze beneath thy icy grip,
  Relentless want and woe!

You tell me that, "At night, alone,
While through your little window shone,
  The pale and peaceful moon,
You've gazed with rapt and longing eye,
Far out into the glorious sky—
To lift the veil you vainly try,
  And grasp the future boon!"

"And yet, while with the 'Muse' you dwell,
A deathless hope your breast doth swell,
  That rises o'er life's ills;
And all your slights and woes forgot,
You would not change your humble lot,
With him who owns a princely grot,
  Which pomp inanely fills."

Brave Rhymer! 'mid the toil and strife,
That mark the rugged paths of life,
  Which genius oft must tread,
Be bold! press on, and never fear,
Though present skies be dark and drear,
The golden dawn will soon appear,
  And shine upon your head.

NOTE: A young friend of mine, writing from the North of Scotland in 1881, thus describes his condition and feelings: "I have sometimes taken great courage from your personal history, but as often and constantly have my lowly circumstances in life suggested sadly to me the impossibility to do anything else than to struggle on with inexorable poverty. But, while thus depressed, I have still the indescribable consolation of pouring forth my sorrows in verse; some specimens of which I send you. And, viewing the matter from where I now stand, and with my confessed inexperience in the world's ways, I hardly think I would voluntarily exchange my "Muse" for the cold glitter of brainless riches. I would like enough, that is all."

ANENT THE YORKTOWN CELEBRATION, AND SIGHTS SEEN BY THE PASSENGERS OF THE SHIP FRANCES.

BY E. M. M.

HOW softening is retrospection ! and how beautifying. It is like moonlight on an unlovely landscape. The deformities of the prospect are idealized in the illusive radiance, not concealed but rendered picturesque and charming by the mellow mysteriousness that moonlight lends ; as retrospection is hallowed by the sentiment that clings to experiences past, the blessed quality that tones down or makes picturesque the disagreeable portions, and flings enchantment over the pleasant recollections.

This is a prelude to the medley of memories, bright, glowing, strange, grotesque, treasured by the passengers of the good ship Frances that sailed away from Providence the 15th of last October to the Yorktown centennial celebration. The passengers were Governor Bell and the officers of his staff, a number of invited guests, the New Hampshire State Militia with their chaplain, and five ladies. Great good spirits prevailed, for were they not one and all patriots, and bound for the Yorktown celebration in proof thereof?

As darkness fell over the waters, the sense of enjoyment arose. The weather was unusually mild for the season, and it was pleasant to sit on deck watching the long glittering wake of the steamer, and talking and thinking of the great events we were going to see celebrated,—to help celebrate ; listening to conversation concerning the brave a hundred years ago, wrapped in patriotic reveries through which the forms of a triumphant Washington and defeated Cornwallis floated dimly, and into which the long-echoing shouts of Uncle Sam's earliest progeny faintly sounded.

But few among them will ever forget the horrors of the night that followed that dreadful Saturday night,—the first night out ! The sumptuous feast proffered by Rhode Island to New Hampshire, fortified not the feasters against the foe of the sea. O the sea-sickness and the groaning and the longing for the morning light, that came at last, bringing alleviation for a time at least ! The ship was small, and the sea rough, and all the valor of the doughty warriors on board could not repel the insidious and practical invader. The work of devastation was visible on every countenance Sunday morning.

But the weather was most delightful, soft and warm ; the sky blue, bright and sparkling, with white, fleecy clouds floating over it as in June, a brisk breeze on the sea, that sent us merrily along, the near shores glowing in greenness, gladdening the gaze to rest upon them. We were sailing down the beautiful New York Harbor, and the spirits of the company revived perceptibly with the charming scenes, and conversation rose above the depressed sea-sick level to which it had sunk. The family of the Frances was grouped together on the upper deck, enjoying the morning hours, scanning the receding landscape through a glass,—sitting there in the warm sunshine during the sail past the Jersey coast.

But it was Sunday—New England Sunday as yet—and presently all were seated in the saloon, listening to a thoughtful sermon, full of strength and comfort, from the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Powers of Manchester. We were admonished to be good soldiers in life, fighting bravely its battles, enduring patiently its privations and losses, in perfect faith of the victory that awaits us beyond.

But alas for bodily cowardice as contrasted with moral and mental courage! Patient endurance was hard to practice. Returning to secular subjects, the natural train of thought and conversation was concerning preventives and antidotes,—helps to resist our fell foe. "Should we dine or should we not?" The hot sun, the freshening winds, the roll of the billows, and the increased motion were beginning to make their effects felt.

"If we had had luncheon when we first came on board we could have stood it!" "It was being so hungry and so empty, and the sight of the food!"

"We ought n't to have gone below so soon; if we had waited and had some brandy and water and a little hard biscuit we should have been better."

"No, we ought to have lain down at once. It was staying up and looking at things, and having to talk and pretend to enjoy ourselves, just at the worst time, just at the time when we bore away into the open sea, that made us realize how wretched we felt. If we had not made an effort!"

An afternoon of misery and a night of lesser horror followed. Whoever could win sleep, found oblivion; but many there were who could not. Truly it was a time to discover of what stuff soldiers are made, and it was the universal sentiment and belief that the celebrants of the Yorktown Centennial should be conceded a niche in the temple of American veneration, in the neighborhood of those who made such celebration incumbent.

The next morning we were in southern waters, on a placid sea with a tropic sun beating down upon us. "Why," said one to loyal resentment inclined, "why need Thomas Buchanan Read, an American, have sung,

> 'My soul to-day
> Is far away,
> Sailing the Vesuvian Bay!'"

The *not* is too delicious not to be recorded.

Why, indeed?

But we are nearing interesting localities. All lassitude and thoughts of seasickness are banished as entirely as though they never had been. In the glowing sunshine we entered the beautiful Chesapeake Bay, memorable with scenes in the nation's two great struggles,—first for its being and again for its existence. All on the Frances remember the first sight of Virginia soil. We pass Fortress Munroe while we are a dinner, and all leave the table to gaze upon the formidable pile whose importance to the government during our civil war has become historical, and smile patronizing, pitying smiles at the remembrance that poor deluded Jefferson Davis was once a gloomy prisoner there. The passage up the York river becomes exciting. All are out on deck. Those who served in the Rebellion point out places grown familiar to them in terrible circumstances.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when we arrived at Yorktown. Gen. Geo. E. Lane, who as Commissary-General had preceded his brother officers of the Governor's staff by a week, now came out to meet them and was joyfully hailed.

What a sight it was when we came up to the wharf! Vessels of every description, size and nationality, crowded the port, their towering masts, and infinitude of ropes and lines, seeming like a mighty, leafless winter forest, its lofty denuded monarchs reaching their bare heads heavenward and stretching abroad their bare quivering arms.

But on shore! The motley crowd looked like a people of masqueraders gone mad, like a Mardi Gras carnival, like a parade of antiques and horribles on a New England Fourth of July morning. But it was only a slight mingling of centennial visitors with the negro hack-drivers and porters and coachmen so-

liciting custom. Their equipages were fearfully and wonderfully made and drawn. Mostly rough carts set on clumsy wheels, without springs, some of them like huge dump-carts, with two wheels, unpainted, or the paint nearly all worn off, with here and there one with torn or faded and dirty covered top, and drawn by perhaps a span made by a mule and a horse, or a mule and a cow attached to the carriage, with harness of ropes, strings and leathers; they were most tempting, and probably few visitors shook the dust of Yorktown from their feet without having enjoyed a drive in a genuine Yorktown turn-out. How it brought to mind the *ante bellum* days! Could they have looked more ragged, dirty, stupid and hopelessly shiftless then than they do now? Some phenomenally enterprising ones came on board the Frances to sell newspapers. "Hyah ye'll git all the noos!" And so we could up to the 8th of October!

But all are impatient. The officers of the Governor's staff don their full dress uniforms and mount their handsome horses—poor creatures, they have been sea-sick too—that go galloping off with high-arched necks, wide-spread nostrils and fiery eyes, horses and riders looking very fine and grand, and quite equal to being as invincible at Yorktown as their forefathers were, should occasion arise.

A walk to see the town was proposed, and we left the queerly crowded wharf and took the road up over the small hill, along the straggling street. The sand, or rather the finely powdered, dusty soil, was inches deep along the road, and the sickly, yellow grass was smothered with it. The out-lying country is flat, monotonous and repulsive; the houses, mostly negro huts, many an one metamorphosed and become an hotel at present. Crowds of people, military, civilian and cosmopolitan, waded through the dirt. The stylishness of New York young ladies and the tawdriness of African belles blended in the curious stream of humanity.

They were literally gambling and drinking every where, in the so called hotels, in canvas tents, or with no attempt at concealment or cover, unabashed and unmolested by the roadside, in the very police head-quarters, where they looked askance at the blue uniforms. Hoe-cake was proposed, and the strollers betook themselves to a negro cabin teeming with vast numbers of children, whose pleasant-faced mistress professed herself delighted to make genuine Virginia hoe-cake for the party. It was made, and eaten with mild syrup and extravagant praises. Poetry aside, it tasted only like Indian meal mixed with water and baked in an over greased dish,—like a New Hampshire water bannock, in fact.

We learned in conversation that part of the multitudinous family were visiting friends from Philadelphia. The residents were evidently Roman Catholics, if one could judge from the character of various brilliantly colored prints on the walls, and there was a portrait of Pius the ninth, that would have astonished that worthy could he have chanced to have seen it.

Thoughts of Uncle Tom's cabin, of his last evening at his pleasant home when Chloe made the hoe-cakes for Mas'r George and Mose and Pete, of the prayer meeting held by the simple trusting people while poor Tom was being bargained away to the trader, came irresistibly into the mind, and "thank God that with all the disadvantages they must struggle against, with all their squalid poverty, they are at last free!" was the fervent, involuntary thanksgiving.

The sun was sinking, and the wide western horizon was a brilliant, glowing, cloudless red. The splendid color diffused itself through the dusky atmosphere, and in the peculiar light the strange crowd looked stranger still. With all its unsightly features, the scene appealed singularly to one's sense of the beautiful. There was an intense fascination in it, apart from its mere picturesqueness, as

indeed there always is in scenes that recall the chivalric, grand, ever-glorious past.

In the rich-colored sunset light we visited the old Lord Nelson house where Robert C. Winthrop was staying during the centennial ceremonies. It was once a grand mansion. The grounds in front had been carefully laid out and kept; a cedar hedge was still standing, and ivy crept over the front of the house every brick of which was brought from England so many years ago. But the moth and rust of time were eating into every thing, and the dust of the road lay thick upon it. A servant showed us through the lower story. There is a massive staircase in the wide hall, there are paneled walls, great, high, old-fashioned windows with wooden shutters, and deep, monstrous fire-places. The very air of romance seems resting in the grand old rooms, and it was easy to picture them alive with bright faces and courtly figures, forgotten music floating through the still, sluggish air to which they kept time in the stately minuet.

Dangerously radical notions in regard to orthography and orthoepy were abroad, and a truly wonderful method prevailed, of which I recall two delectable specimens,—"Horses stabled and fead," and "Ice House."

We returned to the Frances delighted with our sight-seeing. And now that we were lying quite still in the harbor, rather to our surprise we were not seasick, and heartily enjoyed the delicious fare that Mr. Sears prepared for us. As we were to have several days at Yorktown, a trip to Richmond was planned for the next day.

The next day was hot and sultry, the close, disagreeable atmosphere extremely enervating. Could it be that the report of malarial fever broken out among the centennial tourists made imaginative nervously inclined ladies more susceptible to debilitation? Be that as it may, it was pleasant to start for Richmond, for we did start at last, after waiting for what seemed an interminably long time. We learned at the outset that one can never tell when he may or may not be going to start for a place. There was nothing certain about it. No one seemed to be responsible for or cognizant beforehand of the proceedings of public conveyances.

We went to West Point on the steamer. The southern steamers are whited sepulchres, fair to outward view but unconscionably fusty, musty and dirty. The sail was most enjoyable, and we watched the low-lying fertile shores and the solitary plantations and lonesome looking houses with eager interest. Arrived at West Point we waited a long time for the cars to leave the immense unsubstantial-seeming new depot. Troops were going through military tactics here, martial music was sounding, the sights and sounds were very exhilirating. The soldiers of the rebellion said it brought the days of the war back again.

But at last the cars started. It was a long ride to Richmond, through the Chickahominy swamp where the luxuriant foliage glowed in rich Autumn colors. Virginia creeper climbed to the tops of the trees and clothed their trunks with bright beauty, trumpet flower trailed along the fences, and glossy-leaved laurel grew abundantly. We went past great peach orchards, by desolate cabins, miles apart in the marshy fields,—the scenery monotonous, unvarying, yet not uninteresting.

The Custis plantation, owned by Martha Custis Washington's first husband, was pointed out. On first entering Richmond we saw the Libby prison, gloomy and forbidding, of doleful memory. We met a courteous and agreeable southern lady on the cars. In the course of conversation she remarked that "the death of President Garfield has done more to heal the breach between the North and South than all the talking and pretentions of the years before."

Richmond is beautiful. It reminded me of Concord, N. H., though likening a southern to a northern city might seem absurd. But its broad streets,

fine houses, trees, and finely kept grounds, all resemble those of Concord. We had several hours there, and drove about the city, visiting Hollywood Cemetery which might be the retreat of loveliness itself. The most conspicuous monument there is that erected to the memory of the Confederate soldiers lost in the rebellion. It is not far from the entrance, pyramidic in form, built of the native stone, and is handsome and imposing. Our visit was the day following the passage of the 9th Massachusetts regiment through the city. The residents were indignant at the ill conduct of the troops. A prominent merchant gave the gentlemen of the party an account of it, expressing his disapprobation in forcible terms.

On returning our party became separated by an incident which deserves to be told as illustrative of the southern way of doing things, so incomprehensible to northerners.

The cars back to West Point were crowded. Centennial visitors hailing from New York and Boston, soldiers, negroes, poor whites, and that inevitable accessory of all trips by land or sea, wherever you go, a bridal party. I shall never forget that bride and groom. A sympathetic woman told us they had just been married at St. Joseph's church and were on a bridal tour to the centennial. The bride was very large boned, and wore her black hair in startling frizzes; and she wore an immense Gainsborough hat of light beaver, extravagantly trimmed with feathers of various shades of yellow, a great white lace fichu over her snuff colored traveling suit, a great many bracelets and chains and neck ornaments,—and she looked so conscious and so unutterably happy and so inexpressibly silly! The bridegroom was small, with black curly hair, a regular-featured, little dollish face that wore a continual smirk, and he wore full evening dress, buttonhole boquet and all! He thought he was handsome, and he too looked unutterably happy and inexpressibly silly, though probably no sillier than usual. The fates forbid that the pandemonium to which they were going should be symbolical of their future wedded life, though I should not be surprised if it were, she looked so strong and big and resolute, and he so weak and foolish.

A gang of pickpockets operated at West Point, boarding the trains and taking their opportunities when the passengers changed from the cars to the steamer. They crowded about the car doors, hindering the passengers in passing out, and then picked their pockets in the crush. One of our party, an officer of the Governor's staff, discovered his pocket-book changing hands. He gave the thief a vigorous shaking and let him go, for what could he do? There was no one with authority to arrest him and no place to put him if he were arrested. But the tale of one of their victims is most pitiful. An old man and his wife, their daughter and her husband—a shiftless looking fellow—and seven small children were started for Nevada. They had sold their farm between Richmond and Yorktown for three hundred dollars. This was every cent they had in the world, and the old man carried it in his pocket to buy a farm in Nevada. They belonged to the poor white class. The thieves pinioned the old man's arms to his sides by crowding closely up to him, and took his money and ran off into the crowd at West Point. There was no one to interfere, no one to help him get his money away from them. We knew of his loss by means of a tender motherly-hearted lady of our own party, the wife of a New Hampshire senator. The baby was sick and fretful and cried distressingly. We had become familiarized to the family coming from Richmond on the cars, and after we had got on board the crowded steamer, the lady went to them to see if she could not assist them or comfort the crying child. They told her the story of the robbery, and she came back with tears streaming down her cheeks and told her friends.

Then up rose another officer of the Governor's staff—all the officers of the Governor's staff distinguished themselves at Yorktown—went about over the steamer—and very handsome and debonair he looked in the midst of the rough-looking and ruffianly crowd, for rowdies, thieves and pickpockets were abundant—and said, "gentlemen this poor man has been robbed, he has lost every cent he had in the world. Let us make up a purse for him. I do hope you will give liberally to help this poor family." And he obtained a considerable sum and presented it to the old man who was much broken down by his loss, and accepted the generous aid with trembling gratitude.

The rain poured in torrents through the thick, black darkness when we again arrived at Yorktown. The Frances stayed a little way out to sea, and we made the trips back and forth to the shore on a tug, the John Gunby to memory dear. But we were not expected back till much later, and the John Gunby was no where to be seen. We took shelter in a little building about twenty feet square, the only depot at Yorktown, and that with no security whatever for luggage, not even a lock on the door. It is but justice to the young man who had the care of the place, however, to say that two days afterward, when a crowd of roughs invaded his premises, swearing dreadfully, and bent on taking whatever luggage they pleased from the heaps reaching to the ceiling, he swore as dreadfully as any of them, and seemed not at all averse to protecting his trust by strength of arm if need be. He was very small too.

We had great sympathy for him from having realized his trying position while we waited there on barrels and boxes during the rain. Some gentlemen came in and asked him to allow a vessel to come up to his wharf to take on a party of ladies and children who had come on shore to find board during the celebration, but had been unsuccessful in their search and had no where to go. For in the meantime the vessel had sailed off and left them, and there they were! They had dispatched a signal boat and waited the return of the ship. The young man said he had no right to allow the steamer to come to the wharf; it had been broken the day before by a vessel that had no right there. But he relented after a while of course. A party of two elderly ladies and one very vivacious young one, came in. They had been twice overturned in the rain and darkness and dirt, by a drunken negro driver. "We ought to have just walked off and left him the first time he tipped us over! He held the ropes so awkwardly, the one on the mule's side dropped below his knee, and the one on the horse's side above his head! If I had n't have caught the reins away from him, no one can tell what would have become of us!" "And so on, and so on," exclaimed the lively young lady with great emphasis. They sat on the boxes and barrels when we left, keeping the poor young man up, and he had scarcely had a chance to lie down and sleep at all, since he arrived at Yorktown two weeks before.

While we were waiting the gentlemen had gone out on the dark slippery piers, and shouted and halloed for the John Gunby. But it was no use. She was lost to earthly sight and sound, and the negro boatmen would not row out alone in the darkness to find her. Finally one of the officers of the staff—they every one did their country honor at Yorktown—volunteered to go with them to find the tug. They were successful, and soon and right gladly we welcomed the comfortable state-rooms of the Frances. Safely settled once more, we anxiously wondered what could have happened to detain our missing friends. The gentleman shall tell his story in his own words.

"Commissioned by Mr. Sears (the steward having charge of the larder of the Frances), we were glad to reciprocate in so simple a manner as fetching him a barrel of sugar from Richmond, for his kind attentions, anticipating no trouble in taking the same with us on our return. But Virginians' ways are not our ways;

a day with us is as a thousand years with them. The day was far spent when, after the slow ride, the hour for dinner and the drive about the city, we found it time for the train to start back, and not a moment had been allowed for shopping. Therefore my wife and I decided to stop over until the late train and purchase the sugar. We went to a large grocery store whose proprietor imparted much pleasing information in regard to Richmond's increasing business, its enterprise and prosperity. We bought the sugar and he promised that it should be at the baggage room on time. We started for the depot. The train was due to leave at six-thirty P. M., which time arrived, but no sugar. Consider my anxiety, the article paid for and we about to leave the place, probably never to return; could not advance without sacrificing the price of the purchase, could not recede for fear of losing the train. Doubtful moments ensued, yet not without hope. Our experience had taught us that every thing moved when it got ready. No exception in this case. About ten minutes late, a team came with the sugar which was delivered into the car, but the baggage master refused to take merchandise as baggage, advising me to give it in charge of the express. I wished afterward I had taken his advice, but in the interest of Mr. Sears, to save expense, I ran to the office of the railroad officials, some distance off—leaving my wife trembling in nervousness lest the train should start—and obtained permission to take it along with me, and about half an hour late we started, thinking the matter settled and all right.

We reached West Point about ten o'clock in a torrent of rain, transferred the sugar and ourselves to the steamer, expecting soon to be with our friends in the cabin of the Frances. But on account of the storm, the captain decided to remain at the wharf until daylight. The boat was tremendously crowded, and we camped down on settees for the night, in company with several New Hampshire officers and passengers of the Frances who had waited till the late train with us to see more of Richmond.

The next morning we learned that another boat would start at nine o'clock, some two hours earlier than the one on which we had taken passage. We were anxious to be back in Yorktown, for it was the day that Winthorp was to speak, so we scampered to make the change, not forgetting the barrel of sugar in our flight, and expecting our care of it would here end.

Again we were disappointed. The utter lack of system caused our continued trouble. Nine o'clock came and with it a train from the interior, loaded with a confused multitude. They crowded the wharf and crowded themselves into every part of the vessel. Destitute of order, pocket-picking and watch-grabbing was the game.

And it was here that a brave woman drew a pistol and forced a pick-pocket to give up her watch which he was transferring from her belt to his own pocket! She could defend herself and her property.

There was no one to look after any thing, no safe place to put luggage. We left our charge on the deck for a tired woman with her child to rest upon. And so we boated down the river in the fresh air, under the clear blue of that October day, new editions of human nature around us, the moments filled with new experiences, returning to the dust and discomfort of Yorktown.

It would seem that now we should be relieved. But, alas, there was no one to take the barrel off our hands, no place to put it on the shore; consequently we had to leave it on the boat. The circumstances being told to Mr. Sears, he sent a man to get the much needed sugar. The messenger found the steamer had dropped away from the landing, down the harbor, and anchored two miles away. Night came on and the hunt was postponed until another day. It was my satisfaction, however, to know that just before the Frances

started on her trip North, the object of our anxiety was in the hands of its rightful owner."

The weather was like New England weather in its whimsicalness. The next morning it was cold and chilly, with a raw penetrating wind. But it was the day of the oration and the speeches. We were off betimes to the Centennial grounds where the great pavilion was erected. Thousands and thousands of people crowded here. President Arthur, Secretary Blaine, and other high government officials were holding an impromptu reception, and the great procession filed from here to the grand stand. In an inner hall George Washington's masonic chair, Governor Nelson's yellow satin brocade dressing-gown, china tea-set, some volumes from his library, and various other articles, were on exhibition.

At that time people thought less favorably of President Arthur than they do at present, and to those who had heard pessimistic New Yorkers discourse of his mediocre abilities and lack of character, his manly, strong face was a surprise. Whatever Mr. Blaine may be, he certainly looks crafty, but he deserved praise for trying so persistently to get up applause on that lukewarm occasion, clapping his hands violently, and looking around in a circle as though he would say "why dont you clap your hands too?" Robert Lincoln was a disappointment to those who love the grand, strong, tender face of the martyr president,—and who is there that does not? But it was evident that General Hancock was the popular hero. Wherever he moved there was a shouting of "Hancock, Hancock!" a throwing up of hats and a crowd surrounding him. And truly he looked worthy of the enthusiasm, and the next day, in full regimentals, mounted on his horse at the military review, to the imaginative he perfectly personated Mars, dressed in modern clothes and galloping about at a Yankee Independence celebration!

Here as every where there was no sort of order or propriety. The crowd pushed up on the speaker's stand, and governors of states, state officials, and those high in authority, found places wherever they could on the rows of seats rising from the stand. President Arthur's speech was short, pithy, appropriate, good. Rochambeau, with his very frequent bows, suave, complaisant bearing, and flattering air, during the reading of his French speech, was the *beau ideal* of a fine French gentleman. Von Steuben looked manly and independent and spoke in German in a gruff German voice.

But of those who were present on that memorable day, none will ever forget the eloquence of the venerable Robert C. Winthrop. Eloquence of gestures, voice and action, as well as of language was his. An enthusiastic and appreciative New Hampshire senator obtained a seat on the speaker's stand, drank in eagerly every word of that grand speech, was one of the first to grasp the speaker's hand and congratulate him at its close, and afterward, in the ladies' cabin, himself waxed exceedingly eloquent over the masterly effort.

But it was strange how little we cared for the ceremonies we had ostensibly come so far to witness. The Yorktown climate was certainly demoralizing to patriotism, as well as physically debilitating. "I would rather walk around town and see the fun, than sit listening to speeches," said a gentleman from whom such honest admission was somewhat startling.

We wondered a great deal at the Yorktown natives, and it was perfectly evident that they wondered as much at us. And some there were who had granted them the gift "to see ourselves as others see us." The colored waiters on the Frances were bright, intelligent young fellows from Providence, and they gazed curiously and pityingly at their brethren of Yorktown who had lived unspoiled by ambition or art. They returned from sight-seeing one afternoon in boisterous mood. They were rowed out to the Frances by negro boatmen, the

whole party in a state of noisy hilarity, and when they all started up at once to jump out of the boat, they came near over-turning it, to the great disgust of the oarsmen, one of whom exclaimed, "Well, if that's yer *civilation* I do n't want to see no more *civilation*."

The next day was the great military exhibition. It was no easy matter for the John Gundy to effect a landing, for all the wharves were continually crowded by vessels setting their passengers ashore. So, while the pilot was watching his chance, he took us all around among the hundreds of ships, most of which he seemed acquainted with, as landsmen are acquainted with persons. It was interesting and delightful. The pilot himself was an original character. He had served as pilot in that harbor during the rebellion, and had seen lively times and retained exciting reminiscences. And he had the loveliest long, English, clay pipes, which he vowed Lord Cornwallis had smoked in, when he occupied Governor Nelson's house, and he presented the priceless relics to the New Hampshire ladies.

General Wentworth had been commissioned to secure eight of the *best barouches* he could find in Yorktown, to convey Governor Bell and his staff to the parade ground. Pity the whole New Hampshire people could not have seen the party set out in the "barouches !" The first one, occupied by Governor Bell, General Ayling, General Wheeler and General Lane, was really very decent, and was drawn by a span of horses. The second looked not quite so well, and a horse and a mule were harnessed to it. The rest were typical Yorktown turn-outs. The procession formed into line and started. Senator Talpey and the five ladies rode behind the officers of the staff, in a pale blue wagon without springs and with a most woe-begone horse, the driver trudging alongside. The wagon was not constructed to withstand northern muscle, and one of the ladies, in climbing up into it pulled off the side of the seat, greatly to the grief of the driver and the others.

This vehicle went in front of some of the military who thought they should have precedence, and they instructed their driver to push in ahead. But our driver was told that he was where he belonged, and should stay there, so he sturdily resisted. "These yer says they belongs to the same firm," he said, and jogged steadily on.

So we entered the grounds with regal pomp. Suddenly the mule of the second barouche, of poetic understanding, conscious of the honor vouchsafed to him, and rising equal to the occasion, brayed right royally and loud, in true martial manner. But the uncomprehending and unsympathetic driver was exasperated, and looking very cross he explained "That's jest why I *'spise* a mule !"

In perfect consistency with the entire management of the celebration, the stand for the President and his friends, the Governors of the different states with their staffs, and the foreign guests, was built after they began to arrive on the ground. New Hampshire hearts swelled with honest pride and satisfaction to know that not one sitting there looked more dignified, handsome and noble, than our own Governor Bell. The immense crowd found comfortable seats in the great pavilion overlooking the whole scene.

The vast plain was a splendid place for the parade. For miles and miles you could see the thousands and thousands of marching troops, their bayonets gleaming through the dust, column after column, regiment after regiment moving along as one man. The New Hampshire companies made a fine appearance and did credit to the state. The Maryland troops carried the old flag of the Battle of Eutaw Springs, which has a pretty story. When the soldiers were to march away to the battle, it was found they had no flag, and a patriotic lady resolving that they should not be without a distinguishing banner,

made them one from the crimson cover of her favorite chair. It has been religiously preserved all these hundred years, and it was very pleasant to see it floating with the stars and stripes.

And it was most pleasant to see the southern soldiers bearing the starry flag so loyally. The sight interpreted the truest, greatest, and best significance of the centennial, of more value and dearer than the commemoration of the victory of the Revolution, more precious than the spectacle of a great and powerful American army. And what is there on earth so inspiring as martial music? On that day it seemed like the pean of the ocean and the earth, ascending to a grateful Heaven, celebrating the reunion and peace of a grateful, happy, exultant people! It was a glorious, never-to-be-forgotten scene.

It was universal that when the soldiers passed the grand stand, the effect of the superb marching was less perfect. They *would* turn their heads to have a look at the dignitaries seated there, and it is to be hoped that those distinguished individuals were good-natured enough to admire them all the more for it.

A visit to the old Moore House was not omitted. The building is in excellent preservation, but the spirit of 1881 was over it all, and extreme stylishness reigned paramount. The walls were decorated with dado, frieze and lotus blooms. The furniture was of the most ultra fashionable sort, and an enterprising New York firm had put a "Haines Pianoforte" there, with quantities of advertising cards containing aesthetic wood-cuts and testimonials from Campanini, Galassi and DeBelocca, for distribution. But as redeeming features there were fire-places four feet deep, brass mirrors, candle-sticks, and sconces of elegant workmanship, and other articles that told of the olden time. And perhaps after all it was fitting that the 18th and 19th centuries should meet and shake hands in the Moore House, as the representative 18th century descendants of the French and American nations were doing that day.

A pretty and pleasing incident occurred there. The great-grand-daughter of LaFayette was a robust young girl of pleasing appearance, a blonde, rather large, with intelligent countenance and sweet, kindly expression. She was surrounded by Americans eager to greet the descendant of the soldier whose memory is so dear to American hearts. An old man, evidently a farmer, dressed in his working clothes, came in and held out his hand to her. "I come all the way down from Massachusetts, more'n a thousan' miles, to be here," he said. "My father fought under Layfyet. We always sot a good deal by *Layfyet!*"

"I am very glad to take your hand sir," replied the young lady in good English, and with a sweet voice, grasping his hand heartily. Then she talked a little while with him and shook hands cordially again when she left the house. We thought the honest self-esteem and independence of the old man a good and practical illustration of our democracy for the titled foreigners in the Moore House parlor to take note of.

But the Frances was to sail on her homeward voyage that afternoon, and here we are grieved to record that the clay feet of the fair, beautiful and shining image of patriotism were displayed. Some of the passengers shamelessly deserted the good ship because of her infirmity,—she made them sea-sick! But one brave woman would not give up the Frances. She returned with her, the solitary female on-board. She is a heroine to her feminine ex-companions, who all agreed that a place should be allowed her in their esteem alongside Boadicea the loyal British queen.

It may gratify lovers of poetic justice to learn that the deserters did not wholly escape tribulation. But a certain sweet, winsome woman, the diamonds in whose ears were not brighter than the smile and infectious way of making merry over discomforts that are apt to appal and sour many of her sex, was

great comfort and support to them in bearing up under the righteous consequences of their craven-heartedness.

And they rejoiced to hear of the safe and early arrival of the Frances in port, and the tale of seas so rough that the outward voyage seemed like a pleasant sail on a placid summer lake by contrast, alleviated somewhat the pangs of conscience, voted by the deserters less hard to endure at that time than the pangs of sea-sickness.

JOHN GRAY FOSTER.

BY CLARENCE E. E. STOUT.

FEW regular army officers were more universally admired by the volunteers, and so really deserved that admiration, as John Gray Foster. He passed through West Point and fifteen years of service in the engineer corps without becoming a martinet, and the honors he won in the early part of the war did not make him vain and overbearing, as was the case with too many of his brother officers. His fame as a general rests chiefly upon his achievements in the first two years of the war; had he been placed in command of a corps he would undoubtedly have won a record equal to that of Hancock, Warren, Sedgwick, "Baldy" Smith, or Wright. But it was decreed that a man possessing the executive ability of John G. Foster should have a district of the conquered country to command. Hence, while his comrades were winning renown on the battle-field, his life was comparatively an uneventful one. Many soldiers would have grumbled at such a fate, but Foster was too loyal to ever complain of his lot. He was content to serve his country in any capacity, however humble it might be, rather than stand idly by and see her in peril.

John Gray Foster was born in Whitefield, New Hampshire, May 27, 1823, and graduated at West Point in 1846. The class of 1846 contained fifty-nine cadets, many of whom became famous generals. At the head stood George Derby, eminent not only as an engineer, but also as an humorist as witty as any America has produced. Next came George B. McClellan who, eighteen years later, was to command the largest army that had ever been organized on the Western Continent. Then came our hero, the Granite State cadet; followed by Jesse L. Reno, who fell at South Mountain, wearing the twin stars of a major-general; Darius N. Couch, the future corps commander; Samuel G. Sturgis, major-general of volunteers, and now colonel of cavalry; Thomas Jonathan Jackson, a quiet, studious cadet, who in after years was to become such a dangerous foe to his country; George Stoneman, the future cavalry commander; Cadmus M. Wilcox, who became a Confederate major-general; Truman Seymour, the Union, and D. R. Jones, the Confederate, infantry leaders.

The whole class took part in the Mexican war, and all fought gallantly, and in most cases were brevetted for their bravery. Foster was severely wounded at the battle of Molino del Rey, and was brevetted captain for his gallant conduct. On the same field, lying but a few steps from the Granite State cadet, lay another wounded officer—an artillerist named Robert Anderson, who in after years was to command Fort Sumter, when the secessionists besieged it. The two wounded men little knew that in less than fifteen years they would stand shoulder to shoulder in defense of their country's flag, assailed by their own countrymen, led by their brother officers who were then fighting valiantly for the stars and stripes.

From the close of the Mexican war until 1854 he was Assistant Professor

of Engineering at West Point. Among the cadets who received instruction from him were G. K. Warren, the famous commander of the Fifth Corps; Eugene A. Carr, one of the heroes of Pea Ridge; Henry Warren Slocum, Sherman's right hand man; John B. Hood, the Confederate Hotspur; Phil. Sheridan, the world-renowned lieutenant-general; James B. McPherson, one of the noblest men that ever lived; Wesley Merritt, the cavalry leader; Oliver Otis Howard, the Christian soldier; George Washington Curtis Lee, the son of Robert E. Lee, who graduated at the head of his class, and afterward became a major-general in the Confederate service.

In 1860, Foster was made captain and sent to Charleston to repair and complete the forts in Charleston Harbor. These forts had been purposely allowed, by the traitors at Washington, to fall into a state of neglect, so that when threatened by the South Carolina troops, Major Anderson, the commander at Moultrie, was compelled to evacuate that fortress and take up his quarters in Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor. We need not here repeat the story of the attack on Fort Sumter. The nation can never forget how the South Carolina troops erected their batteries around the fort, how the *Star of the West* was fired upon and prevented from relieving the devoted garrison, how the fort was bombarded for thirty-six hours, the quarters being entirely burned by the red-hot shot, the magazine surrounded by flames, the men having no food but pork, and how at last the little band of seventy men surrendered to seven thousand Confederates. They can never forget the part taken by each and every man, and especially that taken by Major Anderson, Captains Foster, Doubleday and Seymour, and Lieutenant Jeff. C. Davis.

In August, 1861, Foster was made brigadier-general of volunteers, and was subsequently given command of one of the three brigades under Burnside in the Roanoke expedition. Foster's brigade was composed of the 23d and 25th Massachusetts and the 10th Connecticut, as gallant troops as were ever led into the field. With this brigade Foster performed wonders on the coast of North Carolina, early in the year 1862. In every battle he was unwearied in his exertions, leading his men, inspiriting them by his courageous example, and skillfully selecting the points in the enemy's lines most available for attack. He received the surrender of four thousand Confederates, together with all the batteries and defenses on Roanoke Island. In short he so distinguished himself in this campaign that he was promoted to be major-general of volunteers, and was placed in command over the country he had so gallantly aided to conquer.

Foster commanded the Department of North Carolina until October, 1863, when he succeeded Burnside in East Tennessee. In 1864 he was placed in command of the Department of the South, and assisted Hazen in the capture of Fort McAllister, which contributed so greatly to hasten the fall of Savannah, and was subsequently relieved on account of an unhealed wound. In 1865 he was placed over the Department of Florida, and remained in the South until September, 1866, when he was mustered out of the volunteer service. He was then made lieutenant-colonel of engineers, and once again resumed his engineering duties. He was given charge of the work for the preservation and improvement of Boston Harbor, and the construction of the defenses of Portsmouth Harbor.

General Foster died in 1874, at the age of fifty-one, leaving behind him a record as pure and spotless as that of Washington. From boyhood he had been a soldier, and in whatever position he had been placed, whether as a subaltern in Mexico, an instructor at West Point, a major-general in the Civil War, or an officer high in rank in the Engineer Corps, he always served his country with his whole heart, and performed every duty as became a true, loyal soldier.—*Manchester Times.*

A SKETCH OF BRISTOL.

THERE are many sections of New Hampshire, of easy access to the public, whose natural attractions are of the highest order, requiring only a proper degree of effort on the part of citizens and others interested, to bring the same into general popularity as a resort of summer pleasure seekers, boarders and tourists, and which are, as yet, comparatively unknown in this regard. Among these is that region of which the town of Bristol forms the central point. Sufficiently elevated to insure the requisites of pure air and water; with the most perfect variety of scenery, embodying hill, valley, lake, river, forest and mountain, and excellent highways, extending in every direction, affording the most charming drives, with Newfound lake, one of the clearest, purest and most picturesque bodies of water in New England, nestling in the midst, its shores varying from white sandy beach to precipitous, rocky bluff, and old Cardigan, rising in solitary majesty, but ten miles away, it is almost a matter of wonder that Bristol and its environs have not already become an objective point for hundreds and even thousands of those who go out from the busy cities and towns to seek recreation and pleasure among the beauties of nature in the summer time. Only thirty miles from Concord, and with direct railway communication, it requires but a moderate degree of energy and enterprise to turn the tide of summer travel extensively in this direction, and give Bristol the rank it justly deserves as a boarding and pleasure resort. Some have already become familiar with the charms of this enchanting region, and come with their friends to while away the summer hours upon the lake shore or amid the hills. But there is room for a vast increase in their numbers, without crowding, and that such increase will be effected ere many years go by is scarcely to be doubted. Indeed every year adds to the average number of people from abroad, who make their summer home in the Granite State. With the continuance of this increase new resorts must be secured and their capacities developed; and what has already come to be a considerable will yet become a leading source of income to the people of New Hampshire.

The town of Bristol was formed from portions of Bridgewater and New Chester (now Hill), and was chartered by the legislature in June, 1819. New Chester, which formerly included Bridgewater (the latter being incorporated in 1788) was granted by the Masonian proprietors August 27, 1759, to John Tolford, Matthew Thornton, and forty-eight others, mostly residents of the town of Chester; but no settlement was made until several years later. Bristol is a small town—one of the smallest in the state, territorially considered—embracing, altogether, only about nine thousand acres; yet, on account of its many natural advantages and the fair degree of improvement which has been made of the same, it occupies a position of considerable importance. Although the surface is rough, the soil is of more than average fertility, and good crops of hay and of nearly all the cereal products, are generally secured. Wheat is raised in considerable quantities, and fruit in abundance, in this and the surrounding towns, as is shown by the fact that, during the past fall and winter, not less than three thousand barrels of apples were shipped for market at the Bristol station. The manufacturing interest, however, is the chief source of prosperity, and upon its further development, the town must largely depend for its future growth and progress.

WATER POWER.

One of the best and most reliable water powers in Grafton County is that afforded by the Newfound river, which, in its course of two miles from the lake of the same name to the Pemigewassett, makes a total fall of two hundred and forty-one feet and seven inches. The lake, which has a length of about seven miles, and is three miles in width in the broadest portion, forms a superior reservoir, having an extensive watershed. Its waters are held in reserve by the "Lake Company's" dam at the outlet, so that it may be drawn down, if necessary, during the dry season, to the extent of six feet. For a time the control of the water by the Lake Company was exercised in a manner highly detrimental to the interests of the local manufacturers; but, since the rights of the latter were established by an appeal to the court, some ten years ago, but little trouble has been experienced by them in this regard. The first mills in this locality were erected by Maj. John Tolford, one of the grantees of New Chester, who received a grant of two lots of land from the town, in consideration of his building and operating a saw and grist mill, on the Newfound river, and another of each kind on Smith's river, the latter being within the limits of the present town of Hill. In accordance with the conditions of the grant, the mills on Newfound river were first built, and appear to have been completed some time during the year 1767, although there is no definite record, and the precise location of the mills is now unknown. At all events it appears from the proprietor's records that in March, 1769, it was "Voted that Maj. John Tolford shall be obliged to tend his grist mill in New Chester, every first Monday in each month for the year, and no other day in said year;" and it is known that the mill referred to at this time was the one located on the Newfound river, and somewhere within the present limits of Bristol village.

ORGANIZATION.

As has been stated, the town of Bristol was incorporated by the legislature in June, 1819. By the act of incorporation James Minot, Ichabod C. Bartlett, and Joseph Flanders, or any two of them, were authorized to call the first annual town meeting in March following. They united in this call, and at the first annual meeting, March 14, 1820, Joseph Flanders was elected moderator, James Minot, clerk, and Joseph Flanders, Moses W. Sleeper and John Clough, selectmen. Ichabod C. Bartlett was chosen treasurer, and James Minot representative to the general court. The citizens of the new town seem to have started out with practical unanimity of political sentiment, so far as state affairs were concerned, as upon the vote for governor at this meeting, ninty-one ballots were cast for Samuel Bell, five for John Orr, two for Robert Smith, and one for David Sterret. The same, or even greater, unanimity in this regard was manifested several years later, when, in 1827, there were one hundred and seven votes cast for Benjamin Pierce and one for Sherburn Lock.

Among the other officers elected at this first town meeting, were two "tythingmen." These were Timothy Eastman and David Truel. Peter Hazelton was chosen constable. The record of the meeting also informs us that it was voted to raise one hundred and fifty dollars in addition to what the law requires, for the support of schools, six hundred dollars for the repair of highways, and three hundred and fifty dollars to defray town charges. It also appears that "the collection of taxes was bid off for three cents on a dollar, by Walter Sleeper." This would be regarded as a pretty extravagant percentage in these days, but it must be remembered that the amount to be collected was comparatively small. The practice of disposing of paupers to the lowest bidder, for their support for the year, appears to have been adopted by the new town, though there

was but one pauper at first to be disposed of. The record shows that it was "Voted that Mrs. Fuller be maintained the ensuing year by the person who will do it for the least sum, and to have the use of her cow and two sheep, her bed and bedding and clothing; and was struck off to Benjamin Kidder at thirty-four cents per week, exclusive of doctors' bills."

At a meeting of the legal voters of the town, duly called for the purpose, in October following, in accordance with the custom then in vogue, a grand juror and two petit jurors were drawn to serve at the November term of court at Haverhill; and these first Bristol jurors were as follows; grand juror, Moses W. Sleeper; petit juror, for first week, Robert Brown; second week, Nathaniel S. Berry.

TOWN OFFICERS.

From the organization of the town to the present time the offices of moderator, town-clerk, and representative to the general court, have been held as follows:

MODERATORS.—Jos. Flanders, 1820–21–22–23; Robert Smith, 1824–25–26; Nathaniel S. Berry, 1827–28; Walter Sleeper, 1829; Robert Smith, 1830–31–32; Nathaniel S. Berry, 1833–34–35–36–37–38; Walter Sleeper, 1839–40; Samuel C. Brown, 1841–42–43–44–45–46–47–48–49–50; Oscar F. Fowler, 1851; S. P. Farwell, 1852; A. J. Wright, 1853; Frederick Bartlett, 1854; Calvin Swett, 1855; George Tenney, 1856–57–58; Samuel K. Mason, 1859; William A. Berry, 1860–61–62–63–64–65–66–67–68–69–70–71–72–73; Samuel E. Holden, 1874; David P. Prescott, 1875–76; Benjamin F. Perkins, 1877–78; William A. Berry, 1879–80.

TOWN-CLERKS.—James Minot, 1820–21–22–23–24; Philip Webster, 1825–26–27–28; Samuel C. Brown, 1829–30–31–32; Solomon Cavis, 1833–34–35; S. S. Worthing, 1836–37–38–39; William L. Chase, 1840–41; Levi Bartlett, 1842–43–44–45; J. N. Darling, 1846–47–48; Hadley B. Fowler, 1849–50; George M. Cavis, 1851; G. W. Ingalls, 1852; George M. Cavis, 1853–54; David E. Everett, 1855–56–57–58; Marshall W. White, 1859–60; John Mason, 1861; Marshall W. White, 1862–63; Levi D. Johnson, 1864–65; John P. Taylor, 1866–67–68–69–70; Richard W. Musgrove, 1871–72–73; Charles H. Day, 1874; Allen W. Bingham, 1875–76–77–78–79; Richard W. Musgrove, 1880–81–82.

REPRESENTATIVES.—James Minot, 1820; Moses W. Sleeper, 1821; Walter Sleeper, 1822; Moses H. Bradley, 1823–24; Joseph Flanders, 1825; James Minot, 1826; Joseph Moor, 1827; Nathaniel S. Berry, 1828; Walter Sleeper, 1829–30; Joseph Moor, 1831–32; Nathaniel S. Berry, 1833–34; S. T. W. Sleeper, 1835–36; Nathaniel S. Berry, 1837; S. T. W. Sleeper, 1838; Samuel C. Brown, 1839–40; Robert W. Moor, 1841–42; Levi Bartlett, 1843–44; Samuel H. Stevens, 1845–46; Amos Brown, 1847–48; Nicholas Dolloff, 1849–50; Frederick Bartlett, 1851; Gilman Ingalls, jr., 1852; no election in 1853; Warren White, 1854–55; Calvin Swett, 1856–57; no election in 1858; Joseph F. Rollins, 1859; Frederick Bartlett, 1860–61; Jeremiah A. Haynes, 1862–63; Cyrus Taylor, 1864–65; Levi Locke, 1866–67; Samuel K. Mason, 1868–69–70; David Mason, 1871; David Mason, David Calley, 1872; David Calley, 1873; no election in 1874; David Mason, Philip S. Drake, 1875; Philip S. Drake, Edwin S. Foster, 1876; Edwin S. Foster, Calvin H. Mudgett, 1877; Calvin H. Mudgett, Marshall W. White, 1878; William A. Beckford, 1880.

CHURCHES.

There are three churches in Bristol—Congregational, Methodist and Free Will Baptist. The Congregational society was incorporated in

1819, and is therefore as old as the town itself. The church was organized in 1826. The first settled pastor was Rev. Samuel Arnold, who served from 1825 to 1828; Rev. Job Cushman occupied the pastorate from 1828 to 1832; Rev. John S. Winter from 1832 to 1837; Rev. John Wellman from 1837 to 1841; Rev. Joel Wright from 1841 to 1842; Rev. Daniel O. Morton (installed) from 1842 to 1852; Rev. Joseph Garland from 1852 to 1858; Rev. John Clark from 1858 to 1859; Rev. William Spaulding from 1859 to 1861; Rev. C. F. Abbott from 1861 to 1866; Rev. Silas Ketchum from 1867 to 1874; Rev. Albert W. Moore from 1874 to 1876; Rev. John M. Hart from 1876 to 1878; Rev. E. L. Jaggar from 1878 to 1881. The pastorate is now vacant, but preaching has been supplied from the Andover Theological Seminary since the close of Mr. Jaggar's term of service. The Congregational church edifice, erected in 1827, was remodeled and extensively repaired some ten or twelve years ago, at an expense of about $8000, which sum put it in excellent condition throughout. It is pleasantly located, and the audience room is one of the most attractive in the state outside of the cities. The officers of the society are—D. P. Prescott, chairman; Ira A. Chase, secretary; Calvin Martin, R. S. Danforth, N. B. Butrick, directors; Cyrus Taylor, treasurer. The church officers are—N. B. Butrick, clerk, and N. B. Butrick and George Sumner, deacons. The present membership is in the vicinity of one hundred and fifty.

The Methodist church and society in Bristol is one of the largest and most prosperous in the state. The germ of this church was in a Methodist class of seven persons, organized in Bridgewater, then embracing the larger portion of Bristol, in 1801, by Rev. Asher Smith, an itinerant preacher. In the following year the Bridgewater circuit, embracing thirteen towns in this section, was organized by the New York conference, and Rev. Reuben Jones was put in charge. Elijah Hedding, Caleb Dustin, Lewis Bates, Martin Ruter, and other pioneers of Methodism, followed him in succession. In 1813 the first chapel was erected upon the turnpike, a little north of the present village of Bristol. It was but partially completed at the time, and was used in its unfinished condition for several years. In 1822 the name of Bristol was given to the circuit. In 1828 a camp meeting was held on the charge, and in the following year a great revival occurred, "Reformation John Adams" being the preacher at the time. In 1834 a parsonage was erected. In 1837, 38 and 39 revival work continued, and in the latter year a new meeting-house was erected in the village, and the church membership largely increased. The board of trustees, at this time, consisted of Hon. Nathaniel S. Berry, S. T. W. Sleeper, Hon. O. F. Fowler, R. C. Bean, and Walter Hayward. Since 1840, the pastors in charge, at Bristol, have been—R. Dearborn, Henry Hartwell, J. C. Cromack two years, N. W. Aspinwall two years, L. Howard two years, C. L. McCurdy two years, A. C. Manson two years, Calvin Holman two years, Samuel Kelley and S. S. Cummings one year each, L. P. Cushman, Josiah Hooper, N. Culver and John Currier, two years each, Geo. N. Bryant, J. W. Guernsey and W. H. Jones, one year each. James Thurston served three years, 1866–67–68, and during the last year of his service the society arranged for the purchase of a new parsonage at a cost of $2800. He was succeeded by Rev. A. E. Drew, now of Manchester, who remained two years, from April 1869 to 1871. During his ministry there was a large increase in church membership, and a movement for the erection of a spacious and elegant church edifice was fully inaugurated. This new house of worship, which was constructed under the direction of William A. Berry, P. G. Carlton, and Hon. Lewis W. Fling, as a building committee, at a total cost of about $20,000, was dedicated in January, 1872. It is among the finest owned by the denomination in the state—a credit to the society and an ornament to the village. Since Mr. Drew, four pastors have labored

with this society—Rev. G. W. Norris, three years; J. M. Durrell, three years; Harvey Woodward, two years, and H. T. Thompson, three years—the appointment of the latter having now just closed. This church and society is exceeded in membership by but two others, of the same denomination, in New Hampshire—the Main Street church and society at Nashua, and the one at Dover—the total number of members being but little less than three hundred. The stewards are—W. A. Berry, R. W. Musgrove, A. C. Prescott, R. B. Locke, H. A. Randolph, M. W. White, J. H. Foster, Geo. F. Butrick, Abner Fowler. Trustees—Abram Dolloff, David Mason, L. Locke, H. M. Emmons, W. Heath, J. M. Sleeper, B. F. Holden, C. A. George, C. N. Plumer. Recording Steward—R. W. Musgrove.

The Free Will Baptists have a small organization here, and have maintained public worship most of the time for many years past. The society known as the Bristol and Alexandria Free Will Baptist society was incorporated in October, 1845, and has now sixty-five members. The Bristol Free Will Baptist Church was organized in October, 1848, and the present house of worship was erected some two years later, at a cost of about $1500, and remodeled in 1867, at an expense of $600. Since the organization of the church David Calley has been pastor at different times, sixteen years, altogether; Francis P. Newell one year; S. P. Fernald three years; H. S. Sleeper two years; Geo. J. Abbott three years; Lewis Malvern two and a half years; Nathan C. Lathrop four years. Rev. E. Fisk and others have supplied for the remainder of the time. The church is now without a pastor, but services are held weekly. The church membership, resident and non-resident, is about one hundred and thirty.

SCHOOLS.

The cause of education has been duly cared for by the people of Bristol from the start. As has been observed, at the first annual town meeting, the citizens voted a sum of money in excess of the amount required by law for the support of schools, and thus the interest has been maintained to the present time. Not only have the district schools been of a high order, but for a long series of years, to the time of the establishment of a union district with graded schools in the village, one or more terms of private, or select school, were had each year, and liberally patronized. Among the teachers who did excellent service in those select schools, Miss Alia A. Briggs and Miss Ellen Fisher are mentioned. In 1864 the three districts, which include the village of Bristol, adopted the union system, and established a graded school with four departments—primary, intermediate, grammar, and high. In 1866 a fine brick school-house, with accommodations for all the departments, was erected at a cost of more than $12,000. There are about one hundred and fifty scholars in Union district, and the attendance in the four departments during the last winter term reached one hundred and twenty, of whom thirty-four are credited to the High School. There are three terms of school, aggregating thirty weeks during the year. The management of the educational affairs of the district is in the hands of a Board of Education, consisting of six persons, two being chosen each year, for a term of three years. Following are the members of the board, as now constituted: Hon. L. W. Fling, Mrs. M. H. Fling, Dr. James M. Bishop, Geo. H. Calley, Mrs. H. R. Alexander, E. A. Drake. The several departments of the school, during the past year, were under charge of the following teachers; Primary, Flora E. Cilley; Intermediate, Kate F. George; Grammar, E. Belle Calley; High, Lizzie M. Hale. Miss Hale is an accomplished and successful teacher, and at twelve dollars per week renders as efficient service as many male teachers who receive two thousand

per annum. The teachers in the district schools of the town, the last year, are reported as having been, with a single exception, former scholars of the High School.

LAWYERS.

Since the organization of the town quite a number of representatives of the legal profession have been located here, for longer or shorter periods, some of whom have become distinguished in public and professional life. Among the earlier practitioners, whose names are recalled, were David Smiley, Moses H. Bradley, Nathaniel G. Upham, Benjamin Weeks, and Samuel H. Stevens. Ralph Metcalf had an office here for a short time, about 1840, and Napoleon B. Bryant, now of Boston, was also once located in Bristol. Judge Josiah Minot, now of Concord, a native of the town, and son of Capt. James Minot, the first representative from Bristol, also commenced the practice of law in this village. Frederick Bartlett, a son of Ichabod C. Bartlett, prominent in the early history of the town, although now retired, was in law practice here for several years. Geo. W. Tenney and Geo. B. Burns were also, at one time, prominent lawyers in Bristol. There are now four lawyers in practice in this town; namely, Hon. Lewis W. Fling, Hon. Samuel K. Mason, Kenson E. Dearborn and Ira A. Chase.

Mr. Fling is a native of Windsor, Vt. but pursued the study of law in the office of ex-Chief Justice Sargent, at Wentworth, and was admitted to the Grafton County bar at the November term in 1851. He was in partnership with Judge Sargent at Wentworth about a year. He established himself in practice in Bristol in February, 1853, and has since remained, acquiring what may be regarded as an extensive business for a country village, and gaining the confidence of his clients and the respect of the people at large as a reliable counsellor and honorable practitioner. He has been prominent in educational and church affairs, was a member of the New Hampshire Senate in 1871–72, and in the latter year received the honorary degree of A. M. from Dartmouth College.

Mr. Mason is a native of New Hampton, born May 17, 1832. He graduated from New Hampton Institution in 1854; read law in Prof. Fowler's Law School at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; attended Hamilton College Law School, graduating therefrom in July 1855; continued his studies in the office of Hon. E. A. Hibbard, at Laconia, and located in practice at Bristol in 1856, where he has since remained. He has been successful in his profession, and also largely in public life; was postmaster of Bristol from 1861 to 1868; representative in 1868–69–70; Judge of Probate for the county of Grafton, from 1871 to 1873, and has twice served as county commissioner by appointment of court, once for three years and again for a short term. He was the candidate of the Liberal Republicans for governor of New Hampshire in 1873. For some time past he has been physically prostrated and confined to his bed, but his mind remains clear and active and he still transacts business to a considerable extent.

Mr. Dearborn, a native of Hill, pursued the study of law in Mr. Fling's office, was admitted to the bar in May, 1873, and has since been in practice in Bristol.

Mr. Chase is a native of the town, a son of Dr. Chase, born March 25, 1854. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College of the class of 1877, studied with Mr. Fling, was admitted to the bar in March, 1881, and is now a partner with Mr. Fling in legal practice.

Harry M. Cavis, a native of Bristol, son of Geo. M. Cavis, and a great grandson of Capt. James Minot, studied law with Hon. H. W. Parker, at Claremont,

and Hon. John Y. Mugridge, of Concord, was admitted to the bar last fall, and is now in practice in Concord.

H. S. Randolph, pension agent and notary, who does a large business in his line, is also pursuing the study of law in Mr. Dearborn's office.

PHYSICANS.

Bristol has a full quota of physicans of good repute at the present time, and has always been well favored in this regard. Prominent among those who attained celebrity in the earlier history of the town, in this department of professional labor, was Dr. Samuel Smith, still well remembered by many of the older citizens. Drs. Eastman, Sawyer, Eaton and Hoyt, subsequently, at different periods, enjoyed extensive practice. There are now four physicans in full practice in Bristol Village, three of whom have been located here for more than thirty years.

Dr. Ira S. Chase, a native of Gilmanton, born Nov. 21, 1815, graduated from Dartmouth Medical College in 1841. He commenced practice in Alexandria in 1842, where he remained till 1851, when he removed to Bristol, where he has since been in successful practice.

Dr. Hadley B. Fowler, born in Bridgewater in 1825, graduated from Dartmouth Medical College in 1850, and immediately located in Bristol, where he has since practiced his profession, except three years during the late war, when he served as surgeon of the Twelfth New Hampshire Regiment, being the only man who went out as the surgeon of one of our New Hampshire regiments, who served through the full term of three years. Dr. Fowler has been somewhat prominent in political circles as a representative Democrat, and has twice been the candidate of that party for the office of railroad commissioner.

Dr. J. M. Bishop, eclectic, has been in active practice here for thirty-one years past, and has attained a good degree of professional success. He has taken a lively interest in educational affairs, and is a member of the present board of education in Union District.

Dr. George A. Calley, a native of the town, twenty-eight years of age, pursued the study of medecine in Dr. Fowler's office, graduated from the Columbia College of Physicans and Surgeons, in New York City, in 1880, and is now in partnership with Dr. Fowler.

Dr. J. M. Preston, who came here a year ago from Plymouth, is not in active practice, but is engaged in business as a pharmacist. He is the proprietor of one of the largest and best appointed drug stores to be found in the state, north of Concord.

There are now two dentists in town, F. C. Butrick, who has been in practice about one year, and has established a successful business, and C. M. Coolidge who came here recently from Hillsborough.

NEWSPAPERS.

There was no newspaper published in this town previous to 1868. In that year Isaac B. Gordon commenced the publication of a paper called the *Bristol Weekly News*, which was continued for about one year, when it suspended. From that time the people again depended upon foreign publishers until June, 1878, when Richard W. Musgrove, who had been for a time engaged in the job printing business, started the *Bristol Weekly Enterprise*, which he has since published. When started, it was a small sheet with four columns to the page, but has been three times enlarged, and is now a seven column paper, with a fair advertising patronage and a circulation not exceeded by that of any other paper in the county.

MANUFACTURING.

As has been heretofore stated, and as would naturally be inferred from the extent of the water power with which the town is favored, manufacturing is the most important line of industry in which the people of Bristol are engaged. An entire article might well be devoted to a history and description of the various manufacturing interests that have been here developed. Space permits, however, but brief reference to some of the more important establishments, to be found along the course of the river, whose immense power has thus far been only partially utilized.

The most important manufacturing establishment in town is the paper mill of Mason, Perkins & Co., which is located about midway between the center of the village and the outlet of Newfound Lake, upon the finest power which the river affords, with a twenty-two foot fall. This mill (or a portion thereof) which is substantially built of brick, was erected in 1871 and put in operation the following year. It has since been materially enlarged and its capacity doubled. It contains the best improved machinery, runs eight thirty-six inch rag engines and a sixty-four inch Fourdrinier machine, and is furnished with a rotary bleach, seven by twenty-one feet in dimension. It is also supplied with two boilers of 60 and 75 horse-power respectively, for drying, bleaching, etc. The paper now manufactured is a superior quality of colored poster, of which about two tons per day is produced, though if run upon ordinary news paper the capacity of the mill would be nearly double that amount. About twenty hands are employed in this mill. The members of the company are David Mason and B. F. Perkins of Bristol, and Nathan H. Weeks of Plymouth—Mr. Perkins being the manager. The same company own and operate a strawboard mill, located about half a mile below their paper mill, where they manufacture about two hundred and fifty tons of strawboard annually, by the air dried process, employing about fifteen hands during the season.

The pulp used in the manufacture of paper, at the mill of Mason, Perkins & Co., is produced at the pulp mill of Mason & Berry (David Mason and William A. Berry) which is located on the lower power of the river near the railroad station. This firm occupies the large building owned by the Lake Company, and formerly used as a hosiery mill. Mr. Mason commenced the manufacture of pulp, here, in 1878, and received Mr. Berry as a partner in 1881. About one ton of dry pulp, or its equivalent, is produced daily—poplar wood being mainly used. Seven men are employed in the mill.

The New Hampshire Chemical Pulp Company has recently commenced operations in this place, having been organized for the manufacture of wood pulp by a new and peculiar process, believed to be far superior to the ordinary grinding process. This company has a capital stock of $200,000. Col. Charles H. Taylor, of the Boston Globe, is president, J. H. Hayden, general business manager, and Dr. M. R. Fletcher, superintendent. The patents under which the mill is operated are the invention of the superintendent, who is a New Hampshire man, born at Livermore Falls, in Campton, and are known as the Fletcher process, embracing both mechanical and chemical agents. As the process is different from any other, a brief description can not fail to be of interest. The wood in cord wood dimensions is placed in tight boxes, steam let in for two or three hours, the bark taken off, and the wood then put through a cutter which makes a cord into chips in an hour. It is then put through a crushing machine, reducing it to filaments the size of a shoe peg. These are put into a hundred-barrel tank, water and chemicals added, and steam turned on until the stock is cooked or softened. The liquor is then let off, the stock removed through a trap door at the bottom of the tank and placed in pulping

machines which rub and separate the fibers. When fine enough, the stock is bleached in the engine, or let down into tanks for bleaching, or stock chests for use. It is then pumped upon a wet machine, such as is used for making pasteboard, or upon a machine for making paper. This mill runs three pulp engines, with four foot rolls, each weighing about four tons, with six foot pulleys, and tubes twenty feet long, and a seventy-two inch wet machine for making pulp into sheets. About fifteen hands are employed. The capacity of the mill is three tons of pulp per day.

The strawboard manufacturing establishment of Ames & Mason (B. M. Ames and R. Mason), located a short distance below Mason, Perkins & Co.'s paper mill, employs the steam dried process of manufacture, and is, therefore, in operation throughout the year. This mill has a capacity of two tons per day; is furnished with an eighty horse boiler for drying purposes, and employs ten men. The straw used is largely brought from Canada, as is that used by Mason, Perkins & Co., but all that the farmers in the vicinity have to sell is purchased for use. The goods manufactured are sold mostly in Boston, Springfield, and Worcester.

The woolen mill of Holden & Co. (B. F. and S. E. Holden), of which B. F. Holden is the resident manager, employs about thirty hands—one third men—running two sets of machinery, in the manufacture of fine grade flannels and suitings which are marketed in New York. The firm commenced operations in 1865, and long since established a first class reputation for excellence of goods.

Another prominent manufacturing establishment in this town, and one which has attained perhaps as great celebrity as any other, is that of Crosby & Co. (E. D. and M. H. Crosby), long engaged in the manufacture of bedsteads, but which has, for some years past, been manufacturing croquet sets, ten pins, and various other articles. Among other work, this firm manufactures about a car load of oak dowels each month for the Wakefield Rattan Company. About 6000 croquet sets were made the past season. Twenty hands are employed. This firm also operates an extensive lumber mill, located above Mason, Perkins & Co.'s paper mill. Another lumber mill, located at the outlet of the lake, is owned and operated by the Lake Company.

At the Bristol Carriage Manufactory, operated by O. K. Bucklin, about fifteen hands are employed, and fifty carriages of all kinds, and as many sleighs, are produced each year.

The Bristol flouring mill, operated by Taylor & Co. (Cyrus Taylor and P. C. Shaw), has three run of stone, one for making flour for country customers, for whom from five to forty bushels of wheat are ground per day during the winter season, and the others for corn and other coarse grinding. From 30,000 to 35,000 bushels of corn per annum is bought by this firm, ground and sold to customers for many miles about, one advantage being found that Bristol is a billing point for grain from the West. G. G. Brown is also engaged in milling, and grinds about twenty thousand bushels per annum. He also sells corn meal and flour. Still another grist mill, principally devoted to custom grinding, is that of Ariel H. Georgè, which is also supplied with three run of stones, and has a capacity for seventy-five bushels per day.

Among other important manufacturing industries is the tannery of E. K. Pray, manufacturer of wax leather, who produces annually eight thousand sides and splits, employing eight men and using 400 cords of bark. Also the foundery and machine shop of Geo. A. Robie, where about ten men are employed. A. M. Draper & Co. do quite a business in the manufacture of Plymouth buck gloves and mittens. E. M. Drake manufactures piano stool stock to a considerable extent. Geo. B. Sanborn has established a fine business in the manu-

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facture of tally-board rules, surveyors and advertising rules, log calipers, etc. Calley & Currier manufacture crutches of various sizes and styles and of superior workmanship, and there are various other minor establishments.

MERCANTILE AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Bristol enjoys excellent facilities as a country trade center, both from natural advantage of location and the fact that it has been for thirty-five years past a railroad terminus. The first store in town was kept by Ichabod C. Bartlett, and the old-fashioned, square-roofed building which he first occupied for this purpose is still pointed out, in the location to which it was long since removed, as an object of curiosity to visitors. Subsequently he erected and occupied the large store at the head of the square now occupied by Hon. Cyrus Taylor, who has been in business here for forty years, and has long been recognized as the leading merchant in this section. Previous to entering business on his own account he served for five years as a clerk in the store under Mr. Bartlett, and Bartlett & Sleeper, was then for about sixteen years in partnership with Gustavus Bartlett in the same store, and since that time has himself owned and managed the business. It is a general store fully stocked in all departments, and the annual business ranges from $30,000 to $60,000. Mr. Taylor has been prominent in town and general public affairs, and was a member of the state Senate in 1869–70. The other general stores in the place are those of L. W. Hammond, Seavey & Co., and Charles Boardman, each having a profitable trade.

William George has a large store filled with an extensive assortment of dry and fancy goods, boots, shoes and rubbers, jewelry, toys, etc. He has been in business here ten years and enjoys an extensive patronage. C. H. Dickenson and Connor & Co. deal in clothing, hats, caps, boots and shoes; A. A. Butrick & Co. and Mrs. S. M. Ballou, in millinery and small wares, the former also being engaged in dressmaking; S. W. Call and F. W. Bingham, stoves and tin-ware; Frank Bingham and C. H. Tukey, harnesses, etc., and C. H. Blackstone, musical instruments and sewing machines, together with other small shops too numerous to mention. F. H. Briggs, photographer, should not be omitted from the list.

There are two hotels—the Bristol House, O. K. Bucklin, proprietor,—a large, four-story house with fifty-two sleeping rooms, and Brown's Hotel, G. G. Brown, proprietor, with about twenty-five rooms, both well managed and extensively patronized.

Bristol Savings Bank, incorporated 1868, has now deposits and surplus together, in excess of $300,000. S. K. Mason has been president of the bank from the start, and Geo. M. Cavis treasurer for the last five years.

There is an Odd Fellows Lodge located here—Cardigan Lodge, No. 38—with about one hundred and fifteen members. Weston Rowell, N. G.; C. M. Coolidge, Sec.; H. A. Randolph, Dep. to G. L. There is also a Masonic Lodge—Union Lodge, No. 79—with one hundred and ten members. G. Calley, W. M.; J. N. Dickenson, Sec.; Ira A. Chase, Rep. to G. L. Both lodges have fine, well furnished halls, leased for a term of years.

The magnitude of the business at this point is measurably indicated by the extent of the freight and passenger traffic, the receipts from which, at the Bristol station, amount to over three thousand dollars monthly. From four hundred to one thousand passenger tickets are sold per month. The freight for half a dozen stores and eight or ten mills, outside of Bristol village, is also done at this station.

The total valuation of the town of Bristol for taxation purposes is about $550,000, and the amount raised by taxation last year was somewhat in excess of $11,000. The total population, by the census of 1880, was 1353. Of this population more than three-fourths is embraced within the village limits, or Union school district. There are about two hundred and twenty-five dwellings in the village, most of them in good repair, and some fine residences,—notably those of Cyrus Taylor, Geo. M. Cavis, D. H. Rice and Samuel Follansbee. A fire precinct has been established, with a thorough organization and ample facilities for the extinguishment of fires.

DISTINGUISHED RESIDENTS.

Quite a number of men who have attained distinction in public or business life, have been natives, or at some time residents of Bristol. Hon. Josiah Minot, of Concord, who was a native of this town, has been mentioned in connection with the lawyers, as also, has the late ex-Gov. Ralph Metcalf and ex-Speaker Napoleon B. Bryant, both of whom practiced law here for a time. Ex-Gov. Nathaniel S. Berry was for many years one of the leading citizens of the town. He was a native of Bath, Me., learned the tanner's trade in the town of Bath in this state, settled in Bristol in 1819, the year the town was incorporated, and established himself in business as a tanner in the location now occupied by the Chemical Pulp Co.'s mills, and remained in town till 1840, when he removed to Hebron. He was governor of New Hampshire in 1860–61, and had previously held various responsible offices. He is still living, at the age of eighty-five years, making his home with his daughter, in Milwaukee. A son, William A. Berry, of the firm of Mason & Berry, still resides in Bristol.

Hon. Levi P. Morton, present United States minister to France, is a son of the late Rev. Daniel O. Morton, who was for many years pastor of the Congregational church in this town, and resided here with his father in his youth.

Sherburne S. Merrill, of Milwaukee, general superintendent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad, controlling four thousand miles of railway lines, a native of Alexandria, was many years a resident of Bristol, and for a time kept a hotel upon the sight of the present Bristol House. He was Lieutenant Colonel of the Thirty-fourth New Hampshire regiment in the latter part of the old militia days.

Solomon S. Sleeper, of Cambridge, Mass., a prominent wholesale grocer in Boston, who has held various public offices and has gained large wealth, is a native of Bristol, and here grew up to manhood.

Benjamin F. Flanders, Collector of the Port of New Orleans, is also a native of the town.

Nor is the fair sex to be neglected in this connection. Helen P. Worthen, a native of this town, now Mrs. Dr. Webster, has attained distinction in the medical profession. She has been resident physican at Vassar College and is now in practice in New Bedford, Mass.

Anna Douglass Greene, a daughter of William Greene, now Mrs. Robinson, a native and resident of Bristol, is the "Marion Douglass" of literature, whose writings are well known throughout New England.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN IN LOWELL.

IN every state in the Union, and in every considerable city and town, New Hampshire men are found, prominent and successful in all the walks of life. Fifty-four thousand natives of the Granite State were returned by the last census among the residents of Masssachusetts. Of these, nearly four thousand were found in the city of Lowell alone. It is safe to say, moreover, that a very considerable portion of the present native population of that city—probably not less than one third—are the children of New Hampshire born parents upon one side or the other, or both. When the first factories were opened in Lowell, New Hampshire girls in large numbers went down to engage as operatives. They were bright, active, and in most cases well educated young women, imbued with that genuine independent spirit which is far less prevalent among our American girls of the present generation than was the case in those days. Many of these girls found permanent homes in that city, becoming the wives of substantial citizens and raising large families of children who have become an honor alike to their parentage and their native city. Then, too, there were many young men from this state who there sought employment, or established themselves in business, from forty to fifty years ago, not a few of whom survive, in the enjoyment of the fruits of a lifetime of honest industry and intelligent enterprise; while many of the younger men, now filling their places in the sphere of active labor, also went down from New Hampshire in later years. In the present, as in the past, New Hampshire men are found at the front in the "Spindle City," in every department of human effort, professional, industrial and commercial; and at all times, since the establishment of the city government, they have had a goodly representation in the different branches. The present mayor and four of the eight members of the board of aldermen, were born in this state, as also were half a dozen members of the common council, the chairman of the board of assessors, and one member, at least, of the school committee.

The mayor, George Runels, is a native of the town of Warner, born February 3, 1823. He left home when seventeen years of age and went to Lowell, where he learned the stone cutters' trade, and subsequently engaged in business as a contractor in stone work. With the exception of seven years spent in California, and other parts of the country, Mr. Runels has been a resident of Lowell since 1840, and has been in active business until within the last three years. During this time he has engaged in the construction of many large buildings, public and private, in Lowell, Boston, Portland, New York and other places. He had two years experience in the common council and two in the board of aldermen, previous to his election as mayor, and was, therefore, well acquainted with municipal affairs. He is a cousin of Col. John H. George of Concord, his mother having been a sister of Col. George's father.

Previous to the election of Mr. Runels, seven natives of this state held the office of mayor of Lowell, five of whom are still living, and four remain residents of the city. The two deceased were Stephen Mansur and Benjamin C. Sargeant. Mr. Mansur was a native of the town of Temple, born August 25, 1799. At twenty-one years of age he engaged in the hotel business in Boston; but in 1830 he removed to Lowell, where he opened a hardware and crockery store. He was a member of the first common council upon the organization

of the city government, served three years as an alderman, was a member of the state legislature in 1836 and again in 1850; was mayor of the city in 1857, and died in 1863. Mr. Sargeant was born in Unity, February 11, 1823. He went to Lowell at sixteen, and was engaged for several years as a clerk in the bookstore of Col. Abijah Watson. He subsequently spent three years in New York, then returned to Lowell where he went into business for himself in the book trade. He served for five years as a member of the common council and was three times president of that body. He was mayor of Lowell in 1860 and again the following year. He died in 1870.

Ambrose Lawrence, who served as mayor in 1855, is a native of the town of Boscawen and is sixty-six years of age. He went to Lowell at twenty-one years of age and worked as a machinist for a year in the employ of the Suffolk corporation. He then went south, and remained a year in Georgia, where he studied and practiced dentistry. Returning to Lowell he there engaged in dental practice, where he remained until some ten years ago, when he removed to Boston. He has for a number of years held the professorship of mechanical dentistry and metallurgy in the Boston Dental College. While in Lowell he also served as a member of both branches of the city government, and on the school committee.

The four New Hampshire born ex-mayors of Lowell, still residents of the city, are Sewall G. Mack, Josiah G. Peabody, Jonathan P. Folsom and Francis Jewett, all of whom are actively and extensively engaged in business at the present time. Mr. Mack was born in Wilton, Nov. 8, 1813, but removed with his parents to the town of Amherst, where he resided till 1840, when he went to Lowell and engaged in the stove and tin business as a manufacturer and dealer. He has occupied the same location (123 & 125 Market St.) up to the present time, and has conducted a very large business for many years. He has served in both branches of the city government, and was mayor in 1853. He was also a member of the legislature in 1862. He has been a director of the Railroad Bank for thirty-five years, has also long been a director of the Stony Brook Railroad, and president of the Lowell Gas Company. Mr. Peabody was born in Portsmouth, Dec. 21, 1808. He lived at Haverhill, Mass. several years in early youth, but went to Lowell in 1824 and learned the trade of carpenter and builder, which occupation he pursued for many years. While yet an apprentice he superintended the erection of the main building of the Hamilton Manufacturing Company. While engaged as a manufacturer and builder he erected many large buildings in Lowell—churches, mills, etc.—also the lunatic asylum building at Taunton, and the custom house at Gloucester. Since 1858 he has been engaged in the manufacture of doors, sash and blinds, on an extensive scale, at the Wamesit Steam Mills, which he was instrumental in establishing. Mr. Peabody has taken a deep interest in public and municipal affairs and has done much to advance the prosperity of the city. He was many years a member of the board of fire engineers, and a long time commander of the Mechanics' Phalanx, a popular military organization. He has frequently served in the common council and board of aldermen, was a member of the legislature in 1837. and again in 1855, and of the executive council of the state in 1856. He has been three times chosen mayor, serving in 1865 and 1866, and again in 1872. Mr. Folsom was born in Tamworth in 1820, but removed in childhood to Great Falls, where he remained till 1840, with the exception of a short time at Rochester, where he served as clerk in a store. In the latter year he went to Lowell, and was engaged for two years as a dry goods clerk. Going south he located in Benson, Alabama, where he remained six years, serving for some time as postmaster of that place. He returned to Lowell in 1848, and in 1850 commenced business for himself as a dry goods dealer, which he

has followed continuously to the present time, being the oldest merchant in that line in the city, with a large and extensively patronized store upon Merrimack Street, the main business thoroughfare. He had served in both branches of the city government previous to his election as mayor, which office he held in 1870 and again the following year. He was also a member of the state legislature in 1872 and 1873. Mr. Jewett is a native of Nelson, sixty-two years of age next September. He was reared on a farm, but secured a good education at Hancock Academy. He was engaged in agriculture in his native town until 1848, when he removed to Massachusetts, and engaged in the purchase and slaughtering of cattle, first at Chelmsford and afterward in Lowell, where he erected a slaughter house in 1852, and continued the business until 1878, when he entered into partnership with E. C. Swift, with whom he is now engaged in the wholesale trade, dealing in Chicago pressed beef. As the leading member of the firm of Francis Jewett & Co., he is also extensively engaged in the exportation of beef to Europe, sending by the Leyland line of steamers from Boston, and also by the Beaver and Dominion line from Portland. Mr. Jewett had large experience in municipal affairs, previous to his election as mayor, which office he held three years successively, in 1873, 1874 and 1875. In 1874 he was elected without an opposing vote. He was a member of the Massachusetts senate in 1877 and again in 1879. He is a director of the Wamesit National Bank, and vice-president of of the Merrimack River Savings Bank.

THE MOUNTAIN VALLEY.

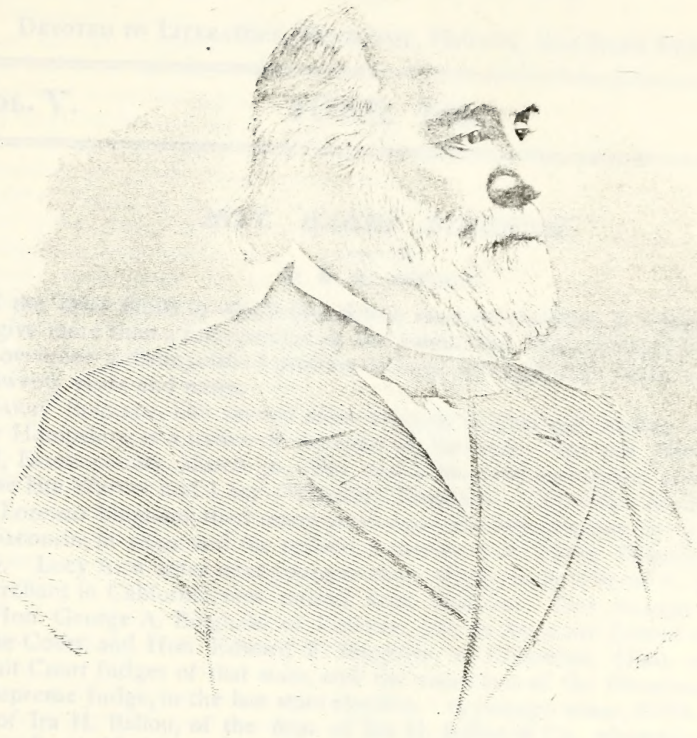
BY ADDISON F. BROWNE.

In wild dominions where the trivial works of man
Have never rose to place the discord of their shapes
In contrast with her truly noble tabernacles;
Old Mother Nature o'er displays her regal skill,
In bounteous profusion of delightful views;
And thus arrayed through mem'ry's never setting day,
I see a realm, where, in the past my willing feet
Would often roam as happy fancy led the way.

This beatific sphere is many leagues away;
And, twixt its portals and our commerce wounded realm,
Are mighty ocean tides and broadly spreading land;
But any distance, with all time, as nothing stands
When vivid recollection amplifies again
Those sweet creators of undying blessedness;
Whose golden impress ever glitters on my soul,
And only needs the magic thrill of natural song
To make it blaze with royal fire, and show the way,
So that I tramp once more the old familiar path
Through lands where solemn featured crags and ermine peaks,
That almost hide their narrow tops within the sky,

O'erlook the deep green seas of densely growing wood;
And ample shapes peculiar to these lofty ways
Continually appear, until I reach
A spot where Titan forces in some ancient time,
Along the mountain range produced a mighty rent;
Whose giant borders, opening from a central height,
Display a general course that tends into the west,
And forms a slowly widening vale between, until
Two leagues are left behind, and then, for equal space
Pursues an inward course, that ends in lofty towers,
Whose upright walls are scarce two hundred yards apart.
Within these massive barriers, a world appears,
Where meadow ways of lively green are spread before
Long belts of undulating land, with many slopes
Made radiant by shrubs and thrifty highland flowers,
Whose colors and perfume have far more potency
Than those of any plant produced by human skill.
These pastures reach away to where the ground
Is occupied by ranks of hemlock, birch and fir,
Whose hardy life will thrive upon the scanty soil
So long as any earth remains above the rocks,
And only ends where walls of tempest-beaten stone
Loom through the air until their frowning battlements
Are hung against the sky-like clouds of dusky gray.
While down the eastern crags, with many a dizzy leap,
Sharp turning course, and ever changing rate of speed,
A youthful streamlet sends its flood into the vale,
Through which it flows along a beauty bordered way,
While tiny brooks are rambling down to either shore,
And with their contributions swelling out its tide;
So that at last, with current running deep and broad,
It rushes through the Titan gate, and sweeps away
Toward those principalities, where unpoetic man
With greedy hands will grasp its store of liquid wealth.

When equinoctial days of Spring and Autumn come,
And setting Phoebus disappears in central west,
The same, as seen from points upon the eastern height,
To sink directly through that narrow passage-way
Between the western towers, until his ball of flame
Goes down into the foaming waters of the stream,
And as the glassy flood transmits his final glow,
All scenes receive a sudden bath of mystic light,
Subdued and strangely calm, that gives them beauty new,
With color, robes distinctly pure and richly fine;
With form, expression, glorious and complete!
And thus, in melody of perfect light and shade,
From Monarch Sol to this fair realm and back again,
Is sent the alway holy message of Good Night!



Harry Bingham

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HON. HARRY BINGHAM.

BY H. H. METCALF.

IN the brief limits to which this sketch must be confined, it is impossible to give more than a mere outline of the career and characteristics of one who has occupied a distinguished position in legal and legislative circles in our state for twenty years and more.

HARRY BINGHAM, like several other eminent lawyers and leading citizens of New Hampshire, is a native of the state of Vermont. He was born in Concord, Essex county, March 30, 1821, and is the third and oldest surviving son of the late Warner and Lucy (Wheeler) Bingham. Two older brothers, John and Lorenzo Bingham, died many years ago—the first, a farmer by occupation, in Wisconsin, in 1849, and the second, a merchant, at Lower Waterford, Vt., in 1856. Lucy A., a sister next younger than Harry, is the wife of C. S. S. Hill, a merchant in California, now retired from business. Two younger brothers are Hon. George A. Bingham, of Littleton, late an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and Hon. Edward F. Bingham, of Columbus, Ohio, one of the Circuit Court Judges of that state, and the candidate of the Democratic party for Supreme Judge, in the last state election. A younger sister, Edith C., is the wife of Ira H. Ballou, of the firm of Ira H. Ballou & Co., wholesale produce dealers, South Market st., Boston.

Although born in Vermont, Mr. Bingham is essentially of New Hampshire origin, as his father was a native of Cornish, and his mother of Chesterfield, in this state. His father, Warner Bingham, removed from Cornish to Concord, Vt., in childhood, his parents being among the early settlers of that town. Inured to toil in early life, he became a substantial farmer, developed sterling qualities of character, and occupied an influential position among his fellow citizens. A member of the Democratic party, he was with the minority in both town and state ; but the people of Essex county repeatedly demonstrated their esteem for his character, and confidence in his ability, by making him one of the judges of the county court, and choosing him as their representative in the State Senate. His wife, Lucy Wheeler, daughter of John Wheeler, of Chesterfield, who had also removed to Concord, a woman of great strength of character and rich mental endowments, from whom her son Harry inherited many of his characteristics, died in the autumn of 1839. He subsequently married Laura Rankin, of Danville, by whom he had three more children—two sons and a daughter. He died at Bethlehem in February, 1873, to which place he had removed from Concord about six years previously.

The early life of Harry Bingham was passed in about the same manner as that of most sons of New England farmers in moderate circumstances, except that he developed a great love for study and made the most of the limited educational advantages which the district school afforded. When quite young he resolved to secure a collegiate education, and had so diligently pursued his studies in the common school during the brief terms that he attended, with a few weeks at select school on one or two occasions, that at seventeen years of age it required but a year's academic training to fit him for admission to Dartmouth College. This he secured at the well known academy at Lyndon, Vt., and entered Dartmouth College in 1839, with the class graduating in 1843. As has been the case with his subsequent career, his college life was characterized by industrious application and substantial acquirements, rather than by those brilliant intellectual efforts which excite momentary admiration, but are productive of no enduring results. By the ordinary tests of scholarship his class standing was good, though not of leading rank, and in his case we have an excellent illustration of the general rule, that it is the average scholar, as the record stands, rather than the class leader, who accomplishes substantial work and wins distinction in after life. Among the classmates of Mr. Bingham at Dartmouth were Judge Robert I. Burbank, Col. A. O. Brewster, and Thomas L. Wakefield, well known Boston lawyers; Thomas W. Freelon, of San Francisco, a Justice of the Superior Court of California; ex-congressman Daniel W. Gooch, of Massachusetts; Hon. Henry C. Lord, of Cincinnati; the late Rev. William H. Lord, of Montpelier; the late Professor John N. Putnam, of Hanover; Rev. Dr. J. M. Bailey, of Saco, Me.; Hon. Lyman D. Stevens, of Concord; Col. John B. Clarke, James O. Adams, and Bradbury C. Cilley, of Manchester; and the late Hon. John R. Varney, of Dover.

Having determined to enter the legal profession, Mr. Bingham commenced the study of law in his native town, taking books for that purpose from the office of David Hibbard, Esq., father of the late Hon. Harry Hibbard, who was a resident of Concord. He subsequently pursued his studies for some time in the office of Hon. George C. Cahoon, at Lyndon, Vt., and completed the same with Harry Hibbard, at Bath. He had previously taught school for several terms, twice at least before entering college, in Concord and at Burke, and, during his college course, at East St. Johnsbury and Woodstock. While engaged in the study of law he also taught a number of terms, one in the academy at Concord Corner, a district school in Waterford, a select school at Lower Waterford, and a district school at Wells River, one winter while studying at Bath. He was admitted to the bar at Lancaster, at the May term of court, in 1846, and in September following opened an office and commenced the practice of his profession in Littleton, where he has ever since remained. Unlike many young men, upon admission to the bar, he did not sit down in idleness to await the arrival of clients, but continued his studies, extending his researches into every department of legal science, familiarizing himself thoroughly with the principles of law in the abstract and in their application to cases, as set forth in the reported decisions, with the forms of practice and the rules of procedure, so that, when called upon to grapple with any case arising, he was well equipped for the occasion, ready to carry it through to a successful result, if, under the circumstances, success was attainable.

At the time when he commenced practice, as has ever since been the case, the Grafton county bar, as well as that of Coos, with which he has also been extensively connected, was remarkable for its strength. Its membership included such men as Leonard Wilcox, of Orford, Josiah Quincy, of Rumney, and Jonathan Kittredge, of Canaan, then in the fullness of their power. Andrew S. Woods, of Bath, had gone upon the bench, but Harry Hibbard of

that town had fairly entered upon his brilliant career. Charles R. Morrison was in practice at Haverhill, and Jonathan E. Sargent at Canaan, soon removing to Wentworth. In Littleton, as his chief local competitor, he found the late Chief Justice Henry A. Bellows, then in full practice; while in Coos county, John S. Wells, then in Lancaster, the most brilliant orator, save Franklin Pierce, whom New Hampshire has known for the last half century, stood at the front, with Hiram A. Fletcher, William Burns and Jacob Benton well settled in practice. Associated with and pitted against such men as these, Mr. Bingham took rank with the foremost at a very early period in his professional career. Without going into details, it is sufficient to say that no lawyer in the two counties named (and in these counties there has been, relatively, a greater amount of litigation than in any other) has been engaged in the trial of so many causes during the last thirty years, as has the subject of this sketch, and certainly no one has been more generally successful in the same. Nor is there any lawyer now in active practice in the state whose advice has been more extensively sought, or safely followed, whether by client or attorney. In almost every important case in Grafton county, for the last twenty years at least, Mr. Bingham has been engaged on one side or the other, as attorney or counsel; while in Coos county his services have been in requisition to scarcely less extent. But his practice has by no means been confined to these two counties. It has extended, in fact, into every county in the state, quite largely into Vermont, and even New York, and in the federal as well as state courts. But a few weeks since he argued an important case in the Supreme Court of the United States, at Washington, which went up, on exceptions, from the United States District Court for the Northern District of New York. There are few lawyers of prominence in New Hampshire whose lot it has not been at some time to encounter Mr. Bingham as an antagonist at the bar; and no man, who has been thus placed in relation to him, has failed to entertain thereafter a most profound respect for his abilities. Twenty-five years ago, while yet a young man, he met the Hon. Daniel Clark, then in the meridian of his power and the acknowledged head of the Hillsborough bar, in a strongly contested case in the court of that county, and not only won a victory for his client, but proved his ability to contend successfully with the ablest and most experienced among the lawyers of the state.

Any attempt to enumerate the important suits with which he has been connected is out of the question here. It would be almost equivalent to undertaking an abstract of the history of litigation in northern New Hampshire for the last quarter of a century. Among the capital criminal trials with which he has been associated, may be mentioned that of Mills, the Franconia murderer, in which he was engaged for the state; that of Patrick Scannell, of Bethlehem, tried for the murder of his wife, in 1862, in which he appeared for the defense, and which resulted in acquittal; and that of Moses B. Sawyer, charged with the murder of Mrs. John Emerson, at Piermont, in 1874, two trials, each resulting in a disagreement of the jury and being followed by a discharge of the prisoner upon his own recognizance. He was also engaged for the defence in the case of Martin V. Dickey, the Ashland murderer, at the spring term in 1878, wherein the result was sentence for manslaughter. The recent civil litigation of note with which he has been connected, includes the celebrated and hard fought case of Laird *vs.* the Passumpsic Railroad, wherein he was counsel for the plaintiff; in which there were three trials, resulting in two disagreements, and a final verdict for the plaintiff; also the case of Hilliard *vs.* Beattie, running on the Coos docket for some ten years past, being a civil suit for damages in a stabbing affray, in which he appeared for the plaintiff, and finally secured a verdict, though the same has been set aside

by the full bench, and another trial is likely to ensue. He is leading counsel for defendant in the National Bank of Newbury (Vt.) *vs.* The Penacook Savings Bank, an important case now pending before the law term, involving some $12,000. He is engaged for the defense in what are known as the Chamberlain cases, now pending in the Grafton court, involving title to a large amount of land in Littleton and Lisbon, and in which he is credited with having made some of the best legal arguments produced during his entire career. He is also of counsel for defendants in the suits recently entered in the United States Circuit Court, by the New Hampshire Land Campany against Henry L. Tilton, William J. Bellows, J. E. Henry, and others, involving title to a large portion of the territory of what is known as New Bethlehem, including many thousand acres of valuable timberland. He has been retained as counsel for the town of Littleton in all legal controversies for a long series of years, and in this relation has effectively served its interests in various important suits, the most noted being that of Sargent *vs.* Littleton—a suit for damages in the sum of $30,000, for injuries from a fall upon the sidewalk, which was tried and strongly contested, and resulted in a disagreement of the jury. But the various suits in equity, brought at different times in the Supreme Court, generally known as the Concord Railroad cases, and which have excited great interest in the state during the last twelve years or more, have probably afforded greater scope for his powers, and brought him more distinction than any other in which he has been engaged. His arguments and briefs in these cases have been master-pieces of legal research and acumen, fully establishing his rank among the first lawyers of New England.

Some time before his death the late Chief Justice Perley, than whom no man was better qualified to form a correct estimate of the abilities of New Hampshire lawyers, expressed the opinion that there was no other man at the bar in the state who, when suddenly called upon to deal with an intricate question of law, or to sustain a position without authorities at command, could so readily master the situation from his own resources, upon the basis of principle and analogy, as could Mr. Bingham.

For the first six years of his professional career he was without a partner. In July, 1852, his brother, George A., who had been in practice some three or four years at Lyndon, Vt., came to Littleton, and the two formed a copartnership which continued under the style of H. & G. A. Bingham until 1859, when the firm of Woods & Binghams was constituted, ex Chief Justice Woods, of Bath, and his son, Edward, being associated with them in practice, the firm maintaining offices in both places, Harry Bingham remaining at Littleton, and Edward Woods taking George A. Bingham's place in the office, while the latter went to Bath with Judge Woods. It may also be stated, in passing, that, for a time, during the last Congressional term of Hon. Harry Hibbard, in 1854–55, the Messrs. Bingham had an arrangement with him by which they looked after his law practice, and Harry Bingham spent a portion of the time in his office in Bath. The copartnership of Woods & Binghams continued about three years, when it was dissolved, and that of H. & G. A. Bingham renewed, George A. Bingham returning to Littleton, and Edward Woods, to Bath. This firm continued until 1870, when it was dissolved by mutual agreement. In April, 1875, John M. Mitchell, who had studied law in his office, became a partner with Mr. Bingham in practice, the firm being known as Bingham & Mitchell. In July, 1879, Albert S. Batchellor was admitted to the firm, the style being changed to Bingham, Mitchell & Batchellor. In July, 1881, William H. Mitchell, a brother of John M., who had also pursued his studies in the office, was taken into the partnership, which has subsequently

been known as Bingham, Mitchells & Batchellor. About the same time John M. Mitchell removed to Concord, and opened an office in that city, where a practice has been established under the firm name of Bingham & Mitchell, Mr. Bingham taking an interest therein, and spending a portion of his time there, while retaining his residence and continuing his regular practice at Littleton, where Mr. Mitchell also retains his interest in the firm.

While no lawyer in the State has been more thoroughly devoted to his profession than Mr. Bingham, or less a politician in the ordinary sense of the term, and while he has held no important public office aside from that of representative from his town in the State legislature, there is no man in New Hampshire who occupies a more prominent position in political life, or who commands more thoroughly the respect of the people in that relation. A Democrat from youth, his devotion to Democratic principles and to the Democratic party in its support of those principles, has grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, until his political convictions, like his profession itself, have become, as it were, a part of his very being. This is the result, undoubtedly, of his legal training and study, which has been broad and philosophical, rather than limited and technical in character. He has studied law in its relation to, and as the basis of, human government, and his investigations have familiarized him with the history of government in all ages. Particularly is he conversant with the growth of the English common law, which is the frame work of our legal system, and with the attendant and correlative development of constitutional liberty, the basis and substance of our republican government.

The only Democratic lawyer in town for several years after his location in Littleton, he was naturally accorded a leading position in the councils of the party. The Whig party was at this time in power in the town, but with the general decadence of that organization in the country at large, the Littleton Democracy, strengthened by Mr. Bingham's wise counsels, gradually came into the ascendant, so that, since 1852, with the exception of two years, they have had substantial direction of town affairs and have elected the representatives to the General Court. It was not till 1861, however, that Mr. Bingham became a member of that body. This was at the opening of the civil war, and then, as throughout its continuance, political excitement was intense, and party spirit ran high, on account of conflicting views as to the responsibility for the contest, and the manner in which it should be conducted on the part of the Federal government. Although a new member, Mr. Bingham took rank at once with the ablest in the House, and was accorded from the start the leadership upon the Democratic side, a position which he has held by universal recognition through his entire legislative experience. He was a member of the house for five years in succession, and in 1862 was the Democratic candidate for speaker. He was again a member in 1868. In 1871 he was chosen for the seventh time as a representative from his town, and has been reëlected at each successive election since that date, making sixteen elections in all,—a greater number than has been accorded to any citizen of the State now living. This has not been from any desire upon his part to occupy the position, and often against his protest, but because his townsmen realize the fact that no other can serve them or the State so efficiently in that capacity, and because of the universal demand of his party throughout the State for his services therein. Yet he fully appreciates the distinction which these repeated elections have conferred, and has honored his town as well as himself in the distinguished service he has rendered.

Upon the floor of the house, as in the judiciary committee, of which he has been a member each year of his service, and of which he was chairman in

1871 and 1874, when the Democracy were in control, he has ever occupied a leading position, and that not alone as respects his own party. In all matters not of partisan import or bearing, he has exercised a greater influence upon legislation than any other member of either party, for Republicans as well as Democrats have come to place the fullest confidence in his judgment and sagacity in all practical matters. He advocates no measure which he does not believe to be just, and conducive to the best interests of the State and the people. When he speaks he commands the close attention of all, for he speaks squarely to the point and with the earnestness of absolute conviction, and he seldom fails to impress his hearers with the strength of his position and the soundness of his views.

With the manipulations of machine politics Mr. Bingham has had nothing to do, either for his own advancement or that of any other individual. His political services have been rendered in a straight-forward manner, from devotion to principle and for the good of the cause alone. Indeed his utter self-abnegation has frequently been the occasion of deep regret among his friends. Yet his party has not failed to testify repeatedly its appreciation of his worth. He has twice received the Democratic nomination for member of Congress in his district,—first in 1865, and again in 1867,—and has been three times complimented with the Democratic nomination for United States Senator;—in 1870, 1872, and 1879;—and, not from partisan reasons alone, but for the honor and pride of their State, have thousands of our citizens regretted their inability to place him in the highest legislative body of the country. In the Senate of the United States his great legal ability, intellectual power, and comprehensive knowledge of the history and science of government, would give him rank with the foremost members of that body. In none of these respects, nor in any of the essential elements of statesmanship, is he surpassed by an Edmunds, a Bayard, or a Thurman, and had he been called, through the mutations of party politics, to represent New Hampshire in that body, the influence of the Granite State would have been felt, as in former days, surpassing that of larger states, as that of Delaware and Vermont, in these later years, has exceeded Massachusetts or Pennsylvania.

Mr. Bingham has held no appointive office, state or national, except that of special agent of the treasury department under the administration of President Johnson. He was nominated by Gov. Weston, in 1874, for Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Judicature; but the nomination failed of confirmation by the Council, through certain corporate influences. It is also an open secret that he might have received an appointment to the bench of the Supreme Court, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of his brother, George A. Bingham, in October, 1880, had he consented to accept the same. He was a delegate from Littleton in the State Constitutional Convention of 1876, in which he took a conspicuous part, serving as chairman of one of the four standing committees—that on legislative department. In this Convention, as in the Legislature, he exercised an influence second to that of no other member, as will readily be seen upon examination of the proceedings and debates, as reported. Aside from the positions mentioned, he has held no public office of any kind, beyond that of member of the Board of Education in the Union School District, Littleton, for the first three years after its organization, and that of Quartermaster of the Thirty-Second Regiment, in the latter part of the old militia days.

In the councils of the Democratic party, in conventions and committees, he has been prominent for many years, simply because his services in this direction have been sought and commanded. He has presided in the State Convention on two occasions,—in January, 1870, and in the Electoral Conven-

tion during the presidential campaign in the summer of 1872. He was one of the delegates from this State to the Union Convention at Philadelphia, in 1867; also to the National Democratic Convention at Baltimore, in 1872, and at Cincinnati, in 1880, and was the New Hampshire member of the Democratic National Committee from 1868 to 1872. Although not a popular orator in the general sense of the term, he has rendered frequent and effective service upon the stump in behalf of the Democratic cause.

In 1880 he received from his *Alma Mater* the Degree of Doctor of Laws, in conferring which it is safe to say the trustees honored the institution no less than the recipient, which is by no means always the case in the disposition of such favors. In this connection may properly be mentioned the fact that Mr. Bingham was leading counsel for President Bartlett, in the celebrated investigation of his administration upon charges brought by the New York Alumni Association, in which he was pitted against such distinguished lawyers as ex-Judge William Fullerton, Sanford H. Steele, and U. S. District Attorney A. W. Tenney, of New York, and which resulted mainly—as one of the trustees is credited with declaring—in demonstrating the fact that Mr. Bingham is more than a match, in legal force, for the renowned Judge Fullerton. His public addresses, although not numerous, have been of a character to enhance his reputation for intellectual power and culture, exalted patriotism, and statesmanlike ability. Of these the most notable are the Centennial address, on the occasion of the fourth of July celebration, at Littleton, in 1876; the Memorial Day address before Marshall Sanders Post, G. A. R., May, 1880; and the address in honor of the late Chief Justice Andrew S. Woods, before the Alumni of Dartmouth College, at the June Commencement in 1880; all of which bear the stamp of the master mind.

Mr. Bingham is a bachelor, and has not entered so generally into the pleasures of social life, or formed so many of the ties of acquaintanceship and the more intimate relations growing out of the same, as might otherwise have been the case. Yet he is by no means a recluse. Nor is he of the reserved uncompanionable spirit which some have imagined. However the stranger may be impressed at first, he is known by his friends, and will be found by any to be one of the most approachable of men, genial, frank, open hearted, and thoroughly Democratic in the full sense of the word. He obtrudes his opinions or advice upon no man; but when the same are sought, in any proper direction, they are freely given, and are found, almost invariably, of more than ordinary value, whether bearing upon matters of private interest or public concern. No man has the welfare of the community more thoroughly at heart, or takes a deeper interest in all measures calculated to advance the material or educational prosperity of the people. The interests of agriculture, especially, have ever found in him an active champion, and for the last twenty-five years he has been, himself, the owner of a fine farm in the town of Bethlehem, to the management and improvement of which he has directed his attention in such leisure hours as he has found at command.

In religion he has been connected with no church organization; but his early training and the strong conservative element in his character have operated to establish in his mind a profound respect for the general doctrines and institutions of Christianity, as established by our New England ancestry, divested of the superstitions incident to the age in which they originated. Yet the tolerant character of his views in this connection, and his estimation of religion in the broad and general sense, as co-important with government itself, is emphatically set forth in the Centennial address,—before alluded to,—in which we find him taking the broad ground that "Any form of government, with any

form of religion that secures these three conditions: viz., a virtuous people, reasonable laws, and just rulers,—answers the end for which government is designed. Any form of religion that restrains the masses of men from vice answers the end of religion, so far as the body politic and the temporal well-being of a people are concerned," and asserting in the same connection that "True piety, genuine reverence for the Deity, devoted patriotism, make a good citizen in any age, or in any country, no matter what the form of government or religion may be."

Probably no more accurate estimate of Mr. Bingham as a lawyer—and it is as a great and successful lawyer that he will be remembered in the years to come—can be framed in words, than his own estimate of Judge Woods, of whom he says:

"As a lawyer his cases were always well prepared. The law was carefully looked up and well considered. The evidence was sifted, and all impertinent and immaterial matter rejected. Only what would tell on the matters in issue was put before the court and jury. He never sought to dazzle the court by large displays of legal learning; but he always knew all the law needed for the case in hand, and he had a very terse and vigorous way of expressing to the court his views of the law. Nobody ever claimed that he was a brilliant advocate. In fact he does not seem ever to have studied what are understood to be the peculiar graces of oratory, or to have cared about them; but he had a very clear-cut way of stating the issues in the cause on trial, and of narrating the evidence bearing on those issues, so that nobody could help understanding. He was a successful lawyer, and he won his success in the legitimate way—by hard knocks and honest labor, directed by keen discrimination and sound judgment."

Mr. Bingham is now sixty-one years of age. Unflagging devotion to the arduous labors of his profession, supplemented by the demands of public and political life, have in some degree impaired his physical health. A year ago last winter and spring he spent some time in Florida, deriving considerable benefit from mental relaxation and the change of scene and climate. Again the past spring he made a brief sojourn in the same locality with like result. That he may yet continue many years in the pursuit of his professional calling, or, better still, be called to the service of his State and country in high public station, where his ripe experience and mature yet vigorous intellect would be of greatest benefit to mankind, is the hope of thousands of his fellow-citizens throughout the State. But whatever the future may have in store in that regard, his life and example will not fail to be to them, in the years to come, an admonition, or rather an inspiration, to the same effect as his spoken words, when, in closing his Memorial Day address to the members of Marshall Sanders Post, he said: "Weary not in well doing, and give your voice and your influence always for your country, so that, when the end shall come, with the consciousness that you have fought the good fight and kept the faith, victorious over the grave, and, with death disarmed of its sting, you

> 'Without a sigh,
> A change of feature, or a shaded smile,
> Can give your hands to the stern messenger,
> And, as a glad child seeks his father's arms,
> Go home.'"

REMINISCENCES OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY HON. JOHN WENTWORTH, LL. D.

TO have seen Daniel Webster once was to have seen him always: and I never have heard that any one was mistaken for him or looked like him. Age had as little effect on his personal appearance as upon his intellect. Those who were struck with his peculiar swell and roll of voice, when he spoke in Chicago at Fort Dearborn, in 1837, would have recognized it when he made his last speech in the senate, in March, 1850. There were his ever blue coat, white cravat, and buff vest, his massive and overhanging brow, his raven hair, dark and deep-set eye, portly form, and erect gait. During the sessions of the senate and supreme court he walked to and fro, much of the time, in the area or lobby, with his hands behind him and under his coat, occasionally bowing to people, but very seldom stopping to converse. People would wonder if he was listening or studying out some great legal or constitutional problem. He had no taste for the details of legislation, and seldom participated in them. One speech, one great and exhaustive speech, upon the general merits of the measure, was all that could be expected of Daniel Webster. He could not be called a social man, especially in the sense that Clay was. Yet he was far from being unsocial. Every one looked upon him with a sort of reverential awe, and had a hesitency as to any degree of familiarity. He walked to and from the capitol with the promiscuous crowd made up of congressmen, supreme court lawyers, and visitors. He had a passing acquaintance with most of them. He never conversed upon personal and local politics. He had no hobby, no specialty, no ism upon which you could excite him as you could Clay, Benton, or Calhoun. All his conversation was marked with cool deliberation. He would ask concerning eminent lawyers resident where persons were living, or judges in their state whose opinions had commanded his attention. Oftentimes he would originate a conversation by quoting some abstract principle, generally of law. Occasionally he would quote from the

OLD LATIN AUTHORS,

and try to bring out discussion. If a great man should do this at the present time, we would think he was trying to dodge the interviewer. But in Webster's case, it was but showing the natural drift of his mind. He was thinking aloud. I never heard him say one word to which any person could take the least personal offence. He could, at all times, converse in the most friendly manner with his colleagues, and was about the only prominent senator who could do so. He ever spoke to the greatest intelligence of mankind. And his political friends ever complained that they could never utilize his efforts in political campaigns, as he would never come down to the understanding of illiterate voters. It was said that in a congregation of promiscuous masses he would select the man appearing to be the most intelligent, and seemingly address all his remarks to him as if he alone had a vote. Whilst the politicians of his party would not visit Washington without calling upon Mr. Clay, they took no such liberty with Mr. Webster. But the reverse was the case with the eminent scholars, clergymen, lawyers, and especially capitalists. And however illiterate a man was, if he was only immensely rich, he would throw himself in Webster's way, seek an introduction, try to cultivate his intimacy, and tender the hospitalities of a magnificent home if he should ever visit his locality. When it was

known that Webster was to make one of his great speeches, or arguments, these rich men would go early and bribe officers to give them the best seats in front of him, and then nod their heads in assent to his most profound sentences and Latin quotations, which they neither understood nor could they spell or write the words they contained if pronounced to them. Looking upon him as the grand conservator of wealth against unfavorable legislation, they did not know how soon they might need his services in the United States court. And as Webster knew the value of rich clients, and cared more for the supreme court than the senate, such manifestations could not be distasteful to him.

After his speech in Chicago, in 1837, I did not hear him until my first session in congress, in the winter of 1843-4.

THE SENSATION

he created by his entrance into Chicago, drawn in a barouche by four cream-colored horses belonging to Col. Henry L. Kinney, of Peru, in this state, where his son Fletcher Webster was then residing, is well remembered; as also the ball given him at the Lake House, on the north side, then the most fashionable hotel in our city.

One day a member came into the house and exclaimed that preaching was played out. There was no use for ministers now. "Daniel Webster is down in the supreme court room eclipsing them all by a defense of the Christian religion. Hereafter we are to have the gospel according to Webster." It will be remembered that Stephen Girard had made a will endowing a college at Philadelphia from visiting which clergymen were forever prohibited. Mr. Webster was contesting the will upon the ground that this is a Christian government and that such a will was contrary to public policy. As I entered the court room, here are his first words: "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thy heart. And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down and when thou risest up."

Then again: "Suffer little *children* to come unto me"—accenting the word children. He repeated it, accenting the word little: "Suffer *little* children to come unto me." Then,

ROLLING HIS EYES HEAVENWARD

and extending his arms, he repeated it thus: "Suffer little children to come unto *me*'—'unto *me*—unto *me*. "Suffer little children to *come*." So he went on for three days. And it was the only three days' meeting that I ever attended where one man did all the preaching, and there was neither praying nor singing. I have heard such stalwarts in the American pulpit as Lyman Beecher, Robert J. Breckenridge, Hosea Ballou, William Ellery Channing, and Alexander Campbell, but Webster overshadowed them all in his commendation of doctrines which they held in common. One could best be reminded of Paul at Mars Hill. I, too, have heard John N. Maffett, in his palmiest days. Could Webster thus have spoken at a camp-meeting, not even Maffett could have made the woods resound with louder or more frequent amens.

There was the closest attention and the most profound silence, except when assuming an air of indignation, with all the force with which he was capable, he exclaimed:—"To even argue upon the merits of such a will is an insult to the understanding of every man. It opposes all that is in heaven and all on earth that is worth being on earth." Here the audience with one accord broke out in the most enthusiastic applause. This is the only time I ever heard ap-

plause in the supreme court room. The first day I easily obtained a seat. With difficulty the next. But on the third I scarcely found standing room.

Mr. Webster won my lasting gratitude by his assistance in the passage of the river and harbor bill, in 1846. The bill had passed the house and had been referred to the committee on commerce, a majority of whom were of the "strict-construction" school, believing that congress could improve a natural harbor but could not make one. I went before the committee to defend the appropriation for a harbor at Little Fort, now called Waukegan. I found I had no friends there but Senator Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland. The committee recommended that the appropriation be struck out. Senator John A. Dix, of New York, led the opposition. He had been a graduate of West Point, was a good engineer, had brought the map of survey into the senate, and was having

GREAT INFLUENCE

against it. I was seated in the lobby directly behind Col. Thomas H. Benton, and Webster was upon his usual walk. He gave me a nod of recognition and passed on. Gen. Dix kept up his fire and I felt it. Our senators, Sidney Breese and James Semple, were both from the southern part of our state and had no personal knowledge of the merits of the case. The Indiana senators were similarly situated. Wisconsin had no senators. And the Michigan senators lived at Detroit, and they had only a general knowledge of Lake Michigan. As Webster was traveling to and fro past me, the thought occured to me that, as he was a "liberal constructionist," he was just the man to rectify all the damage that Gen. Dix was doing. But it was a small matter for so great a man. Besides, I knew that his colleague, Senator John Davis, was taking the side of Gen. Dix. As Webster would pass me I would resolve that the next time he would come I would speak to him. But my courage would forsake me when I reflected that he was a whig and I was a democrat. I wanted some excuse to speak to him. He had known my father. He was a son of New Hampshire and a graduate of the same college with myself. But my heart failed me; and yet it was all the while sighing: "Webster, Webster, do but speak to me." At length came his voice, in deep, sepulchral tone: "Wentworth, what is Dix making all this ado about?" Promptly the answer came: "Mr. Webster, since your trip around the lakes from Chicago, in 1837, we have had but few appropriations for old harbors, and none for new ones. This place is halfway between Chicago and Milwaukee, and we want a harbor of refuge there." "I see the point, I see the point," said Webster, and at once went to his seat on the senate floor. When Gen. Dix had concluded, Mr. Webster observed that he could add nothing to the

CONCLUSIVE ARGUMENT

of the senator from New York, in favor of the appropriation. He thought he had satisfied all the senators that there was no harbor at the place, and so the house must have thought when it made the appropriation to construct one there. Upon what did the senator from New York found his doctrine that, when God created the world, or even Lake Michigan, he left nothing for man to do? The curse pronounced upon our first parents for their transgression was in entire conflict with any such doctrine. He did not believe that the constitution of the United States was such a narrowly contracted instrument that it would not permit the construction of a harbor where the necessities of commerce required it. He then foreshadowed the growth of the West, its abundant products, its gigantic commerce, its numerous people. He started a steamer from Chicago laden to the guards with freight and passengers. He then de-

scribed a storm in a manner that no man but Webster could describe. His flight of eloquence equaled his best at Bunker Hill or Plymouth Rock. You could hear the dashing waves, the whistling winds, the creaking timbers, and the shrieking passengers; and as he sent the vessel to the bottom with all on board, he exclaimed: "What but a merciful Providence saved me from such a catastrophe when I passed over Lake Michigan in 1837? At such a dire disaster could the senator from New York derive any consolation from the reflection that his narrow interpretation of the constitution had been maintained?" As Webster closed, Col. Benton turned to me and said: "That is the greatest speech upon so small a matter I ever heard." Reverdy Johnson came up and said: "Now do n't you abuse the whigs any more." And Senator Breeze said: "Now you can go back to the house. That speech saves us." The bill passed without amendment. But, alas, President Polk vetoed it. And out of his veto grew that wonderful event in the history of Chicago, the river and harbor convention of 1847, a

VAST ASSEMBLAGE,

composed of the most talented, enterprising, wealthy, and influential men of all parts of the country. At the laying of the corner-stone of the Douglas monument, Gen. Dix was there as the principal orator. While others were speaking, I called his attention to our magnificent harbor works. After complimenting them highly, he said: "They ought to protect you from any storm —even from such an one as Webster manufactured for you in the senate in 1846."

I never think of Waukegan without being reminded of the selfishness of railroad corporations. When our harbor system was revived, Waukegan was left out of the bill, although Kenosha, Racine, and Milwaukee, were provided for. The railroad company did not want any competition by water at that point. After several years a railroad was constructed a few miles west of it, which took from it the western trade. Then to injure the new road, the old company withdrew their opposition, and now Waukegan has, what it ought to have had before, a harbor appropriation.

I have alluded to the superior confidence which all capitalists had in the opinions of Mr. Webster. This was of inestimable service to the Illinois delegation in the house of representatives, in securing our early railroad grant. I accent the word early, because, since the census of 1850, the numerical strength of the western states has been so greatly increased that liberal grants have been secured without difficulty. During the period in which we were struggling for our grant, we had, at different times, for senators, four able and influential men who had been upon our supreme bench together, James Semple, Sidney Breese, Stephen A. Douglas, and James Shields. But as the new states had the same number of senators as the old ones, they did not meet with the same obstacles that we did in the house. Yet they were very sensitive as to any one's having superior credit over the others, for extra efforts. Gen. Shields, at his last visit to Chicago, complained to his friends that, as a member of the committee upon public lands, having charge of the bill, he had not had sufficient credit for his efforts in the matter. "But," said he, "so thought each of the others, and no one was upon

SPEAKING TERMS

with all the others at the time of his death." But in the house we could secure nothing of this kind to quarrel about. We labored, and labored, and labored; but it did no good. There was a great sectional and political bar-

rier which we could not overcome. Members from the old states opposed offering governmental inducements for western emigration, and the whig party wished the lands sold and the proceeds distributed. Thus matters had continued, from my entrance into congress, in 1843, to September, 1850. Fortunately our canal had been intrusted to a company upon terms which caused our canal indebtedness to appreciate, and secured its ultimate payment. As some of the holders of our canal bonds were also holders of our other bonds, and as they mostly were residents of the older states and members of the whig party, whence came the opposition to our grant, the thought occured that we could utilize such bondholders in securing our land grant. A correspondence ensued which resulted in a committee being sent to Washington. I met them at the depot. And their first inquiry was for Mr. Webster. I could receive no encouragement from them, until a consultation with Mr. Webster was had. I afterward found out that their original designs were to have their grant made directly to a company; but Mr. Webster satisfied them that a provision in a charter, like that which was inserted, eventually making the money payable to the state solely applicable to the payment of our state debt, could not be repealed. I went with them to the secretary of state's department, and he received us very cordially. He knew all about our contract with the canal company, and he had been consulted as to its irrepealability. He said there were a great many measures that ought to be adopted by congress, and which could be, if a spirit of compromise could be brought about. He said the new states wanted land grants and the old states wanted some modification of the tariff laws; but there were members who cared for neither, and who could defeat both, unless the friends of both would adopt that

SPIRIT OF CONCESSION

and compromise that had been so happily brought to bear in the adjustment of the slavery question. "Now," said he to me, "my friend George Ashmun is a man of remarkably practical good sense and discretion, and, if men of conflicting interests would rally around him in a spirit of compromise, be is capable of doing a great deal of good. I will advise him to call upon you." And then he made an appointment for the gentleman at his residence. I knew Mr, Ashmun's relation to Mr. Webster from seeing him take Mr. Webster's seat in the senate, when he arose to make his celebrated 7th of March speech in that year: and Mr. Ashmun handed him his books of authority, opened at the appropriate page, as he progressed. He will be remembered as the president of the national convention which first nominated Mr. Lincoln. One Saturday, Mr. Ashmun said: "Mr. Webster thinks that you and I, by acting in concert, can do our respective people and the country at large a great deal of good. What do you say?" I said: "You know what we Illinois men all want. Lead off." "Now," he said, "help where you can, and where you can not help, dodge. And have all your men ready for Tuesday." Promptly upon that day, September 17, Mr. Ashmun made the motion to proceed to business upon the speaker's table, and when our bill was reached, so well did I know our original force, I could estimate the value of recruits. And when I saw our old opponents voting for the bill in such numbers, I was so confident of the result that I ventured to telegraph the bill's passage to Chicago, and it was known there quite as soon as the speaker declared the result—101 to 75. But for Mr. Webster and Mr. Ashmun, I am confident we should have had to wait for a new apportionment, and then our company would have had to compete with the owners of other land-grant roads in the loan market. And Webster would have been dead.

Congress closed its session, in 1850, upon September 30, and it was near its close, when Mr. Webster, being secretary of state,

GAVE HIS DINNER

to the alumni of Dartmouth College. It was his desire to have no graduate uninvited. The dinner may have been prompted by the presence of his nephew, Prof. Charles B. Haddock, who had just been appointed *charge d'affaires* to Portugal. Notwithstanding the presence of clergymen, Mr. Webster asked the blessing. Some one was speaking to Mr. Webster concerning his argument in the Girard will case, when a third person took occasion to say: "That was the greatest effort of your life." Mr. Webster responded that that observation had been made respecting so many of his efforts by different persons, that he would like to have the question definitely settled, what one of his many noted efforts was really the greatest. "What do you all say here, to-day? I ask the question of each and every one of you. What has been my greatest effort?" Then he commenced calling upon different ones for their opinions. Had the guests acted by preconcert they could not have played their parts better to keep up the interest of the entertainment, for no one would bring up any effort that any one else had alluded to. We had the Girard will, the eulogy upon Adams and Jefferson, reply to Hayne, Bunker Hill monument, Plymouth Rock, Greek Revolution, Panama mission, etc. Mr. Webster listened intently all the while with apparent disinterestedness. At length came a call for his opinion, which was responded to unanimously. Mr. Webster arose, moved back his chair, and spoke, as no one but Webster could speak, for a full hour, never once wetting his lips, but leaving us sitting at the table to eat, drink, and listen. It was a grand spectacle to have seen this unrivaled great man familiarly reviewing the notable productions of his life, and deducing a conclusion, well fortified by arguments, that no one anticipated. Here is a synopsis of his speech:

That is a man's greatest effort which brings to him the most opportunities for other great efforts, and does the most toward securing to him a permanent support for himself and family. No man ever arrived at eminence in his profession, who can not look back upon some

PARTICULAR EFFORT

which laid the foundation for the most of his success in life. Hence every young man should do his utmost in every case, however unimportant it may seem to him, realizing that from some source, and oftentimes when least expected, he may gain a foothold upon public respect, which, if persistently adhered to, may eventually establish his fame and fortune. After serving two terms as congressman from New Hampshire, he removed to Boston with the intention to devote the remainder of his life to a profession which he loved, and he thought his affection for it had increased with his years. He then described the eminent legal men who occupied all the ground in Boston. He wanted an opportunity, and for a while despaired of obtaining it. Dartmouth College, his Alma Mater, however, furnished it; and ever after he felt that his professional sign was, "Daniel Webster and the Dartmouth College Case." That case soon gave him a practice equal to that of any of that illustrious group of attorneys who had so long and so meritoriously held sway in Boston. He might have obtained his position otherwise; but at best it would have required a longer time. But for that case, he might never have been in the house or senate, where he could have replied to Hayne of South Carolina, or made those other speeches which had been alluded to. His heart was in the

case. And here he gave us a very instructive lesson as to the importance of a lawyer so interweaving himself into the feelings, sympathy, and interests of his clients as to make their case his own. Dartmouth was his Alma Mater, and as such he loved her. He felt that she had been greatly wronged, and that, sooner or later, all the institutions of the land, endowed by private charity, were to feel the effects of that wrong. She was poor, and, therefore, entitled to his sympathy. And yet he was embarrassed by the fact that his native state, which had so highly honored him, was the author of the wrong. He was still

FURTHER EMBARRASSED

by the fact that the supreme court of his state, without any dissent, had indorsed it. Then he was yet further embarrassed by the fact that he had to encounter the greatest of American lawyers and orators, William Wirt. He had secured, as associate counsel, an eminent lawyer, Judge Joseph Hopkins, the author of "Hail Columbia." But Judge Hopkins could not feel as he felt. He depicted his feelings of anxiety all along his journey to Washington, tedious in those days. He described the mean and dingy building in which the United States supreme court was then held, and his small and unsympathetic audience. There was nothing in his surroundings to enspirit him. He had to rely upon pure reason. He won his case, and this gave him those other noted cases by which his ultimate professional fame was built, and created a demand upon him to re-enter congress, which he supposed he had left for ever, to defend the great commercial interests of Massachusetts, which were then supposed to be in danger from adverse legislation. This was in 1818, when he was in his 37th year. The Dartmouth college case secured him all the legal practice he wanted, and more than his political friends wished him to have. And, when he pleaded, as an excuse for devoting so much time to a profession which he loved, the inadequacy of his salary as congressman, they generously settled upon him a sum which would render his legal practice unnecessary. And, after this, some of these very men insisted that he should go into court and attend to cases of their own. It was noticed, during his remarks, that he had something to say to each one at the table, calling each by name, and generally respecting something that each had said. Of one he would ask,—How came I to be retained in the Girard will case? How came I, so soon after removing to Massachusetts, to be sent to congress, where I had the opportunity to make those speeches to which reference has been made?

HOW CAME I TO BE TREATED

as I was when in England? Did the English people care for my reply to Hayne, my orations at Bunker Hill or Plymouth Rock, or my eulogy upon Adams or Jefferson? Did either of these induce the Barings to give me £500 for my opinion in the case of the bonds repudiated by the state of Mississippi? Thus he went on, subordinating all other causes of his success to the Dartmouth College case. Here are his words to me:

"Wentworth, why did those eastern gentlemen, creditors of your state, wish to consult me before any one else, when they came to Washington? I was not in congress. I did not visit its sessions. My duties as secretary of state required all my time, and they knew it. Was it not to ascertain that, if they aided you in obtaining your land grant, and advanced money to build your road, they could make a contract which subsequent legislation could not impair? It was the foundation laid by my reputation in the Dartmouth College case that brought them to me, and which resulted in securing you the most beneficent gratuity ever conferred upon any state. I am poor. I have done for Dart-

mouth College all that I can. Yet I feel indebted to her—indebted for my early education, indebted for her early confidence, indebted for an opportunity to show to men, whose support I was to need for myself and family, that I was equal to the defense of vested rights against state courts and sovereignties. That land grant will make you rich, and if you think I was of any service to you in obtaining it, remember what Dartmouth College did for me, before I could do for you, and bestow upon her your pecuniary means as freely as I have my intellectual means." This canvass, by Mr. Webster, of the great efforts of his life, as well as his decision, was a surprise to us all. At first it was thought to have been partially premeditated, and that Prof. Haddock might have a synopsis to fill up. But he shared in the general surprise. I have no remembrance of Mr. Webster after this.

HE DIED

while I was in private life, Oct. 24, 1852, soon following Mr. Clay. The next July, at the Dartmouth College commencement, I heard that brilliant specimen of American eloquence, the eulogy of Rufus Choate, pronounced the greatest of all the great productions of that gifted orator. Mr. Choate was in the senate the first two years of my congressional period, and in six years he followed his most admired friend to the grave. This was his last noted production. The evening after the eulogy I was describing the Webster dinner to him, when he exclaimed: "Oh! that I could have seen you last night. I would have made my eulogy a little longer, and impressed upon the students the sentiments of Mr. Webster's grand exordium—that every young man should do his best at every effort, not knowing whence will come his fame and fortune." How sublime a spectacle! Daniel Webster listening to a free discussion of the great productions of his life, and finally taking a part himself. Yet it was characteristic. His intimate friends could always talk with him about himself as freely as a parent to a child. His humility was equal to his greatness.

SKETCH OF LITTLETON.

LITTLETON has long been known as one of the most enterprising and prosperous towns in the state. Although of uneven surface, it ranks with the first in an agricultural point of view, the soil being strong, and producing excellent crops. Its manufacturing facilities are also good, abundant water-power being furnished by the Ammonoosuc River. It has been a central point in White Mountain travel ever since tourists and pleasure seekers commenced visiting this now celebrated region. Even before the construction of the railroad, it was, in the summer time, a great stage depot, where centred the various lines to the mountains from the western approach. It is, however, since the construction of the White Mountains Railroad, which was completed to this point in 1853, that the growth of the place in population and business importance has mainly occurred. From 1853 until 1870, when the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad, having come into possession of the White Mountains

road, extended the line to Lancaster and Fabyan's, Littleton enjoyed the advantage of being a railroad terminus, which contributed materially to its development as a trade center.

In 1824, when Mr. Truman Stevens, the oldest man in the place now engaged in active business, came to Littleton from Barnet, Vt., and commenced work as a harness maker, which business he has pursued to the present time, with the exception of a few years spent in travel as an agent for the Messrs. Fairbanks, of St. Johnsbury, there were only thirteen houses in Littleton Village. The "Little store," so called, or the "Yellow" store, as it came to be known in contradistinction to the "Red" store which was previously the only one in the place, had just been erected, and a room in the second story, the first one finished, was occupied by Mr. Stevens as his shop. This building, which was for many years occupied for mercantile purposes, was subsequently moved back from the street and converted into a dwelling house, being the same now occupied by Mrs. E. S. Woolson. It was in this store that Mr. George B. Redington, long known as one of the prominent business men of the town and still in active life, commenced his mercantile career in 1829, having removed from the town of Charlestown, and here it was that he sold West India rum and molasses at seventy-five cents per gallon, taking in exchange Franconia bar iron at two dollars and a half per hundred. In the same year that Mr. Stevens came to town, John Farr, Esq., another well-known citizen, a native of the town, commenced active life as a clerk in the old "Red" store, for Messrs. W. & A. Brackett. This store was erected some twenty years before, by Major Ephraim Curtis, of Charlestown, who came here and engaged in trade, the Bracketts, who came from the same town, having been employed by him as clerks. This store stood on the site now occupied by the Methodist church edifice. It was subsequently removed, and, like its rival, the "Yellow" store, transformed into a dwelling—that at the corner of Pleasant and High streets, now occupied by Mr. S. O. Parker. Mr. Josiah Kilburn, father of the Kilburn brothers, of stereoscopic view fame, who is still living and in the enjoyment of good health at the age of eighty-one years, a native of the town of Walpole, also came to Littleton, in 1824, and engaged in business as a wool-carder and cloth dresser, continuing in the same for eleven years. He then engaged for a time in farming, but in 1847 established a foundery and machine shop, carrying on the business with his son, B. W. Kilburn, as a partner after 1851, until last year, when he leased the establishment to Graham brothers. At the time when the three men referred to, Messrs. Stevens, Farr, and Kilburn, all of whom are living, commenced their active life in town, fifty-eight years ago, there was an alder swamp, bordered by a log fence, all along the lower side of what is now Main street, and where is now the finest row of business buildings to be found in northern New Hampshire.

Littleton is a part of the territory originally granted as Chiswick. Subsequently it was called Apthorp. In 1784 it was divided, forming the present towns of Littleton and Dalton. The first town meeting in Littleton appears to have been held on the nineteenth day of July, 1787, at the house of Nathan Caswell, the first settler in the town, the same having been called by John Young, by authority granted by the legislature, who by the same authority served as moderator. At this meeting Robert Charlton was chosen clerk, Samuel Larnard, John Chase and Perley Williams, selectmen, and Sargent Currier, constable. Until 1809 the town was classed with various others, the arrangement being changed at different times, for the purpose of choosing a representative to the General Court. The first resident of Littleton chosen representative, was James Williams, in 1794. The next was James Rankin, in 1798; then David Goodall, from 1800 to 1806 inclusive, the class then including Littleton, Dalton

and Bethlehem. In 1809, when Littleton alone first sent a representative, David Goodall was again chosen. The representatives elected for the subsequent years have been as follows: 1810, Peter Barney; 1811, David Goodall, jr.; 1812, Andrew Rankin; 1813–14, Guy Ely; 1815, David Goodall; 1816–17–18, Guy Ely; 1819–20, William Brackett; 1821 to 1827 inclusive, Nathaniel Rix, jr., who, by the way, was the first Democrat elected; 1828–29, David Rankin; 1830–31, Comfort Day; 1832–33, Alexander Albee; 1834–35, Sylvanus Balch; 1836–37–38, Isaac Abbott; 1839, Henry A. Bellows; 1840, Ezra Parker, George W. Ely; 1841, Ezra Parker, Aaron Brackett; 1842, Aaron Brackett, Richard W. Peabody; 1843, Richard W. Peabody, Josiah Kilburn; 1844, Charles Kellogg, Josiah Kilburn; 1845, Charles Kellogg, Elisha Burnham; 1846–47, Simeon B. Johnson, Salmon H. Rowell; 1848–49, Jonathan Lovejoy, John M. Charlton; 1850, Allen Day, Levi F. Ranlett; 1851, Allen Day, Isaac Abbott; 1852, Francis Hodgman, Horace S. Goss; 1853–54, Alexander McIntire, Curtis L. Albee; 1855, Philip H. Paddleford, Horace Buck; 1856–57, John Sargent, Nathan Kinne; 1858, Samuel T. Morse, Wesley Alexander; 1859–60, Calvin F. Cate, John C. Quimby; 1861–62, Harry Bingham, Douglas Robins; 1863–64, Harry Bingham, Frank J. Eastman; 1865, Harry Bingham, Charles M. Tuttle; 1866, James J. Barrett, Henry L. Thayer; 1867, James J. Barrett, George Abbott; 1868, James J. Barrett, George Abbott, Harry Bingham; 1869–70, S. A. Edson, Charles C. Smith, Richard Smith; 1871–72, Harry Bingham, Cyrus Eastman, Ellery D. Dunn; 1873, Harry Bingham, Charles A. Sinclair, John C. Goodenough; 1874, Harry Bingham, John G. Sinclair, John C. Goodenough; 1875, Harry Bingham, George A. Bingham, Otis G. Hale; 1876, Harry Bingham, George A. Bingham, George Carter; 1877–78, Harry Bingham, Albert S. Batchellor, Ai Fitzgerald; 1879–80, Harry Bingham, Albert S. Batchellor; 1881–82, Harry Bingham, William A. Richardson.

There are now in Littleton five churches, each having its own house of worship, and maintaining regular weekly services, namely, Congregational, Methodist, Free Will Baptist, Roman Catholic, and Episcopal. The Congregational church was organized March 3, 1803. The first pastor, Rev. Drury Fairbank, was installed in May, 1820, and officiated until March, 1836. During his pastorate the present church edifice was erected, having been commenced in 1832 and dedicated July 4, 1834. Mr. Fairbank was succeeded, March 14, 1836, by Rev. Evarts G. Worcester, who died in October following. Rev. Isaac R. Worcester, who was ordained September 27, 1837, followed him, and was in turn succeeded, December 13, 1842, by Rev. Erasmus I. Carpenter. Mr. Carpenter was dismissed January 6, 1857, and the church was without a settled pastor until September 28, 1860, when Rev. Charles E. Milliken was ordained. Mr. Milliken was dismissed December 31, 1878, and there was again a vacancy in the pastorate until the installation of the present pastor, Rev. George W. Osgood, January 25, 1881. Mr. Osgood is a native of Bangor, Me., a graduate of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., of the class of 1874, and of the Bangor Theological Seminary in 1877. The members of this church now number about two hundred. One of the members, Mrs. Cole, formerly Elizabeth Cobleigh, a daughter of the late Marshall D. Cobleigh, is now serving as a missionary at Erzeroum, Turkey. The church edifice is in excellent condition, having been thoroughly remodeled and repaired in 1874, at a cost of $8000. A fine new organ, the gift of Mrs. Richard Taft and Mrs. C. F. Eastman, as a memorial of their deceased husband and father, Richard Taft, has also recently been placed in the church.

Littleton became a separate charge in the Methodist Conference in 1850, and in that year the present church edifice was erected, the same being dedicated January 8, 1851, under the ministry of Sullivan Holman. The pastors

since officiating have been as follows: Dudley P. Leavitt, 1852–53; L. L. Eastman, 1854–55; J. P. Stinchfield, 1856; George N. Bryant, 1857–58; L. P. Cushman, 1859–60; George S. Barnes, 1861–62; S. E. Quimby, 1863; H. L. Kelsey, 1864; Truman Carter, 1865–66; Alfred E. Drew, 1867–68; J. M. Bean, 1869–70; John Currier, 1871; George Beebe, 1872–73; George W. Ruland, 1874–75–76; N. M. D. Granger, 1877–78; George McLaughlin, 1879–80–81. The present pastor, Rev. G. M. Curl, who has been stationed here since the last April conference, is a native of Elkhart, Indiana. He was educated at Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa. He preached seven years in Iowa as a member of the Northwestern M. E. Conference, and at Antrim in this state three years, before going to Littleton. The church membership at the present time is not far from two hundred. The church edifice was remodeled and repaired in the winter of 1880–81 at a cost of about $4000, and the audience room is now one of the most attractive among the Methodist churches of the state.

The Free Will Baptist church in Littleton was organized in 1869, when the present house of worship was erected. Rev. Elijah Gilford was the first pastor, serving until his death, in 1873. Rev. Burton Minard occupied the pulpit until July of the next year, when he was followed by Rev. E. P. Moulton, now of Rochester. In May, 1876, he was succeeded by Rev. Ira Emery, who officiated two years, and was followed by Burton Minard, who again preached a year. In October, 1879, the present pastor, Rev. F. H. Lyford, was called. During Mr. Lyford's pastorate the church and society have increased largely in numbers and prosperity. The meeeting house has also been remodeled and improved at a cost of about $2000. The present church membership is about one hundred, and the average attendance about one hundred and thirty. The pastor, Mr. Lyford, is one of the most popular men in the community. He takes an interest in all matters of public concern, has been twice chosen superintending school committee for the town, and is a member of the Board of Education for Union School District. He is a native of the town of Pittsfield, and previous to his settlement here had preached in Meredith, Hampton, and at Haverhill, Mass.

The Catholic church edifice was erected in 1876-77, by Rev. F. X. Trudell, missionary priest, of Lebanon, under whose labors the parish was established. Missionary services were held to the beginning of the present year, first by Rev. P. J. Finnegan, and subsequently by Rev. L. M. Laplante, both from Lebanon. This year a regular pastor has been placed in charge—Rev. J. H. Noiseux. The parish embraces about one hundred and twenty-five families, of whom about twenty are Irish, and the balance, or more than five sixths of the entire number, French. The number of communicants is about two hundred and fifty.

In 1875 the Episcopalians erected here a neat little church edifice, of brick, at a cost of about $5000. The first Rector was Rev. J. B. Goodrich, who officiated about two years, and was succeeded by Rev. Anson R. Graves, now of Bennington, Vt., who served three years, until September, 1880. Rev. J. Jones officiated until May following, when the present Rector, Rev. H. M. Andrews, took charge. Mr. Andrews is a native of Enfield in this state, a graduate of Dartmouth College, of the class of 1876, and of the Union Theological Seminary. There are about forty communicants, with an average attendance of seventy-five. A rectory is owned by the society.

Universalist and Unitarian services have been held at different times in the place, various halls having been occupied for the purpose. For some months past the Rev. J. B. Morrison, Unitarian clergyman at Lancaster, has held

meetings twice a month, Sunday evenings, in Opera Hall, and an effort to organize a society will doubtless be made.

Not being a shire town, Littleton has never been such a favorite resort of lawyers as its northern rival—Lancaster. Enough members of the profession have been located here, however, to attend to all legal business arising among the citizens of the town, and a goodly portion of that in adjacent towns. The first legal practitioner in town was Joseph E. Dow, who was here soon after the opening of the present century. He remained several years and removed to Thornton. Elisha Hinds came about 1814, and was in practice here about twenty years, afterward removing to Hinsdale. In 1828 the late Hon. Henry A. Bellows, who subsequently became chief justice of the supreme court, commenced the practice of law in Littleton, where he remained until his removal to Concord in 1850. In 1834, Edmund Carleton, jr., who died in town but a few months since, commenced practice and continued for thirty or forty years until compelled to retire by the infirmities of age. Calvin Ainsworth, jr., a son of Dr. Calvin Ainsworth, the first physician in town, practiced law here from 1837 to 1843. William Burns, now of Lancaster, located here in practice in 1844, and remained until 1846, when he was succeeded by Harry Bingham, an extended biographical notice of whom appears in this number of the GRANITE MONTHLY. William J. Bellows, who had studied in the office of his brother, the late Henry A. Bellows, was admitted to the bar and commenced practice in company with his brother about the same time, continuing with him until the removal of the latter to Concord, after which he practiced alone for several years, then in company for a time with John Farr, who had studied with him and was admitted to the bar in 1854. This partnership continued about six years. Soon after Mr. Bellows retired from law practice to engage in business, and Mr. Farr continued alone until the admission to the bar of his son, the late Congressman Evarts W. Farr, in 1867, with whom he was in company until he retired from practice in 1872. Previous to his law study and practice, Mr. Farr was for many years engaged in trade, and was also a deputy sheriff from 1840 to 1845. Charles W. Rand came to Littleton in 1847, and settled in legal practice, continuing until his death, about five years ago, at which time he held the office of United States District Attorney for New Hampshire. His brother, ex-Judge Edward D. Rand, of Lisbon, was also here in company with him from 1857 to 1861.

George A. Bingham, a brother of Harry, and a native of Concord, Vt., born April 25, 1826, who had studied law in Lyndon, Vt., in the office of Hon. Thomas Bartlett, and had been four years in partnership with him, came to Littleton in July, 1852, and entered into partnership with his brother. He has remained here since that time, with the exception of a short residence in Bath, and engaged in active practice, except for the time when he occupied a seat upon the bench of the supreme court, from August, 1876, to October, 1880. The partnership with his brother was dissolved in 1870. Since January, 1881, he has had a partner in the person of Edgar Aldrich. Mr. Aldrich is a native of the town of Pittsburgh, born February, 1848. He was educated at Colebrook Academy, studied law with Ira A. Ramsey, at Colebrook, and at the Ann Arbor Law School, Mich., graduating from the latter school in 1868. He was admitted to the bar at Colebrook in August of that year, and commenced practice there. He was appointed solicitor of Coos county in 1872, and again in 1875, and continued practice in Colebrook until he came to Littleton as a partner with Mr. Bingham.

The law firm of Bingham, Mitchells & Batchellor, includes Harry Bingham, John M. Mitchell, Albert S. Batchellor, and William H. Mitchell. John M. Mitchell, who was born at Plymouth, in this state, July 6, 1849, was educated at Derby (Vt.) Academy, and commenced the study of law with Edwards &

Dickerman of that town. He concluded the same with Harry Bingham, was admitted to the bar at Haverhill in March, 1872, and in 1875 formed a partnership with Mr. Bingham. In 1878 he was elected Solicitor of Grafton county, serving for the term of two years. Last year he removed to Concord, to engage in practice, but continues his interest in the Littleton firm. Albert S. Batchellor was born in Bethlehem, April 22, 1850, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1872, studied law with Harry and George A. Bingham, and was admitted to the bar in 1875. He became a partner with Messrs Bingham and Mitchell in 1879. He was three years a member of the legislature from Littleton, and the latter year (1879) was the Democratic candidate for Speaker. At the election in November, 1880, he was chosen county solicitor, which office he now holds. William H. Mitchell, a brother of John M., a native of Wheelock, Vt., born September 18, 1856, educated at Derby Academy and Littleton High School, read law with Bingham & Mitchell, was admitted to the bar in March 1880, and became a member of the firm in July 1881.

The only law firm in town at the present time, aside from those mentioned, is that of Stevens & Warner. Elbert C. Stevens was born in Piermont, November 10, 1847. He was educated at Meriden, studied law with N. B. Felton and George W. Chapman, at Haverhill, was admitted to the bar in 1870, and was a partner with the late Congressman Farr from 1873 to 1878. Edgar M. Warner, who has recently formed a partnership with Mr. Stevens, came from Plainfield, Connecticut, where he had been in practice several years. He has been clerk of each branch of the Connecticut legislature, and is said to be a young man of ability.

The first physician practicing in Littleton was Dr. Calvin Ainsworth, who was located at the west part of the town. Dr. William Burns who was for many years a prominent citizen of the town, was subsequently long in practice here. Among other physicians in practice in the town, for longer or shorter periods, aside from those now here, have been Drs. Adams Moore, A. W. Clark, J. L. Harriman, O. H. Boynton, and M. L. Scott. There are now eight physicians in active practice in Littleton, namely C. M. Tuttle, Ralph Bugbee, T. E. Sanger, H. L. Watson, F. T. Moffett, B. F. Page, George W. McGregor, and L. A. Genereux.

Dr. Tuttle is a native of Eaton, P. Q. He studied medicine with Drs. Tuttle and Nelson, at Barnet, Vt., graduated at the Vermont University Medical School, and has been in practice in Littleton for the last forty-two years, with the exception of three years in New Bedford, Mass., and has attained a standing among the foremost members of the profession in the state.

Dr. Bugbee is a son of the late Dr. Ralph Bugbee, of Waterford, Vt., born December 20, 1821. He studied medicine with his father, attended lectures at Woodstock and Castleton Medical Colleges, graduating at the latter, and commenced practice in Waterford, where he remained ten years. He was subsequently four years in Franconia, and located in Littleton twenty-five years ago, where he has since remained in successful practice.

Dr. Sanger is a native of Troy, Vt., forty-nine years of age. He studied medicine at Toledo, Philadelphia, and St. Johnsbury, Vt., and graduated from the Cleveland Medical College, and the Hahnemann Medical College in Philadelphia—from the latter in 1856. He commenced practice in Hardwick, Vt., but came to Littleton in 1857, where he has since resided. He is a member of the Vermont and New Hampshire Homeopathic Medical Societies, and was three years president of the latter. He is also a member of the American Institute of Homeopathy, and has been examining surgeon for United States pensions for ten years past.

Dr. Watson, a native of Salisbury, born February 10, 1811, studied at Warner and Hanover, graduated at the Vermont University Medical College, prac-

ticed at Stewartstown a short time, then at Guildhall, Vt., for twenty years, subsequently at Newbury, and has been in Littleton for the last fifteen years. While at Guildhall he served two years in the Vermont House of Representatives, two years in the Senate, and was postmaster under James K. Polk. He was also postmaster of Littleton for a short time during Johnson's administration.

Dr. Moffett is a native of Littleton, born March 6, 1842. He served in the 13th N. H. Vols. from 1862 to 1865. Previous to his enlistment he had commenced the study of medicine with Dr. Buffum, of Waterford, and after the close of the war he finished his studies with Dr. Tuttle in Littleton. He graduated at the Harvard Medical School in June, 1870, and has since been in practice in Littleton.

Dr. Page is also a native of Littleton, a brother of Samuel B. Page, the well known lawyer of Woodsville, who is also a Littleton boy. He studied with Dr. C. H. Boynton, of Lisbon, and graduated at Vermont University Medical School in 1867. He practiced in Lisbon five years, then removed to St. Johnsbury, Vt., whence he came to Littleton in the spring of 1881.

Dr. McGregor is a native of Bethlehem, a son of the late W. A. McGregor, of that town, twenty-eight years of age. He studied medicine with Dr. How, of Manchester, graduated at Dartmouth Medical College in 1877, was in practice two years in Lunenburg, Vt., and has been in Littleton since August, 1880.

Dr. Genereux is a native of Toronto, and a graduate in medicine at Laval University, of Quebec, in 1880. He has been in practice in Littleton since October of that year.

In 1868 the village districts in Littleton united for school purposes, a spacious school house having been erected for the accommodation of all the schools, at a cost of about $35,000. A graded school has been established, with high, grammar, intermediate, and primary departments. There are now, two primary and two intermediate schools, making six in all. The principal of the high school has supervision of all the lower schools. The first principal of the Littleton High School was Rev. C. E. Harrington, now pastor of the South Congregational Church, Concord. His successors have been—F. J. Burnham, now a lawyer at Moorehead, Minn.; John J. Ladd, superintendent of schools at Staunton, Va.; Frank D. Hutchins, now cashier of the Lancaster National Bank; Frank P. Moulton, professor of Latin and Greek in Bates College; B. F. Robinson, editor of the Littleton *Journal;* A. H. Kennerson, now a teacher at Nahant, Mass.; H. H. McIntire, superintendent of schools at Lake City, Minn.; A. G. Miller, superintendent of schools at Oneonta, N. Y.; and Dana P. Dame, the present principal. Mr. Dame is a native of Tuftonborough, residing since childhood in Dover, and a graduate of Dartmouth College, of the class of 1880. He entered upon his service here in January last. Miss M. Lizzie Cushman is assistant in the high school; Lottie J. Lee, teacher of the grammar school; Rose A. Pierce, first intermediate; Adelia S. Norwood, second intermediate; Minnie D. Beebe, first primary; and Anna M. French, second primary. There are two hundred scholars now in attendance in the various departments, about forty being in the High school. There are nine members of the Board of Education in Union District, which is now constituted as follows: Wm. J. Bellows, president; B. F. Robinson, secretary; George A. Bingham, George Farr, T. E. Sanger, Alexander McIntire, William H. Mitchell, C. F. Eastman, F. H. Lyford.

The first newspaper published in Littleton was the Ammonoosuc *Reporter,* established by F. A. Eastman in July, 1852. Mr. Eastman, who subsequently removed west, and became postmaster of Chicago, now an editor in Wiscon-

sin, published the paper until the fall of 1854, when he was succeeded by Van N. Bass and L. D. Churchill. In January, 1855, the name of the paper, which was Democratic in politics, was changed to the *White Mountain Banner*. Mr. Bass soon after became sole proprietor. The paper ran several years and finally suspended. In 1855 *The People's Journal* was started by H. W. Rowell as a Know Nothing organ, subsequently Republican. In 1859 this paper passed into the hands of William Davis, who was succeeded by William J. Bellows, in 1861. Mr. Bellows published it a few years, when it was united with the Lebanon *Free Press*. In 1865 Rowell & Smith started a neutral paper, called the Littleton *Gazette*. Smith soon retired, and L. W. Rowell continued the paper until October, 1867, when it was purchased by C. E. Carey, and changed to a Democratic paper under the name of the *White Mountain Republic*, which has continued, under varied management, to the present time, George C. Furber and D. O. Wallace being the present proprietors. The Littleton *Argus*, a Republican paper, was started by James S. Peavey in December, 1875, and united with the *Coos Republican*, at Lancaster, in May, 1878. The *Littleton Journal*, also Republican in politics, was established by B. F. Robinson and P. R. Goold, January 1, 1880. The *Republic* and the *Journal* are both flourishing papers, well supported by the community.

Littleton has been an important lumber depot for many years, especially during the period between the completion of the railroad to this point, and its extension through Bethlehem and Whitefield. Gen. E. O. Kenney came from Bethlehem and located here, in the lumber business, in 1852, and was actively engaged therein the greater portion of the time to 1866, Ariel Holmes being his partner for a few years at the start, and his son, L. C. Kenney, subsequently. Others were engaged in the same line, but Gen. Kenney was the principal operator during this period, and in some seasons his firm shipped in excess of 4,000,000 feet, of which a large portion was manufactured at their mills in Whitefield, (now Hazen's Mills), and was drawn to Littleton by team. For the last ten years an extensive business in the manufacture of lumber has been carried on in town, principally at the Littleton Lumber Company's mills below the village. This company is composed of four wide-awake, energetic men,—Messrs. C. D. Tarbell, Charles Eaton, Isaac Calhoun, and C. M. Cudworth,—Mr. Tarbell being treasurer and manager, and Mr. Cudworth, superintendent. They own about two thousand acres of timber land, and cut and manufacture about three millions feet of lumber annually, giving employment to thirty-five men in the mill, and a large number of men and teams outside. Another lumber firm, doing a large business at the present time, is that of Eaton & Green, who operate what is known as the Cate mill, at Scythe Factory Village, and cut out about 1,000,000 feet annually, beside clapboards, shingles, etc. Other manufacturers properly noted in this connection, are—H. C. Redington & Co., who manufacture boxes and house finish; Stephen Eaton & Co., bobbins, producing 1,500,000 annually; and Fitzgerald & Chandler, doors, sash and blinds. The reputation of the latter firm, for quality of goods, is not surpassed in the state.

The most important branch of manufacturing industry in Littleton at the present time is that of glove making, and the "Littleton Buck Gloves" have come to be among the best known in the market. The largest and oldest company, the Saranac, commenced operations, on a small scale, more than ten years ago, gradually increasing, until its establishment is now the largest of the kind in the country. It occupies the building formerly known as the Littleton Woolen Mill, which was erected in 1839, and operated as a woolen factory, by different parties, most of the time to 1874, and has recently erected, in addition, a large building, one hundred and seventy-five feet long by fifty feet wide and three stories high, all of which is used for its purposes.

About two hundred and twenty-five hands are now employed in the shops, while many hundred women outside are engaged in sewing upon the gloves. The production is now at the rate of 50,000 dozen pairs per annum, and the pay roll from $10,000 to $12,000 per month.

The Eureka Glove company, which commenced operations in 1876, already rivals the Saranac in the reputation of its goods, and promises to equal it in extent of manufacture. This company now occupies the entire second story of Tilton's new Opera Block, with eight thousand square feet of flooring space, and employs fifty hands in the shop, aside from a large amount of outside labor. The monthly pay roll is from $3,000 to $4,000. The capital stock is $50,000. Nelson Parker is president, Charles Parker, treasurer, and Henry Merrill, secretary. The tanning department is under the management of Porter B. Watson, a thoroughly practical man in that line. Mr. Watson, by the way, is the father of Dr. I. A. Watson, secretary of the State Board of Health, and a brother of Dr. H. L. Watson.

There are three other glove making firms in town—the White Mountain, Ammonoosuc, and Granite State. The White Mountain Glove company commenced business in March, 1880, and has already an established reputation for the excellence of its gloves. The company is composed of Alonzo Weeks, George Whittaker, and Robert Meiner. Mr. Meiner is an experienced glove maker, and has charge of the manufacturing department. Mr. Weeks, who manages the finances, is a prominent business man, who has been engaged as a manufacturer of, and dealer in, boots and shoes in Littleton for the last thirty-eight years. He has also been town treasurer for the last ten years. The Ammonoosuc company, which commenced work last year, is already well started in business, while the Granite State company (Clay & Clay), which commenced in February last, starts out under flattering prospects, and, by producing a superior article from both the grain-tanned and Plymouth stock, is tolerably certain of success.

Another manufacturing establishment of considerable magnitude is that of the New Hampshire Scythe company, which went into operation ten years ago. Both scythes and axes of superior quality are produced, to the extent of 2,500 dozen annually of the former, and nearly as many of the latter. The capital stock of the company is $35,000. George B. Redington is president, Nelson C. Farr, treasurer, and J. H. Witherell, agent and manager.

Ranlett & Harris, carriage makers, do quite a business in the manufacture of all kinds of carriages and sleighs, with an extensive run of repairing. N. W. Ranlett, the senior partner, has been in business here for twenty years, and has gained a wide reputation for superior workmanship. About a dozen men are employed, and steam power was added last fall.

The foundery and machine shop formerly operated by Josiah Kilburn & Son was leased last year by Graham Brothers (P. S. and E. G. Graham), who do a large repairing business, and manufacture starch-mill machinery, Strickland plows, and Bucklin harrows. The Littleton grist-mill, owned by C. and C. F. Eastman and George A. Edson, and leased by E. B. Gates, has four run of stones and a capacity of three or four hundred bushels per day. E. D. Dunn & Co., contractors and builders, carry on an extensive business in this and adjoining towns. Mr. Dunn is one of the best known builders in the State, and has been in business in Littleton upward of twenty years. He built the State Normal School building, at Plymouth, the Oak Hill house, and has had large contracts at the mountains.

Probably nothing else has contributed so much to establish the reputation of Littleton abroad as the stereoscopic view business of B. W. Kilburn (formerly Kilburn Brothers), which has long been the most extensive of the kind in the

world. This firm commenced making mountain views for the stereoscope about eighteen years ago. The pictures soon attained a wide popularity, and Mr. Kilburn visited other sections of the State and of the country at large, as well as Canada, Mexico, the Bermudas, England, Scotland, and Ireland, constantly increasing the variety until he has now from four to five thousand negatives, including statuary, fancy groups, etc. A large three-story building, erected for the purpose, is occupied by his business, and the number of pictures produced and sold last year reached 417,000.

Mr. G. H. Aldrich, successor to F. G. Weller, also does considerable business in the manufacture of stereoscopic views, but his specialty is portraiture, in which he has a monopoly of the business in the town, and a large patronage from abroad, the excellence of his work in this line being widely recognized. In this connection should also be mentioned the studio of John Ready, a student of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, who has developed remarkable talent as a crayon artist. He has produced some superior portraits in this line, while his pictures in oil are also excellent.

In general mercantile business, Littleton leads all towns in Northern New Hampshire. Its merchants include many enterprising and substantial men, long established in business, with large and well-stocked stores inviting the patronage of a wide extent of territory. The firm of C. and C. F. Eastman, at the "Depot store," so called, have a heavy trade in flour, grain, groceries, hardware, iron, agricultural implements, salt, fertilizers, building materials, and other heavy goods. Col. Cyrus Eastman, the senior partner, has been in business in Littleton since 1836. He has long been the leading trader in town, and has been extensively engaged in outside business. He was a member of the Executive Council of this State in 1859. Nelson C. Farr, who has a large general store, commenced business in Littleton in 1843, but removed to Bethlehem two years later, where he remained till 1863, when he returned to Littleton. He has an extensive trade, as have Southworth, Lovejoy & English, in the same line. Dow Brothers and Charles A. Farr have also well patronized general stores. L. D. Sanborn has a large furniture store, unsurpassed in the State north of Concord, while Bellows & Son do a large business in clothing, carpets, crockery, and paper hangings, and C. C. Smith in stoves and tin ware. Mr. Smith's business has been established nearly fifty years, having been commenced by his father, H. B. Smith, in 1833, in the same location now occupied. The restaurant, fancy grocery, and oyster house business of S. Ouvrand, established in 1870, is worthy of special mention for its excellent management and success. Eaton & Greene have a large trade in groceries and provisions, and Calhoun, Blake, & Bowles in meats and provisions. Other dealers are C. W. Brackett & Co., hardware; E. C. Mansfield, Littleton One Price Dry Goods company; O. M. Fisher, dry and fancy goods; Tilton Brothers and Opera Clothing company, clothing, hats, caps, trunks, valises, etc.; L. P. Cole, boots, shoes, and groceries; E. Flint and T. W. Stevens, clocks, watches, and jewelry; Truman Stevens and Asa Colburn, harnesses, trunks, etc.; W. F. Robins and Robinson Brothers, drugs and medicines, both having fine stores; D. O. Wallace & Co., books, stationery, and fancy goods; W. A. Matthewson, baker and confectioner; beside milliner shops, variety stores, and other minor establishments.

The Littleton National and Savings banks, established in October, 1871, are both flourishing institutions, among the most successful of the kind in the State. John Farr is president of the former, and George A. Bingham of the latter—O. C. Hatch being cashier of the one and treasurer of the other. The capital of the National bank is $150,000. Its average deposits exceed $175,000, and the surplus and undivided profits are upward of $40,000. The

deposits of the Savings Bank. April 1, reached $534,392.79, with a guarantee fund of $13,358.15. Neither bank holds a dollar's worth of bad or doubtful paper.

No sketch of Littleton would be complete without mention of the insurance office of Barrett & Sons. The senior member, Hon. James J. Barrett, commenced here in 1855, and has built up a larger insurance business than any other firm in Northern New Hampshire. They represent a large number of the heaviest American and foreign companies, and, in addition to insurance, have a large conveyancing and general office business.

In the hotel and summer boarding-house line, Littleton occupies a position in the front rank. Thayer's hotel, established by H. L. Thayer thirty-three years ago, has long enjoyed a national reputation, both among summer tourists and the general traveling public, while the Union house, under the management of W. A. Richardson, is largely patronized. The Oak Hill house, of which Capt. George Farr has been proprietor for the last eight years, has become a popular resort of summer boarders, and has been enlarged the present season to more than double its former capacity. It is delightfully situated upon an eminence which commands one of the finest views in the entire mountain region. The "Mountain Home," a cosy and attractive boarding-house, under the management of Mrs. E. D. Sawyer, is the favorite resort during the summer months of many literary people and others of quiet tastes, who would avoid the crowds of the larger houses. There are other private boarding-houses in the place, all well patronized during the season; while there is also a prospect of the erection, in the near future, of one of the largest summer hotels in the State upon the summit of Pine hill, the charter for a company having been already obtained, the site secured, and exemption from taxation for a term of years voted by the town.

Littleton is the most important railway station on the line of the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, so far as the extent of business, both freight and passenger, is concerned. The office of station agent has been filled by Alden Quimby since 1870. From 1856 till 1864, H. E. Chamberlin, present superintendent of the Concord railroad, was station agent at this place. The postal business at this point is also quite large, having doubled in the last six or eight years. The money-order business alone reaches about $50,000 annually. P. W. Goold has been postmaster for the last fourteen years.

The village is supplied with pure water by the Apthorp Reservoir company, whose works were established in 1880 at a cost of $25,000, and are being largely extended the present season. There is no gas company as yet, but the streets are lighted at night by lamps, and a charter for an electric light company was obtained last year. A fire precinct, with a thorough organization, has been maintained for several years. The Littleton village library, Mrs. John Smillie, librarian, has about 1,800 volumes. Pleasant reading rooms, open to the general public, are maintained by the Young Men's Christian association. The Saranac Cornet band, of Littleton, is one of the finest organizations of the kind in the State. The Masonic and Odd Fellows organizations are both well represented here. Burns Lodge, No. 66, F. & A. M., was chartered in June, 1858. The only surviving charter members are James J. Barrett, and Horace E. Chamberlin. The present membership is about 120. St. Gerard Commandery, instituted in 1868, has about sixty members. Lafayette Lodge, No. 11, I. O. O. F., instituted October, 1876, has about eighty-five members, and is in a very flourishing condition. Littleton encampment, instituted April, 1879, numbers about forty-five members. Both the Masons and Odd Fellows have fine well-furnished halls, the former in Union and the latter in Tilton's block. There is also a Grand Army Post,—Marshall Sanders, No. 48,—numbering over eighty members.

A large amount of building was done here last season, including the erection of one of the finest business blocks in the State—Tilton's Opera Block—at a cost of nearly $50,000, together with about sixty dwellings. Considerable building is also in progress the present season, and the outlook for the future growth and prosperity of the place is most flattering. The valuation of the town for purposes of taxation the present year is $1,271,987. The town debt, which was quite large at the close of the war, and for some years subsequently, has been greatly reduced, and will undoubtedly be entirely extinguished in the next five years. The present town officers are Wm. M. Taylor, Isaac Calhoun, and T. L. Parker, selectmen; George E. Lovejoy, clerk; Alonzo Weeks, treasurer; and Rev. F. H. Lyford, superintending school committee.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN IN LOWELL.

AMONG the clergymen of Lowell there have been at different times many able representatives of the Granite State. Rev. Dr. A. A. Miner, of Boston, and Rev. J. G. Adams, both distinguished Universalist divines and natives of New Hampshire, preached several years each in that city; and the Rev. Dr. Eden B. Foster, pastor *emeritus* of the John St. Congregational church, who long ranked among the ablest orthodox clergymen in New England, and whose long and useful career was closed by death on the tenth day of April last, was also born and reared upon New Hampshire soil. Dr. Foster was born in Hanover, May 26, 1813; graduated at Dartmouth in the class of 1827; was for a time Principal of Pembroke Academy; studied theology at Andover Seminary; was settled as pastor of the Congregational church in Henniker in 1841; afterward, preached several years in Pelham; and in 1852 was installed pastor of the John St. church in Lowell, in which relation he remained until 1861, when he retired, seeking rest from arduous labor, on account of failing health. He subsequently located in Springfield, where he preached some time, but returned to Lowell and assumed his former pastorate in 1866, occupying the desk until 1878, when he retired, holding the relation of pastor *emeritus* until his recent decease.

One of the most popular, enthusiastic, and devoted clergymen of Lowell at the present time is the Rev. Josiah Lafayette Seward, a native of the town of Sullivan, but whose home, during most of his early life was in the beautiful village—now city—of Keene. Mr. Seward was born April 17, 1845; received his preparatory education at the Westminster (Vt.) Valley, and Phillips Exeter, academies, graduating from the latter institution in 1864, and from Harvard College in 1868. He then engaged in teaching one year at Frankfort, West Virginia; and then, in 1870 and 1871, as the first principal of the Conant Free Academy in Jaffrey, which institution—established through the liberality of that well-known friend of education, Hon. John Conant,—was organized under his direction. He received the degree of A. M., in course, from Harvard

in 1871, and graduated from the theological department of that university in 1874. Soon after graduation, December 31, 1874, he was ordained pastor of the South Congregational (Unitarian) church in Lowell, and has officiated in that capacity to the present time. His society is one of the largest and most flourishing in the city, embracing more than three hundred families, and has greatly increased under his ministration. It embraces representatives of many old New Hampshire families, including the Wentworths, Penhallows, and others of colonial note. Mr. Seward cherishes a deep interest in his native State, and all matters pertaining to its history and prosperity. He is reported to be gathering material for an history of the town of Sullivan.

In the legal profession the natives of New Hampshire are almost every where "first among the foremost," and in Lowell there has been no exception to the rule. Benjamin F. Butler, who is without a superior in the country as a successful lawyer, saying nothing of his political and military career, is a sufficient illustration of this proposition. It is not fitting, however, to attempt, in this connection, any biographical mention of this distinguished son of New Hampshire and most prominent citizen of Lowell. A separate article, accompanied with a steel-engraved portrait, should be devoted to that subject, and it is to be hoped that the same will be furnished, ere long, by some competent author, for the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

Among the ablest and most successful lawyers now in active practice in Lowell is Hon. George Stevens, who was born in the town of Stoddard, October 23, 1824, and graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1849. Mr. Stevens read law with the late Hon. Ira A. Eastman, in Gilmanton, and ex-Senator Moses Norris, at Pittsfield, while engaged in teaching in the academies in those towns. In the latter town he was associated in the conduct of Pittsfield Academy, with Hon. Lewis W. Clark, now of Manchester, of the present Supreme Court of the State. He was subsequently for some time principal of Appleton Academy—now McCollom Institute—at Mont Vernon. He completed his legal studies in the office of D. S. & W. A. Richardson, in Lowell, and has been engaged in practice in that city since his admission to the bar in 1854. He has served as a member of the Board of Aldermen, and of the State Legislature; was for some time City Solicitor, and served as District Attorney for the Northern District of Massachusetts from 1874 to 1879, distinguishing himself for ability and efficiency in the discharge of his duties as a prosecuting officer. His son, George H. Stevens, also a native of New Hampshire, born in Mont Vernon in July, 1859, who graduated at Dartmouth in 1874, studied law with his father, was admitted to the bar in 1880, and is now associated with him in practice.

Another well known and successful member of the legal fraternity in Lowell, of New Hampshire origin, is Hon. William H. Anderson, who was born in Londonderry, January 12, 1836. He fitted for college at Andover and Meriden, and graduated from Yale in 1859. He read law in Lowell with Morse & Stevens, and was admitted to the bar in 1862. For several years, until Mr. Stevens's election as District Attorney, he was a partner with him in practice. He is a good lawyer, a safe counsellor, and has also been much engaged in public and corporate affairs, serving in the city government, in both branches of the State Legislature, as bank director, etc. He is a prominent member of the Masonic order, and a popular man in all the relations of life.

Robert B. Caverly, well known as an author and historian (author of the History of Barnstead, Annals of the Caverly Family, and several other works), is also a Lowell lawyer and a native of this State. He is a native of Strafford, a son of the late Lieut. John Caverly, of that town, and is now about seventy-six years of age. He graduated at Harvard Law School, practiced for a time

at Livingston, Me., and located in Lowell nearly forty years ago. In former years he was regarded as a dangerous antagonist at the bar, but has devoted himself principally to literary work for a long time past.

Other Lowell lawyers, native of New Hampshire, are L. E. Shepard, born in Raymond in 1820, who graduated at Dartmouth in 1851, taught school several years, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in Lowell in 1862; and J. C. Kimball, a native of Plainfield, who graduated at Oberlin in 1853, studied law with Hon. George W. Morrison, of Manchester, was some time principal of the Nashua High School, and has been in practice in Lowell over twenty years.

In referring to New Hampshire lawyers in Lowell, the venerable judge of the Police Court—Hon. Nathan Crosby—is not to be overlooked. He is a member of the noted Crosby family, of Sandwich, and a brother of Drs. Dixi, Josiah, and other celebrated physicians. He was born February 12, 1798, and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1820, Hon. George W. Nesmith, of Franklin, being among his classmates. He studied law with Stephen Moody at Gilmanton, and Asa Freeman at Dover, and was admitted to the bar in the latter city in 1823. He practiced his profession at Gilmanton, at Amesbury, Mass., and in Boston, and located in Lowell in 1843, where he has served continuously as Police Judge for nearly forty years. Probably no man in the country has had a longer experience at the head of a single judicial tribunal, and certainly no one has so administered justice as to gain and retain in larger degree the confidence and respect of the public. He has long been identified with the material interests of the city of his residence in various directions, and in his capacity as an attorney negotiated for the manufacturing corporations of Lowell and Lawrence the control of the lake waters of this State, which they hold at the present time. Although now in his eighty-fifth year Judge Crosby retains his intellectual vigor and his bodily powers in a remarkable degree, regularly attends the daily sessions of his court, and exhibits a lively interest in current events and all movements and measures affecting the public welfare.

Nor should reference be omitted, in this connection, to the venerable and honorable John A. Knowles, a native of our town of Pembroke, born April 25, 1800. Mr. Knowles fitted for Dartmouth College and entered that institution, but was prevented by ill health from completing the course. He subsequently taught school in various towns in this State; but went to Lowell in 1828, where he studied law in the office of Elisha Glidden, was admitted to the bar, and commenced practice half a century ago. He was City Solicitor in 1841, a Representative in the Legislature in 1834, 1843, and 1844; and State Senator in 1847. He was president of the Appleton Bank for nearly thirty years previous to 1876, when he resigned, and was for a long time treasurer of the Lowell & Lawrence Railroad. He served upon the school committee for many years, and was a member of the board when Hon. Moody Currier, now of Manchester, was principal of the High School, some forty years ago.

Reference to school affairs suggests the fact that the first grammar school teacher in Lowell, under the union system, who had previously been many years engaged in teaching there, is still living in that city at the age of eighty years, and in the full enjoyment of physical and intellectual activity,—Mr. Joshua Merrill, who is also a son of this State, born in Milford, March 17, 1802. He commenced teaching in Lowell in November, 1827, having walked there from Milford to engage a school, which he took for thirteen weeks at eighty dollars for the term, paying his board therefrom. At this time Warren Colburn, whose lessons in intellectual arithmetic were familiar to pupils in the public schools a generation or two since, was a member of the school committee in Lowell. Mr. Merrill continued actively engaged in teaching for a period of

twenty-seven years. In 1832 the district system was abolished, and he became principal in the first grammar school opened,—the same now known as the Edson school,—at a salary of $500 per annum. During his extended service as a teacher in the Lowell schools, Mr. Merrill had the training of a larger number of pupils than has fallen to the lot of any other teacher in the city. A large portion of the substantial business men of Lowell, and their wives, have been under his instruction for various periods, Gen. Butler and ex-Mayor Peabody among others. It is his boast that one Governor of New Hampshire (Straw), and the wives of two others (Cheney and Head), were among his pupils. He is also reported to have declared, in a speech on some public occasion, that, although regarded as one of the most quiet and inoffensive citizens, he had whipped more Lowell men, and held their wives upon his knee oftener, than any other man living, which declaration is undoubtedly correct. Mr. Merrill discontinued his service as a teacher in 1845, and engaged in the book trade on Merrimack street, near the Post Office, where he has recently been succeeded in business by a son, although still more or less engaged in the store. He has served many years upon the school committee, was also a member of the Common Council, and a Representative in the Legislature of 1857.

New Hampshire has one excellent representative among the Lowell teachers at the present time in the person of Arthur K. Whitcomb, a native of Littleton, subsequently of Bath, who graduated at Dartmouth in 1873, and was for three years engaged in journalism in Lowell. He has been principal of the Varnum Grammar School for the last five years. The teacher of music in the Lowell schools is also a New Hampshire man by birth—George F. Willey, a son of the Rev. Isaac Willey, now of Pembroke, who was born in Rochester in 1827. He was educated at Phillips Academy in Andover, and was a teacher of music in that institution at seventeen years of age. He taught music in the Lawrence schools for five years, and came to Lowell in 1851, where he has since resided. He has been teacher of music in the Lowell schools since 1866, and is director of the Lowell Conservatory of Music. He has been two years president of the Lowell Y. M. C. Association, and is superintendent of the Belvidere Mission.

In the medical profession, also, New Hampshire men are preëminent in Lowell. Dr. Gilman Kimball, who enjoys a national reputation as a surgeon, and who has been an active practitioner in that city for more than half a century, was born in the town of Hill, December 8, 1804. He graduated at the Dartmouth Medical School in 1827, and settled in practice in Chicopee, Mass., but soon went to Europe, and spent some time in attending surgical clinics in the hospitals of Paris. Returning to America he located in Lowell in 1830, where he has since resided, devoting his attention mainly to surgery. He has performed many difficult operations in all departments, but his specialty is ovariotomy, in which he has had no superior in the country. He was chosen Professor of Surgery in the Vermont Medical College at Woodstock, and in the Berkshire Medical College, but resigned to take charge of the Lowell Hospital, which was under his management for a long term of years. He has made numerous contributions to medical literature, and received the honorary degree of M. D. from Williams, and Yale, and that of A. M. from Dartmouth.

Dr. Charles A. Savory, though not a native of New Hampshire, was taken to Hopkinton in early childhood and was reared in that town. He attended school at Contoocook in youth, the late Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase being one of his teachers for a time in that place. He graduated from Dartmouth Medical College in 1836, practiced a number of years in Hopkinton and War-

ner, was appointed Professor of Obstetrics in the Philadelphia Medical College in 1848, served one year, and then came to Lowell, where he has since been in successful practice. Dr. Cyrus M. Fisk, who is associated with Dr. Savory in practice, is a native of Chichester, fifty-seven years of age. He is also a graduate of the Dartmouth Medical School; commenced practice in Contoocookville, and subsequently removed to Bradford, where he remained until 1872, except the time spent in army service as surgeon of the 16th Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers. He has been in practice in Lowell for the last ten years. He is one of the censors of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and has been for several years a member of the staff of St. John's Hospital.

Dr. Joseph H. Smith, who had long been prominent in the medical profession, in politics, in public life and as a newspaper publisher, in New Hampshire, removed to Lowell in 1867, where he has since resided. Dr. Smith is a native of Rochester, graduated at the Brunswick (Me.) Medical College, in 1829, and immediately commenced practice in his native town, removing to Dover in 1832, where he remained until his removal to Lowell. He was a member of the New Hampshire legislature in 1837, of the state senate in 1844–45, presidential elector in 1848, and a member of the executive council in 1851 and 1852. He also held various other responsible offices, corporate and municipal, and was for several years publisher of the Dover *Gazette*,—all this in addition to an extensive medical practice. In 1871 he established in Lowell the Middlesex *Democrat*, a weekly paper devoted to the interests of the Democratic party, and a year later started the Lowell *Daily Times*. He sold these papers in 1873, but took charge of them again in 1875, continuing their management till 1879, when he sold to Campbell & Hanscom, the present proprietors.

Dr. Hermon J. Smith, son of the above, born in Dover in 1836, has been for several years a prominent physician in Lowell. He graduated at Tufts College in 1858—the first graduating class of that institution; studied in Harvard and Dartmouth Medical Colleges, graduating from the latter; was two years assistant surgeon in the general service in the army, during the late war; practiced five years in New York City, and has been in practice in Lowell for the last eleven years. He filled the office of city physician for five years, was eight years in charge of the Lowell Hospital, and is now president of the staff in charge of that institution.

In journalism, as in all other professions, New Hampshire representatives are also here conspicuous. The two leading papers of the city, the *Times* and the *Courier*, representing the opposing parties in politics, are both practically in the hands of New Hampshire men. Campbell & Hanscom (James L. Campbell and George A. Hanscom), the proprietors of the *Times*, though the latter is a native of Maine, were long residents of Manchester, and joint proprietors with J. M. Campbell and A. A. Hanscom in the daily *Union* of that city. They removed to Lowell and purchased the *Times* in December, 1879, and under their management it has greatly prospered and increased in circulation and influence. It is the only morning paper in the city, and is largely patronized by people of all classes.

The *Courier*, an afternoon paper, published by Marden & Rowell, is also a vigorous and prosperous journal. Both the proprietors were born and reared in New Hampshire. George A. Marden is a native of Mont Vernon, and Edward T. Rowell of Concord. They were classmates at Dartmouth College, graduating from that institution in 1861. Both served in the Union army during the late war, the former as Lieutenant and Quartermaster, and the latter attaining the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. They located in Lowell and purchased the *Courier* in 1867, and have since conducted it, Mr. Marden having had some previous journalistic experience at Concord, Boston, and at Charleston, West

Virginia, where he published a paper for a short time. Under their management the *Courier* is a pronounced and aggressive Republican paper. Mr. Marden served one year in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and has been for about ten years past clerk of that body, in which position he has become extremely popular. Mr. Rowell has been postmaster of Lowell for eight years past, and as a genuine stalwart Republican may be regarded as safely established in the same position during the continuance of the present administration. He is also a director of the Old Lowell National Bank, and secretary of the Middlesex (North) Agricultural Society. Clark M. Langley, foreman of the job department of the *Courier* office, formerly of Moore & Langley of the Nashua *Telegraph*, is also a native of New Hampshire, born in Canaan in 1828. He learned the printer's trade in Lowell, commencing as apprentice in the office of the Lowell *Advertiser*, at eleven years of age, at the time when Hon. William Butterfield, now of Concord, was engaged as editor of that paper. He was afterward, for sixteen years, in the employ of Dr. J. C. Ayer, doing the printing for his extensive manufactory of patent medicines. Subsequently he was for ten years in partnership with Mr. Moore in the publication of the Nashua *Telegraph*, but for the last four years has been with the *Courier*, in charge of the job department.

THE GENTIANS.

L. E. CHELLIS.

The twilight shades had fallen
Upon the toilworn day,
While dews of evening mercy
Refreshed the heated way;

And when the moon shone golden
Above the starlit hours,
There came, among the shadows,
The angel of the flowers.

The purple asters brightened,
The golden-rods grew fair,
And many a dream-thought blossomed
Upon the midnight air.

All weary, in the gloaming,
The angel passed in haste,
Where merry-hearted gentians
Smiled from the hedge-row waste.

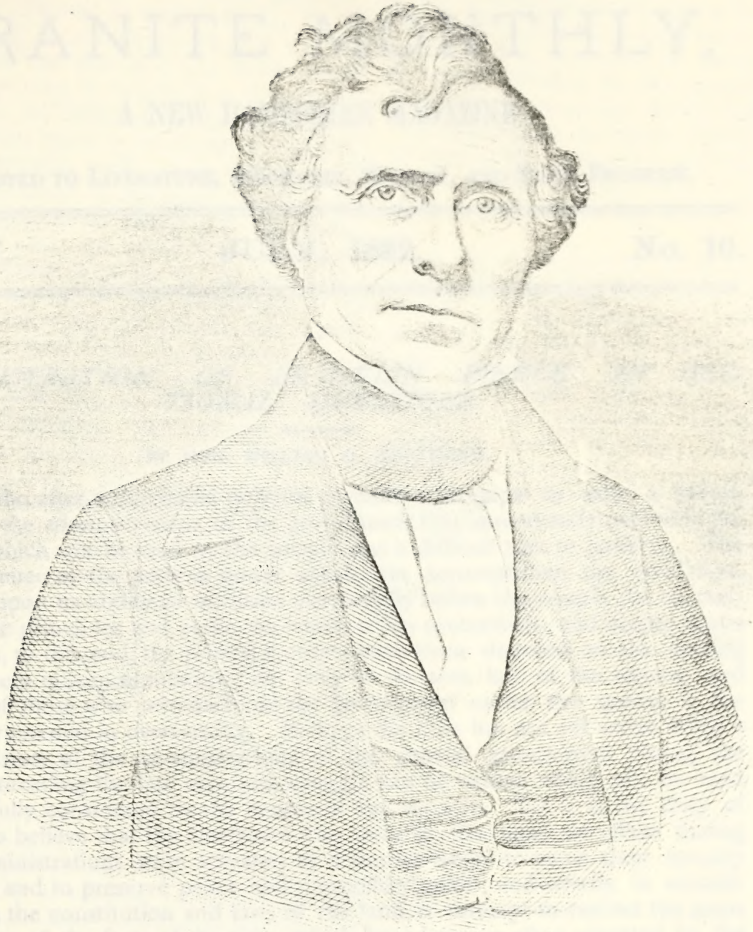
Within each fragile chalice
A drop of crystal dew
Shone like a priceless jewel
Framed round with velvet hue.

One proud blue-cup closed quickly,
In cold and selfish greed,
And one reached forth in gladness
To fill the stranger's need.

The hedges and the hillsides
Wear many gentians blue,
And oft as summer waneth,
The gentian tale is new.

Fair gentians closed in sadness
Receive no blessed light,
Yet dream of falling dew drops
Through all the weary night.

And gentians fringed with beauty
Smile on the opening day;
And oft an angel pauseth
To greet them on its way.



Engraved by J.C. Buttre from a Daguerreotype by Root.

Frank Pierce

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



THE

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ADMINISTRATION OF FRANKLIN PIERCE ON SECTIONAL QUESTIONS.

BY HON. WILLIAM D. NORTHEND.

HE, who after a successful political revolution, attempts to write a history of the administrations of the government that immediately preceded the struggle which will be read by the people, has a difficult task to perform. The very existence of the party in power which has accomplished the revolution, depends upon its ability to maintain successfully before the people the correctness of the principles and action on which it has succeeded; and history shows how often, to this end, the principal efforts have been directed to the making of persistent misrepresentations, not only of the acts, but of the objects and motives of those who administered the government under the system it has been instrumental in overturning. Perhaps the time has not yet come when a correct history of the administrations of the general government during the decade preceding the late sectional struggle can be written which will be read and carefully considered by the people of the country. Yet it is the duty of those who believe that the statesmen who were at the head of affairs during these administrations were actuated by a sincere desire to serve their country faithfully, and to preserve peace and tranquillity under, and strictly in accordance with the constitution and laws of the land, to attempt to correct the gross perversions of the facts of the time, which have been so often repeated by the representative men of the party in power, that they have come to be regarded by large masses of the people as historical truths.

It is our purpose in this article, principally, to review the acts under the administration of Franklin Pierce, from 1853 to 1857, so far as they relate to the sectional agitation out of which our late war was originated. The records of this administration constitute only a chapter in the history of this agitation, which was commenced on the purchase of Louisiana, in 1804; and which, subsequently, threatened the existence of the Union in the war of 1812, in the controversy upon the admission of Missouri, in 1820, in the disaffection in South Carolina in 1830, and in the settlement of territorial questions in 1850. It arose out of jealousies in regard to the balance of power between the sections in the future. The people of the northern section regarded the acquisition of Louisiana as giving an undue influence to the southern section, and the war of 1812 as a contest waged in the interests of the South to the injury of the busi-

ness of the North, which was then with the admission of new states in the southwest, the minority section. The question of slavery did not enter into the discussions of either of these periods. In the controversy upon the admission of Missouri as a state, for the first time the slavery question was introduced, as it had become apparent that the affinity of the new states to be created with the one section or the other, would be largely affected by the question whether they be admitted as free or slave states, the states of the North being all free, and those of the South all slave. The disaffection in South Carolina and other states in the South in 1830 was created by the feeling that the existing protective tariff was an act of great injustice to that section,—that it was for the benefit of the large manufacturers of the North, to the sacrifice of the great agricultural interests of the South.

After 1830, was commenced the discussion of the moral question of slavery, which added intensity to the sectional feeling. In the meantime, with the large increase of the population of the North and the admission of new free states, it became evident that, within a brief period, the North would be able to control every department of the general government. Extreme men in both sections advocated extreme measures. They were opposed by the conservative men, both North and South, who hoped for a peaceable solution of the difficulties. But the agitation was continued. After the close of the Mexican war, there was a necessity for organizing the vast territory which had been acquired. This opened a wide field for agitation. The extremists at the North, reinforced with the moral stimulants which had been wanting in the former struggles, made great and rapid progress. Holding in many states the balance of power between the national parties, they were enabled to increase largely their influence in Congress, and to enlist in their cause the great mass of the clergy of their section. This increased the excitement at the South. The subject was early brought to a practical test. Propositions for the introduction of California as a state into the Union, and for the formation of territorial governments for Utah and New Mexico, were made in the Congress of the United States. A long and fierce struggle followed. The extremists of the North were determined to prohibit slavery in all the territories. The statesmen of the country became alarmed. The subject was referred to a large committee of the Senate, consisting of Messrs. Clay, Cass, Dickinson, Bright, Webster, Phelps, Cooper, King, Mason, Downs, Mangum, Bell, and Berrien. This committee, composed of the ablest statesmen of the country, of both political parties, and from both sections, applied itself to the great duty committed to it of devising some possible and comprehensive mode of disposing of the immediate questions before the country, and of removing the cause of the agitation. The only policy that had been tried in the past was that of the Missouri Compromise, which limited slavery by the adoption of a conventional geographical line. This had never been acceptable to the people of either section. The South had regarded it as of at least doubtful constitutionality, interfering as it did with the principle of the equality of the states and of the rights of their citizens. The North regarded its indorsement of it as an acknowledgment that slavery was entitled to a foothold in the public domain. But the compromise subserved the purpose for which it had been framed. Under it, Missouri was admitted as a state in 1821, and in 1845 the principles of it were applied to Texas in the act authorizing its admission as a state into the Union. But a rapid change in the sentiments of the people of the North was being effected, and in 1848 Congress refused, by a nearly sectional vote, to apply the principles of the Missouri Compromise in the bill providing a territorial government for Oregon, a large majority of the Southern members voting in favor of the application of the principles, and a large majority of the North-

ern members voting against it. Such had been the legislation upon the subject when the committee of the Senate of 1850 was called upon to perform its duty. The vote on the Oregon bill had made it evident that the North would not be satisfied with the application of the Missouri Compromise line as a settlement, and it was as evident that the South would not consent to any act which should deny to the people of the states of that section any rights or privileges in the territories conceded to the people of the states of the North. It was plain that a new policy must be adopted which could be approved by the people of both sections. After much deliberation, the committee, through Mr. Clay its chairman, reported a series of bills intended to meet the present exigencies, and if adopted, to bring a finality to slavery agitation. These bills provided for the admission of California with a constitution forbidding slavery; for territorial governments for Utah and New Mexico, with the provision that, when admitted as states, these territories should be received into the Union with or without slavery, as their constitutions should prescribe at the time of their admission; for the relinquishment by Texas, for a consideration, of all territory north and west of a proposed boundary line; for the suppression of the slave trade in the District of Columbia; and for an amendment of the fugitive slave act, so called. The South regarded these bills, excepting the fugitive slave bill, in their application to the territories in question, as large concessions to the North; as the only territory in which slavery could probably have an existence, was Southern California, from which it was precluded by the constitution which had been framed by the people of California, and under which the bill reported proposed its admission as a state into the Union; and they regarded the fugitive slave bill as only intended to carry into effect a plain provision of the constitution. Notwithstanding the objections in the South to the Missouri Compromise policy, yet the members of Congress from that section preferred the application of its principles to these territories, to the adoption of the policy reported by Mr. Clay. They decided to make a test case on the bill for the admission of California. Accordingly, when that bill was before the Senate, Mr. Turney, of Tennessee moved an amendment, in which it was provided,— "That the line of 36 degrees and 30 minutes of north latitude, known as the Missouri Compromise line, as defined by the eighth section of an act entitled, 'An act to authorize the people of the Missouri Territory to form a constitution and state government, and for the admission of each state into the Union on an equal footing with the original states, and to prohibit slavery in certain territories,' approved March 6, 1820, be, and the same is, hereby declared to extend to the Pacific Ocean; and the said eighth section, together with the compromise therein effected, is hereby revived and declared to be in full force and binding for the future organization of the territories of the United States, in the same sense and with the same understanding with which it was originally adopted." The question was taken by yeas and nays, and the amendment was rejected by a vote of twenty-four to thirty-two. Every senator from the North, including Messrs. Hale, Hamlin, and Seward, voted nay; and every senator from the South, except four, voted yea. The North by a unanimous vote refused to apply the principles of the Missouri Compromise to the territory of California, and the South, with only four members dissenting, voted to apply them. This settled the question, and, after the adoption of amendments, the bills, substantially as reported by Mr. Clay, were passed by decided majorities.

These measures inaugurated an entirely new policy in regard to slavery in the territories. In the place of limitations by arbitrarily drawn geographical lines, was substituted authority in the people of the several territories to determine for themselves the question of slavery within their limits, in the same way

they determined the character of their other domestic institutions. It was intended as a settlement of the questions relating to the organization of these territories, and as a policy to be applied to all territories in the future; and the statesmen who advocated the adoption of the policy believed that it was such a disposition of the subject, in principle and substance, as would bring a finality to slavery agitation.

The passage of these acts was hailed with rejoicing by the people of the whole country. The people of the South felt that, although they were called upon to make a sacrifice in the application of the new policy to these territories, yet, that it was based upon sound principles, and would bring an end to the agitation which threatened an interference with their material interests and constitutional rights. The sectional excitement subsided; and when, in June, 1852, the two national parties held their conventions for the nomination of candidates for the presidency, so strong and almost universal was the approval of the principles of this compromise throughout both sections, that they were adopted unequivocally in the platform of both parties. The Democratic convention pledged its party to "abide by and adhere to a faithful execution of the acts known as the compromise measures settled by the last Congress, the act for reclaiming fugitives from labor included, which act, being designed to carry out an express provision of the constitution, can not, with fidelity thereto, be repealed, nor so changed as to destroy or impair its efficiency;" and "That the Democratic party will resist all attempts at renewing, in Congress or out of it, the agitation of the slavery question, under whatever shape or color the attempt may be made." The Whig convention resolved, "that these compromise measures, the act known as the fugitive slave law included, are received and acquiesced in by the Whig party of the United States, as a settlement, in principal and substance, of the dangerous and exciting questions which they embrace;" and, "We will maintain this system as essential to the nationality of the Whig party, and the integrity of the Union." The Free-soil Democracy, at their convention at Pittsburg, on the 11th of August, which was presided over by Henry Wilson, resolved that there should be "no more slave states, no slave territories;" and "That the doctrine that any human law is a *finality* and not subject to modification or repeal is not in accordance with the creed of the founders of our government, and is dangerous to the liberties of our people."

The result was, that Franklin Pierce was elected president, having carried twenty-seven states, choosing two hundred and fifty-four electors; General Scott, the Whig candidate, having carried only four states, Massachusetts, Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee, choosing forty-two electors. The popular vote in all the states except South Carolina, where the electors were chosen by the legislature, was for Pierce 1,601,274, for Scott 1,386,580, for Hale, the Free-soil candidate, 155,825, against 291,342 for the Free-soil candidate in 1848.

There was never a more complete or emphatic indorsement by a great people than that made by the people of the United States, of the compromise policy of 1850. The subject of it had been exhaustively considered in both houses of Congress, and the bills embodying it passed by decided majorities. The people of the country had the opportunity for more than two years to deliberate on it. The two great parties in 1852, unequivocally and without any reservation, adopted it in their platforms, and the people of the country, by a vote including South Carolina, of more than 3,000,000 against 155,825, approved and confirmed it. There can be no doubt but, if it had been proposed to further confirm the policy by a constitutional amendment, it would have been accomplished without the dissent of a single state. Mr. Greeley, in his work,

"The American Conflict," closes the chapter giving an account of this election as follows: "And whatever else the election might have meant there was no doubt that the popular verdict was against 'slavery agitation,' and in favor of maintaining the compromise of 1850." We have been thus particular in stating this result, and the principles upon which it was accomplished, that the reader may understand how far President Pierce carried out to the letter and in the spirit, the declared wishes of the people of the United States.

Franklin Pierce was inaugurated president March 4, 1853. In his first message to Congress he said:

"The controversies which have agitated the country heretofore are passing away with the causes which produced them and the passions which they had awakened, or if any trace of them remains, it may be reasonably hoped that it will be only perceived in the zealous rivalry of all good citizens to testify their respect for the rights of the states, their devotion to the Union, and their common determination that each one of the states, its institutions, its welfare, and its domestic peace, shall be held alike secure under the sacred ægis of the constitution," and, "recurring to these principles, which constitute the organic basis of union, we perceive that, vast as are the functions and duties of the Federal government, vested in, or entrusted to, its three great departments, the legislative, executive, and judicial, yet the substantive power, the popular force, and the large capacities for social and material development, exist in the respective states, which, all being of themselves well constituted republics, as they preceded, so they alone are capable of maintaining and perpetuating, the American Union. The Federal government has its appropriate line of action in the specific and limited powers conferred on it by the constitution, chiefly as to those things in which the states have a common interest in their relations to one another and to foreign governments; while the great mass of interests which belong to cultivated men, the ordinary business of life, the springs of industry, all the diversified personal and domestic affairs of society, rest securely upon the general reserved powers of the people of the several states. There is the effective Democracy of the nation, and there the vital essence of its being and greatness;" and "The minimum of Federal government compatible with the maintenance of national unity and efficient action in our relations with the rest of the world, should afford the rule and measure of construction of our powers under the general clauses of the constitution. A spirit of strict deference to the sovereign rights and dignity of every state, rather than a disposition to subordinate the states into a provincial relation to the central authority, should characterize all our exercise of the respective powers temporarily vested in us as a sacred trust from the generous confidence of our constituents. In like manner, as a manifestly indispensable condition of the perpetuation of the Union and of the realization of that magnificent national future adverted to, does the duty become yearly stronger and clearer upon us, as citizens of the several states, to cultivate a fraternal and affectionate spirit, language, and conduct, in regard to other states and in relation to the varied interests, institutions, and habits of sentiment and opinion, which may respectively characterize them. Mutual forbearance, respect, and non-interference in our personal action as citizens and an enlarged exercise of the most liberal principles of comity in the public dealings of state with state, whether in legislation, or in the execution of laws, are the means to perpetuate that confidence and fraternity, the decay of which a mere political union, on so vast a scale, could not long survive."

In reference to the compromise of 1850, he said:

"When the grave shall have closed over all who are now endeavoring to meet the obligations of duty, the year 1850 will be recurred to as a period

filled with anxious apprehensions. A successful war had just terminated. Peace brought with it a vast augmentation of territory. Disturbing questions arose, bearing upon the domestic institutions of one portion of the Confederacy and involving the constitutional rights of the states. But notwithstanding differences of opinion and sentiment, which have existed in relation to details and specific provisions, the acquiescence of distinguished citizens, whose devotion to the Union can never be doubted, has given renewed vigor to our institutions and restored a sense of repose and security to the public mind throughout the confederacy. That this repose is to suffer no shock during my official term, if I have power to avert it, those who placed me here may be assured."

Within a few days after the meeting of Congress, a bill for the organization of the territory of Nebraska was submitted to the Senate and referred to the committee on territories. This committee reported a bill which was recommitted. It afterward reported a new bill dividing Nebraska into two territories, the one to be known as Nebraska and the other as Kansas. In the bill it was provided that, "the eighth section of the Missouri Compromise act, being inconsistent with the principles of non-intervention by Congress with slavery in the states and territories, as recognized by the legislature of 1850, commonly called the compromise measures, is hereby declared inoperative and void; it being the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any territory or state, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the constitution of the United States." The same provision regarding slavery when the territories should be admitted as states, was made as was provided in the acts for organizing the territories of Utah and New Mexico, in 1850.

The report of this bill to the Senate was the signal for a concerted and most desperate effort on the part of the Northern extremists to revive sectional agitation, and to recover the ground they had lost on the adoption of the compromise measures of 1850. They not only attacked the compromise of 1850, but claimed that if the principles of it were defensible, yet that they did not apply to this territory, as it was a part of the Louisiana purchase. They contended that the provisions of the Missouri Compromise act were binding, and that Congress had no authority to change them, although, in their recent convention, they had denied that "any human law is a *finality* and not subject to modification or repeal." But the Missouri Compromise act was not a law, but simply a declaration of policy liable to be superseded by any new line of policy which in the future might be shown to be more beneficial. They further claimed that, if the Missouri Compromise was not binding in law, yet, that it was a solemn declaration of policy which was binding upon the consciences of the legislators. This claim was made by men pledged to no slavery in the territories, who declared their consciences would not permit of their consenting to slavery on either side of the Missouri Compromise line, and who had opposed and voted against the principles of this compromise on the passage of the acts for the organization of the territory of Oregon in 1848 and for the admission of California as a state in 1850. The adoption of the new policy in 1850 was unequivocal. In the opinion of the statesmen of the time, the circumstances of the country demanded it, and it had received the emphatic indorsement of the people of the whole country in the election which followed. And no subsequent Congress could be justified in superseding the principles of it, thus adopted and confirmed, except upon their failure to accomplish the end for which they were designed, or upon such a change in circumstances as would render expedient the adoption of another policy.

Systematic and strenuous efforts were made to influence Congress. The legislatures of the northern states were invoked to pass resolves against the passage of the act; inflammatory appeals and the grossest misrepresentations were made to the people. The agitation was largely increased by the clergy, and, in March, 1854, a petition, signed by 3,050 ministers of New England, of the different denominations, against the passage of the bill, was presented in the Senate, in which they protested, "in the name of Almighty God, and in his presence," against the passage of the bill, and described it as a measure "exposing us to the righteous judgment of the Almighty." The bill passed the Senate March 3, by a vote of yeas 37, nays 14. The bill was not taken up in the House until May 8. A violent struggle was made against it. It was discussed until May 24, when it passed by a vote of 113 yeas, 100 nays. In the discussion of the bill much more acrimony was exhibited than in any previous discussion of the subject. The power of the Northern extremists in the House was largely increased. The two great statesmen, Messrs. Clay and Webster, who had been influential in the passage of the compromise acts in 1850, were both dead. Mr. Calhoun died pending the discussion of the measures. The charge of defending and applying the principles of this great measure of conciliation was left to other able and distinguished statesmen of the time, but the loss of the commanding personal influence throughout the country of these leading statesmen was severely felt.

President Pierce, in his annual message in December, 1855, made a brief statement of the facts in regard to the legislation of 1850, and added:

"When, more recently, it became requisite to organize the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, it was natural and legitimate, if not the inevitable consequence of previous events and legislation, that the same great and sound principles which had already been applied to Utah and New Mexico should be applied to them; that they should stand exempt from the restrictions proposed in the act relative to the state of Missouri. These restrictions were in the estimation of many thoughtful men null from the beginning, unauthorized by the constitution, contrary to the treaty stipulations for the cession of Louisiana, and inconsistent with the equality of these states. They had been stripped of all moral authority by persistent efforts to secure their indirect repeal through contradictory enactments. They had been practically abrogated by the legislation attending the organization of Utah and New Mexico and Washington. If any vitality remained in them it would have been taken away, in effect, by the new territorial acts, in the form originally proposed to the Senate at the first session of the last Congress. It was manly and ingenuous, as well as patriotic and just, to do this directly and plainly, and thus relieve the statute book of an act which might be of possible future injury, but of no possible future benefit; and the measure of the repeal was the final consummation and complete recognition of the principle that no portion of the United States shall undertake, through assumption of the powers of the general government, to dictate the social institutions of any other portion. * * * The measure could not be withstood on its merits alone. It was attacked with violence on the false or delusive pretext that it constituted a breach of faith. Never was objection more utterly destitute of substantial justification. When, before, was it imagined by sensible men that a regulative or declarative statute, whether enacted ten or forty years ago, is irrepealable; that an act of Congress is above the constitution? If indeed there were in the facts any cause to impute bad faith, it would attach to those only who had never ceased, from the time of the enactment of the restrictive provision to the present day, to denounce and condemn it; who have constantly refused to complete it by needful supplementary legislation; who have spared no exertion to deprive it of moral force; who

have themselves again and again attempted its repeal by the enactment of incompatible provisions; and who, by the inevitable reactionary effect of their own violence on the subject, awakened the country to perception of the true constitutional principle of leaving the matter involved to the discretion of the people of the respective existing or incipient states."

Immediately upon the passage of the Nebraska and Kansas act, the settlement of Kansas was commenced by people from Missouri and from the northern and western states. In the progress of this settlement, disputes and difficulties occurred between the settlers from the free states and those from Missouri, which, in many instances, resulted in disorder and conflict. The acts and events of this period were much exaggerated, and their causes grossly misrepresented at the North. Although no difficulties of the kind had occurred in the settlement of Utah, New Mexico, or Nebraska, which were organized under precisely the same provisions as Kansas, yet it was claimed at the North that these difficulties in the case of Kansas, were the natural and inevitable results of the new policy, inviting competition between the people of the two sections in the settlement of the territory, and that they arose out of a spirit of slavery aggression, as it was called, and were occasioned by determined efforts on the part of the people of the South to exclude free state settlers by force, and to make Kansas a slave state, at all hazards. This furnished the fuel for an excited and continuous agitation of the slave question, which was prolonged through this and the next administration, and which was most instrumental in precipitating the bloody conflict between the sections which followed. It is important to understand the facts of this period. To the time of the introduction in the Senate of the Nebraska and Kansas bill, a large part of these territories, which was formerly known as the Platte country, was covered by Indian reservations into which the whites were strictly forbidden to enter. During the pendency of this bill, and but a short time before its passage, treaties were concluded at Washington, with the different tribes of Indians in possession of these reservations, by which large portions of the territories, including some of the best land bordering upon Missouri, were opened for settlement and preëmption, for the first time. On April 26, about one month before the passage of the Nebraska and Kansas act, the legislature of Massachusetts granted a charter to certain individuals, under the name of "The Emigrant Aid Company," with a capital of five millions of dollars, "for the purpose of assisting emigrants to settle in the West," with the provision that "said capital stock may be invested in real and personal estate, *provided* the said corporation shall not hold real estate in this commonwealth to an amount exceeding twenty thousand dollars." A similar corporation, with the same amount of capital, was chartered by the legislature of Connecticut in May of the same year, and another by the legislature of Massachusetts in February, 1855, with a capital of one million of dollars. The corporation first chartered as above was at once organized, and in July, 1854, the first company of emigrants was sent out, with instructions as to the lands on which a location should be made. This company was followed by others, and arrangements were made to forward companies every fortnight. This act of the legislature of Massachusetts, and the organization of the company with such a vast capital, created an intense excitement among the people of the part of Missouri bordering upon Kansas. They knew the character of the lands in the territory, and at once entered and preempted some of the best tracts. The fact of this emigration by Missourians was immediately proclaimed through the North, as part of a concerted scheme throughout the South to obtain control of the government of Kansas for the purpose of making it a slave state; and the anti-slavery orators and newspapers called upon the people of the Northern states to organize additional emigrant companies, and to

furnish what was necessary for their support, not forgetting rifles and ammunition, to resist the attempts of the border ruffians, as the people of western Missouri were called, to fasten slavery on this fair domain. But the leaders and managers of this movement at the North were not entirely governed by a desire to make Kansas a free state, and their statements regarding the emigration from Missouri, made in their harangues to the people and in their newspapers, were not entirely fair or truthful. They had no reason to doubt but that, in the ordinary course of emigration, Kansas was destined to be a free state, as, in our experience, the North had furnished nearly all the emigrants to the new territories in which, as in Kansas, white labor could be successfuly employed. The originators of the Emigrant Aid Company in Massachusetts had more knowledge of the state of things in Kansas, in 1854, than any other persons at the North. In the latter part of the year 1854, this company issued a pamphlet entitled "Organization, Objects and Plan of Operations of the Emigrant Aid Company; also a Description of Kansas for the Information of emigrants." Its officers were Amos A. Lawrence, Boston; J. M. S. Williams, Cambridge; and Ely Thayer, Worcester, trustees: Amos A. Lawrence, treasurer; and Thomas H. Webb, of Boston, secretary. In this pamphlet, the trustees state that they have several agents in Kansas, and they publish several letters which they state are written by very reliable men. From the known character of the men composing this board, we may rely upon the statements made, so far as they relate to facts within their knowledge, and upon what is given on information as coming from good authority. In the pamphlet the trustees say that, in return for the advantages the company will give to emigrants, the stockholders will "secure satisfaction by an investment which promises large returns at no distant day;" that, within two or three years, it can dispose of its property in the territory first occupied, and reimburse itself for its first expenses; that then "it will possess several reservations of six hundred and forty acres each, on which its boarding houses and mills stand, and the churches and school-houses which it has rendered necessary. From these centres will the settlement of the state have radiated. In other words these points will be the large commercial positions of the new state. If there were only one such, its value, after the region should be so far peopled, would make a very large dividend to the company which sold it, besides restoring its original capital." Among the letters published, is one dated Independence, Mo., July 17, 1854, "written by a gentleman well known to the secretary, and upon whose opinion reliance may be placed." From this letter we give the following extract, italicised as in the pamphlet: "Rather is it not strange and wonderful that at least one hundred thousand persons from New England are not on their way to this garden of the world at this moment? That such would be the case, I have no doubt, if the good qualities of the land, climate, &c., were understood by them as well as they are by those in Missouri on the borders. The rush from this state (*i. e.* Missouri) to Kansas territory is *not so much to secure a foothold for slavery there* as to secure a *fortune*, notwithstanding what the newspapers say about it." From another letter, from a member of the pioneer party sent out by the company, dated St. Louis, July 24, 1854, we make the following extract: "Nowhere has the party been more kindly received than in St. Louis. We are visited daily by intelligent citizens, who express a warm interest in the movement. We are assured that throughout the state the great bulk of the honest inhabitants desire just such a neighbor state as an encouraged emigration from the respectable inhabitants of the North would make of Kansas."

From these extracts it is plain that the managers of the Emigrant Aid Company understood that the emigration of people from western Missouri into

Kansas was not in pursuance of a concerted scheme throughout the South to obtain control of the government of Kansas, for the purpose of making it a slave state; but was largely a sudden movement, or rush, as it was called in the Northern newspapers, of the people of Missouri, on the border, after information of the chartering of the Emigrant Aid Company, not so much to secure a foothold for slavery, as to anticipate the movements of this company, and to obtain, in advance of it, control of the best lands; and it is as true that the Emigrant Aid Company was incorporated and organized, not so much to secure a foothold for freedom, as to secure a fortune for its stockholders. If the information given by the Emigrant Aid Company, in regard to the emigration from Missouri, was correct, it will be seen how false were the statements made by the anti-slavery leaders through which they were enabled to arouse and inflame the people of the North, and not only to give an unprecedented impetus to slavery agitation, but to incite and encourage the settlers in Kansas, from the North, to the adoption of illegal and violent measures. But notwithstanding the entry into Kansas of emigrants from the different communities and sections, all eager to obtain possession of the best lands, and the antagonism of their views in regard to the institutions which should be adopted, for nearly a year, no serious difficulties occured except in the elections of a delegate to Congress in November, 1854, and of a territorial legislature, March 30, 1855. The free state settlers claimed that large bodies of Missourians, on the border, entered the territory within a few days preceding these elections, particularly the election of March 30th, without the intention of settling in the territory, claimed the right to vote as settlers, and voted in the elections. That there were such interferences, to a greater or less extent, particularly in the election of March 30th, there is no doubt. This gave the pretext for the revolutionary proceedings on the part of the free state men which followed, and which were approved and encouraged by the anti-slavery leaders at the North and in Congress. A mass convention of the free state men was called, and held at Big Springs, September 5, 1855, at which they adopted resolves repudiating the laws made by the legislature, and the officers appointed by the legal authorities, and declared that they would not submit to them; and they further resolved not to vote at the ensuing election for delegate to Congress, but appointed another election for a subsequent day, which was held, and a delegate voted for. On the 23d of October they held a constitutional convention at Topeka, and formed a free state constitution. Under this was ordered the election of a legislature, which was held, and the members chosen were summoned to meet at Topeka, July 4, 1856. They assembled; but were prevented from organizing by Colonel Sumner, with a military force, by order of the President. In the words of Mr. Greeley, "Meantime the settled antagonism between the Federal authorities and the territorial functionaries, and enactments recognized and upheld by them on the one side, and the great mass of her people on the other, had resulted in great practical disorders." The "Kansas war," as it is called, was commenced immediately after the revolutionary convention in September, 1855, and continued until November, 1856. It was, as Mr. Greeley describes it, "a desultory, wasteful, but not very bloody conflict." During this period military forces were employed. The officer in command was specially ordered, in the performance of his responsible and delicate duties, "to carefully abstain from encroachment in any degree upon the proper sphere of the civil authorities, and will observe the greatest caution to avoid any conflict between the civil and military power," and "in the discharge of his duty, to make no discrimination founded on the section of the country from which persons might or had come." How prudently and faithfully these duties were performed is stated in the message of the President in December,

as follows: "Through the wisdom and energy of the present executive of Kansas, and the prudence, firmness, and vigilance of the military officers on duty there, tranquillity has been restored without one drop of blood having been shed in its accomplishment, by the forces of the United States." From November, 1856, to the close of President Pierce's term of office, Kansas remained peaceful. The action of the President and the principles by which he was governed in the performance of his responsible duties during this important period are best stated in his annual message to Congress, December 2, 1856. In this message he says:

"Many acts of disorder it is undeniable have been perpetrated in Kansas, to the occasional interruption, rather than the permanent suspension of regular government. Aggressive and most reprehensible incursions into the Territory were undertaken, both in the North and in the South, and entered it on its northern border, by the way of Iowa, as well as on the eastern by the way of Missouri; and there has existed within it a state of insurrection against the constituted authorities, not without countenance from inconsiderate persons in each of the great sections of the Union. But the difficulties in that Territory have been extravagantly exaggerated for purposes of political agitation elsewhere. The number and gravity of the acts of violence have been magnified, partly by statements entirely untrue, and partly by reiterated accounts of the same rumors or facts. Thus the Territory has been seemingly filled with extreme violence, when the whole amount of such acts has not been greater than what occasionally passes before us in single cities, to the regret of all good citizens, but without being regarded as of general or permanent political consequence. Imputed irregularites in the elections had in Kansas, like occasional irregularites of the same description in the States, were beyond the sphere of action of the Executive. But incidents of actual violence or of organized obstruction of law, pertinaciously renewed from time to time, have been met as they occurred, by such means as were available and as circumstances required; and nothing of this character now remains to affect the general peace of the Union. The attempt of a part of the inhabitants of the Territory to erect a revolutionary government, though seduiously encouraged and supplied with pecuniary aid from active agents of disorder in some of the States, has completely failed. Bodies of armed men, foreign to the Territory, have been prevented from entering or compelled to leave it. Predatory bands, engaged in acts of rapine, under cover of existing political disturbances, have been arrested or dispersed. And every well disposed person is now enabled once more to devote himself in peace to the pursuits of prosperous industry, for the prosecution of which he undertook to participate in the settlement of the Territory."

And further: "In those parts of the United States where, by reason of the inflamed state of the public mind, false rumors and misrepresentations have the greatest currency, it has been assumed that it was the duty of the Executive not only to suppress insurrectionary movements in Kansas, but also to see to the regularity of local elections. It needs little argument to show that the President has no such power. All government in the United States rests substantially upon popular election. The freedom of elections is liable to be impaired by the intrusion of unlawful votes or the exclusion of lawful ones, by improper influences, by violence, or by fraud, but the people of the United States are themselves the all sufficient guardians of their own rights, and to suppose that they will not remedy, in due season, any such incidents of civil freedom, is to suppose them to have ceased to be capable of self-government. The President of the United States has not power to interfere in elections, to

see to their freedom, to canvass their votes, or to pass upon their legality in the Territories any more than in the States. If he had such power, the government might be republican in form, but it would be a monarchy in fact; and, if he had undertaken to exercise it in the case of Kansas, he would have been justly subject to the charge of usurpation, and of violation of the dearest rights of the people of the United States."

The suppression of the internecine war in Kansas was the last act of President Pierce's administration upon any subject connected with the slavery question. How faithfully and well he had performed his duties, and how fully he had redeemed the pledges made in his annual message of 1853, an impartial future will judge. The initiative in the legislation regarding Nebraska and Kansas was taken by Congress. The act for their organization, when passed, came to him for his approval. It came to him as an act strictly within the letter and the spirit of the Constitution, and based upon principles which, after the fullest discussion by a congress composed of the ablest statesmen of that or any other time, were adopted not only to be applied to the Territories embraced in the act which was passed, but for the purpose of inaugurating a policy to be of universal application which would bring a finality to slavery agitation. This was fully understood by all the parties at the time. The Democratic and Whig parties fully understood and adopted the policy in their presidential conventions. The Free-soil party as fully understood that it was intended by Congress to be of universal application, and as a finality, and in their resolves at their presidential convention they made it the distinct issue for the future by declaring that no human law is a finality. The people of the whole country understood it, and by an overwhelming majority at the polls, in both sections, approved and confirmed it. And if, in the face of these facts, the President had attempted to prevent the application of the policy thus so plainly and emphatically declared and indorsed, by interposing his official negative, he would not only have done violence to the plainest dictates of duty, but would have caused a shock to the country, the disastrous effect of which no one could have foretold.

Upon whom rests the responsibility for the disturbances in Kansas which followed, it is not necessary here to determine. It is sufficient that they were not incited or encouraged by the Executive, and that when they did happen, when misguided men set up a revolutionary government which threatened the Territory with a bloody warfare,—when all the passions of the people were aroused, and bands of armed men throughout the Territory were marshaling for the strife, and fierce partisans from the States were hastening, with arms in their hands, to take part in the desperate conflicts, which it seemed almost impossible to avert; then, reluctantly, in the performance of a most painful duty, the President interfered with a military force, which was managed and controlled with such wisdom, firmness, and strict impartiality, making no discrimination on partisan or sectional grounds, and no interference with the civil authorities, as to bring to a close the revolutionary government, turn back the tide of armed adventurers who were attempting to enter the Territory, and disperse all the organized bands within its limits which threatened the peace, not only of Kansas but of the Union, without the shedding, by the military employed, of a drop of blood.

We have thus briefly stated the prominent facts regarding the action of President Pierce upon the sectional questions which agitated the country during the term of his administration. The limits of this article will not permit a review of the measures of his administration upon other and important public questions which involved our relations with foreign powers, the rights of our adopted citizens abroad, the internal improvements of the country, and the

protection and encouragement of our fisheries. That his administration was conducted with great ability, few will dispute. His cabinet was composed of eminent statesmen, among whom were Messrs. Marcy, Guthrie, Davis, and Cushing. The character and personal influence of President Pierce can not be better or more truthfully stated than in the language of Mr. Davis, the only surviving member of his cabinet. We quote from his book, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government":—

"The administration of Franklin Pierce presents the only instance in our history of the continuance of a cabinet for four years without a single change in its *personnel.* When it is remembered that there was much dissimilarity if not incongruity of character among the members of that cabinet, some idea may be formed of the power over men possessed and exercised by Mr. Pierce. Chivalrous, generous, amiable, true to his friends and to his faith, frank and bold in the declaration of his opinions, he never deceived any one. And if treachery had ever come near him, it would have stood abashed in the presence of his truth, his manliness, and his confiding simplicity."

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afterwards, from time to time published by the respective classes prior to 1802, some of them on sheets but six inches square.

The first official college catalogue was issued first in 1802. It was printed on one side of a large sheet, from 1802 to 1810. None was issued in 1812. It was a duodecimo in 1827–1830, 1835, 1838–1844; otherwise it was an octavo. In 1841 and 1844, it was issued in both forms.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN IN LOWELL.

TO enumerate all the natives of New Hampshire, resident in Lowell, who have been or are now prominent in business life and in various industrial occupations in that city, would be an almost interminable task. Following is a brief mention of a few of the number with whom the writer came in contact during a recent brief visit to the Spindle City:

Jacob Rogers, president of the Railroad National Bank, is a native of Exeter, and about fifty years of age. He has been a resident of Lowell for the past thirty years, being for a long time engaged in the hardware business with his brother, John F. Rogers, who was subsequently cashier of the bank of which he is president. Upon the death of his brother, in 1870, he was chosen to the position which he now occupies.

Charles M. Williams, cashier of the Old Lowell National Bank, is also a native of Exeter, born June 26, 1836. He removed with his father to Lowell in early youth, graduated from the Lowell High School, studied law with D. S. and G. F. Richardson, was admitted to the bar and practiced two or three years, when he gave up the profession to accept the position he now holds, and which he has filled effectually for nearly twenty years past. His father, Henry L. Williams, a native of Deerfield, who subsequently resided in Exeter, though now in his seventy-third year, is still actively engaged in business as a real estate agent and broker. He learned the book-binder's trade in Exeter, and subsequently kept a book store in that town, but removed to Lowell in 1847, where he engaged in the book and fancy goods trade for some time. In 1855 he commenced in the real estate business on Central Street, and has pursued the same to the present time. His operations have been very extensive, and at one time he had charge of property in the hands of four hundred different tenants.

One of the most important and extensive manufacturing establishments of its class in the country is the Lowell Machine Shop, which is engaged in the manufacture of cotton machinery of all descriptions. It has furnished factories in all parts of the country and all quarters of the globe. Its works occupy thirteen acres of land, and there are six acres of flooring space in its buildings. The paid up capital of the company is $900,000. Six hundred and fifty tons of castings are produced per month, and there are now fifteen hundred men employed, with a monthly pay roll exceeding $50,000. The superintendent of this vast establishment is Charles L. Hildreth, who was born in Concord in October, 1824. He went to Lowell in 1845, and learned the machinist's trade in this shop, where he has ever since been employed, in various capacities, with the exception of two years in Philadelphia. He was foreman in the machine

shop for fifteen years, and has been superintendent since the decease of Mr. Richardson, three years ago. He has devoted himself strictly to his business, but served for three years as a member of the board of aldermen. The foreman of the foundery connected with this establishment, Mr. George B. Smith, is a native of the town of Wentworth, forty-five years of age, who came to Lowell in early youth and has been employed in the same establishment for nearly thirty years. For six years past he has had charge of the foundery work. He is a member of the board of aldermen in the present city government, and is a staunch Democrat in politics.

Edward P. Woods, of the firm of Woods, Sherwood & Co., who are extensively engaged in the manufacture of White Lustral Wire Ware, is a native of the town of Newport, born September 15, 1827. His father was the Rev. John Woods, for many years pastor of the Congregational church in that town. He was educated at Kimball Union Academy, traveled extensively abroad, and was for some time engaged in the laboratory of Dr. J. C. Ayer, in Lowell, before engaging in the business in which he is now occupied, and which his energy and capacity have carried forward to a wonderful degree of success. The productions of this establishment, embracing more than two hundred articles of household utility, are sold in all parts of the civilized world. Mr. Woods has served as a member of the city council on different occasions, and has been instrumental in the adoption of various municipal improvements. He is a moving spirit in the Y. M. C. A. of the city, and has been president of the organization for the last two years.

Artemas B. Woodworth, a native of Dorchester, forty-one years of age, is the sole surviving member of the well known lumber firm of A. L. Brooks & Co. Mr. Woodworth, who is an older brother of Albert B. and Edward B. Woodworth, wholesale flour and grain merchants of Concord, went to Lowell in 1861 and engaged in the employ of Mr. Brooks in the lumber business. He became a member of the firm in 1871, and on the death of Mr. Brooks succeeded to the business. He operates an extensive lumber mill at Middlesex village and at the Mechanics Mills on Dutton Street (all the property of the firm), does a heavy business in the manufacture of packing boxes, moldings, house finish, etc. Mr. Woodworth is a member of the city council the present year.

Maj. Henry Emery, proprietor and manager of the Merrimack House, one of the oldest and best known hotels in the city, is one of the sixteen children of the late Nathan Emery, of Canterbury, where he was born in November, 1814. He left home in 1833, was in the hotel business for a time in Boston and Cambridge, but has been in Lowell, as landlord of the Merrimack for the past thirty-seven years. He is not only a model landlord, but a model farmer, also, having one of the best farms in the state, just outside the city, where he raises heavy crops of hay and corn.

Alfred Gilman, a native of Portsmouth, now seventy years of age, came to Lowell in 1829. He had learned the printer's trade in Nashua, and worked at the same for two or three years in the office of the Lowell *Mercury*, having charge of the mechanical department. He worked for a time in Boston, and then in Bangor, but returned to Lowell, and established a job printing office. He soon afterward published a ladies' paper, known as the *Album*, but sold it, and then for a time printed the *Evangelist*. About 1834 he went to Laconia and published the *Citizen's Press*, but returned to Lowell the following year and accepted the position of paymaster in the Hamilton Mills, which place he occupied fifteen years. He was postmaster of Lowell from 1849 to 1853, and in the following year commenced business as a merchant tailor, which he still pursues. He has been four years a member of the common

council, and was president of that body in 1855. In 1857 he was a member of the state legislature. He is greatly interested in historical matters, and is the secretary and leading member of the Old Residents' Historical Association of Lowell, several volumes of the contributions of which have been published. He wrote a history of Lowell, which was printed in 1879 by Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, in their history of Middlesex county.

Henry H. Barnes, merchant tailor on Central street, was born in Hillsborough, October 17, 1815, and went to Lowell in 1829, where he learned his trade and has followed it ever since, occupying the same store for the last thirty-three years. He has witnessed the growth of the city from a population of 5000 to 60,000, and there is now but one man in business on Central street who was there when he came to town. Mr. Barnes is a son of the late Capt. Samuel Barnes, of Hillsborough, and a grandson of Rev. Jonathan Barnes, the first settled minister of that town. The farm of two hundred acres, set apart for the minister upon the formation of the township, has remained in the hands of the family, and is now occupied by Samuel G., an elder brother of Mr. Barnes.

Joseph R. Hayes, a prominent druggist, and the oldest in business, in the city, with a single exception, is a son of the late Lemuel Hayes, of Barnstead, and was born in that town in March, 1817. He read medicine and taught school for several years at Wilmington, Delaware, after attaining his majority, but came to Lowell and established himself in the drug business on Central street, in 1847, where he has since remained, devoting himself closely to business, in which he has been eminently successful. Mr. Hayes was mainly instrumental in securing the publication of the history of Barnstead.

Daniel Gage, who supplies the people of Lowell with ice, is a native of the town of Pelham, fifty-four years of age. He has been a resident of Lowell for the last twenty-eight years, for a portion of the time engaged in the wholesale meat business, but for many years past in the ice trade, of which he has substantial control in the city. His ice is obtained from the Merrimack river. His houses have a storage capacity of 15,000 tons, and he has from fifteen to thirty men employed during the season. He is an energetic, successful and respected business man.

Samuel T. Manahan, born in Deering, March 13, 1805, has resided in Lowell since 1846. He was successfully engaged for many years in the meat and provision trade, on Merrimack street, at the stand now occupied by Ira M. Chase, another native of Deering, to whom he sold his business and retired some years since. While residing in Deering Mr. Manahan was for three years—in 1835–36–37—the representative of that town in the New Hampshire legislature. Since his residence in Lowell he has served in both branches of the city government.

Col. Joseph S. Pollard was born in Plaistow in 1811, and resided there until twenty-eight years ago, when he removed to Lowell. While in Plaistow he was a farmer, but was for several years engaged in the dry goods trade in Lowell, and was also fourteen years a clerk in the Boston Custom House. He has been a member of both branches of the ctiy government, and of the Massachusetts legislature in 1857. In New Hampshire he represented Plaistow in the legislature in 1837 and 1838, and was for two years commander of the old Seventh N. H. Regiment, one of the most famous organizations under the old militia system. His son, Arthur G. Pollard, also a New Hampshire boy, born in Plaistow January 5, 1843, is now a prominent dry goods dealer, and successor to the business of Hocum Hosford & Co., in which firm he was a partner for several years previous to Mr. Hosford's death. He is prominent in

Masonic circles, and is one of the chief officers of the fraternity in the state. He succeeded Mr. Hosford in numerous corporate and financial trusts.

The leading architect in Lowell is Otis A. Merrill, born in the town of Hudson, August 22, 1844. He served three years in the Seventh New Hampshire Regiment during the late war. In 1866 he engaged in business in Haverhill, Mass., as a carpenter and builder, but removed to Lowell in 1869. For eight years past he has been engaged as an architect, in which capacity he has furnished the designs for many of the finest buildings in the city, including Fisk's Block, the Appleton Bank Block, Central Block, the Old Ladies' Home, and many elegant private residences, in Lowell and elsewhere.

Edward F. Watson, who has been for the past twenty-five years extensively engaged in the manufacture of bobbins and spools at the Mechanics' Mills, is a native of Nottingham, seventy-five years of age. He came to Lowell in 1832, and commenced business as a carpenter and builder, in which capacity he was engaged until 1857, and erected more buildings than any other man in Lowell. He built the Merrimack Depot and Huntington Hall, and many of the largest business blocks in the city. Mr. Watson has served many years in the city council and board of aldermen, and two years in the state legislature. He is also a trustee and member of the investing committee of the Mechanics' Savings Bank.

Cleveland J. Cheney, superintendent of the out door work of the Lowell "Locks and Canals" company, was born in Deering in 1823. He has resided in Lowell for the last forty years, for most of that time engaged in the service of the Locks and Canals company. He has held his present position fifteen years. He has served two years in the common council. He is a grandson of Daniel Cheney, a Revolutionary patriot, who with seven sons served in the army of Independence.

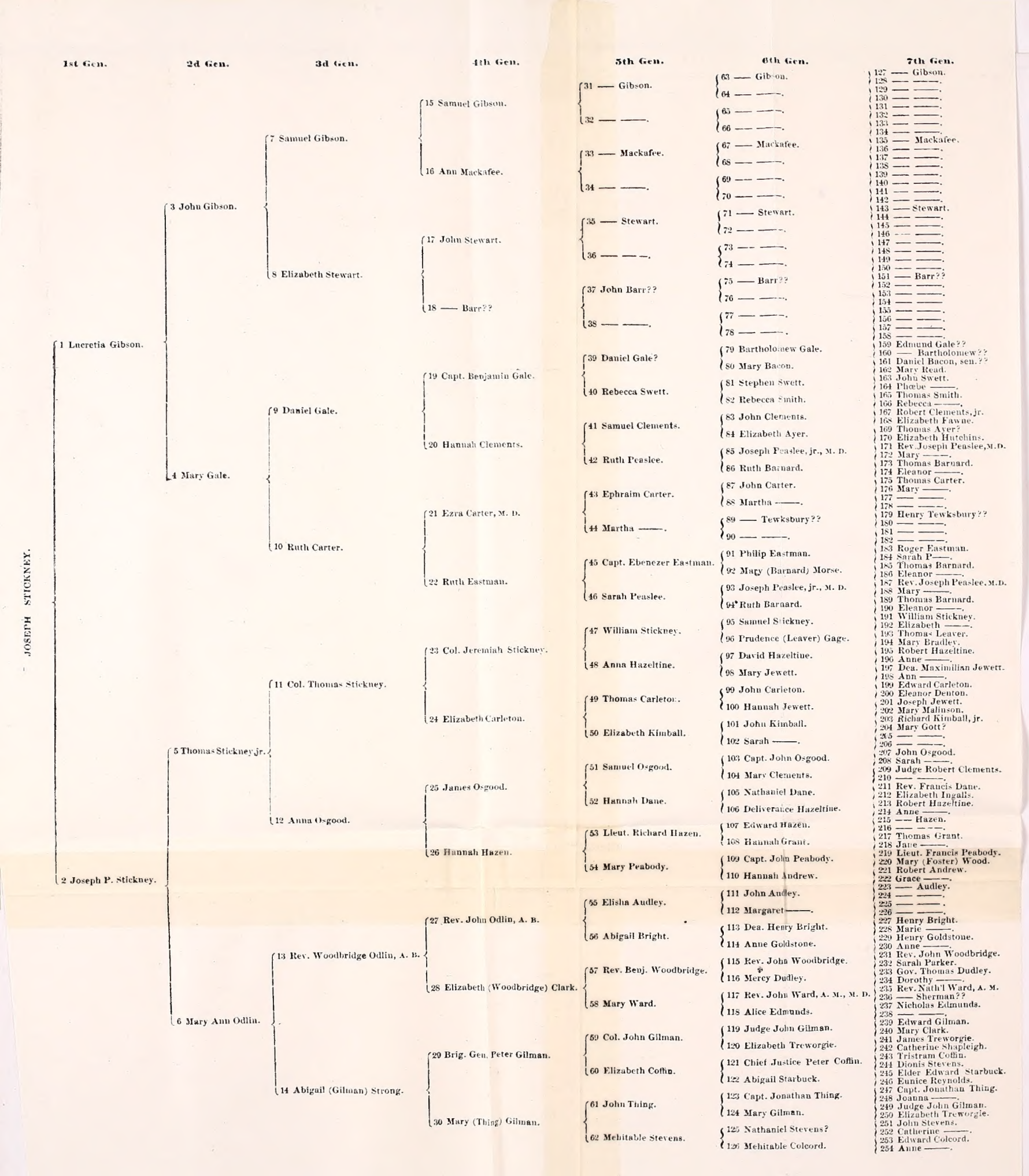
David Whitaker, also a native of Deering, born February 28, 1828, has resided in Lowell since nineteen years of age. He was engaged for a long time as an overseer on the Massachusetts corporation, but has been in the furniture business for the last twelve years, as a member of the firm of Offutt & Whitaker, on Central street. He is a member of the present board of aldermen.

Stephen C. Davis, of the firm of Davis & Sargent, lumber and box manufacturers on Middlesex street, is a native of Warner, fifty-two years of age. He settled in Lowell in 1851 and worked one year in a stone yard; since then he has been engaged in his present business, first in the employ of Otis Allen, and subsequently succeeding to the proprietorship, in which he has had various partners, at different times. He has been a member of the common council for the past two years.

George A. Gordon, superintendent of advertising in the establishment of J. C. Ayer & Co., was born in Dover, July 17, 1827. He was engaged in early life in civil engineering, at Lawrence, Lewiston, Manchester, and other places. He was the first draughtsman in the employ of the Detroit Locomotive Works. He published the Lawrence *Sentinel* during the Buchanan campaign, and subsequently went south where he was engaged for three years on the editorial staff of the Charleston, S. C. *Mercury*. He was in Georgia during the war and was Quartermaster of the state. He was subsequently for some time in Virginia, but has been in his present position for the last nine years.

1st Gen.	h Gen.	7th Gen.
	on.	127 —— Gibson.
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	kafee.	135 —— Mackafee.
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	wart.	143 —— Stewart.
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	??	151 —— Barr??
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	—.	155 —— ——.
		156 —— ——.
		157 —— ——.
1 Lucretia Gibson.	—.	158 —— ——.
	new Gale.	159 Edmund Gale??
		160 —— Bartholomew??
	con.	161 Daniel Bacon, sen.??
		162 Mary Read.
	Swett.	163 John Swett.
		164 Phœbe ——.
	Smith.	165 Thomas Smith.
		166 Rebecca ——.
	ments.	167 Robert Clements, jr.
		168 Elizabeth Fawne.
	Ayer.	169 Thomas Ayer?
		170 Elizabeth Hutchins

Bradford, Mass., June 15, 1729; his inten-


1st Gen.
2d Gen.
3d Gen.
4th Gen.
5th Gen.
6th Gen.
7th Gen.
JOSEPH STICKNEY.
1 Lucretia Gibson.
2 Joseph P. Stickney.
3 John Gibson.
4 Mary Gale.
5 Thomas Stickney jr.
6 Mary Ann Odlin.
7 Samuel Gibson.
8 Elizabeth Stewart.
9 Daniel Gale.
10 Ruth Carter.
11 Col. Thomas Stickney.
12 Anna Osgood.
13 Rev. Woodbridge Odlin, A. B.
14 Abigail (Gilman) Strong.
15 Samuel Gibson.
16 Ann Mackafee.
17 John Stewart.
18 —— Barr??
19 Capt. Benjamin Gale.
20 Hannah Clements.
21 Ezra Carter, M. D.
22 Ruth Eastman.
23 Col. Jeremiah Stickney.
24 Elizabeth Carleton.
25 James Osgood.
26 Hannah Hazen.
27 Rev. John Odlin, A. B.
28 Elizabeth (Woodbridge) Clark.
29 Brig. Gen. Peter Gilman.
30 Mary (Thing) Gilman.
31 —— Gibson.
32 —— ——.
33 —— Mackafee.
34 —— ——.
35 —— Stewart.
36 —— ——.
37 John Barr??
38 —— ——.
39 Daniel Gale?
40 Rebecca Swett.
41 Samuel Clements.
42 Ruth Peaslee.
43 Ephraim Carter.
44 Martha ——.
45 Capt. Ebenezer Eastman.
46 Sarah Peaslee.
47 William Stickney.
48 Anna Hazeltine.
49 Thomas Carleton.
50 Elizabeth Kimball.
51 Samuel Osgood.
52 Hannah Dane.
53 Lieut. Richard Hazen.
54 Mary Peabody.
55 Elisha Audley.
56 Abigail Bright.
57 Rev. Benj. Woodbridge.
58 Mary Ward.
59 Col. John Gilman.
60 Elizabeth Coffin.
61 John Thing.
62 Mehitable Stevens.
63 —— Gibson.
64 —— ——.
65 —— ——.
66 —— ——.
67 —— Mackafee.
68 —— ——.
69 —— ——.
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71 —— Stewart.
72 —— ——.
73 —— ——.
74 —— ——.
75 —— Barr??
76 —— ——.
77 —— ——.
78 —— ——.
79 Bartholomew Gale.
80 Mary Bacon.
81 Stephen Swett.
82 Rebecca Smith.
83 John Clements.
84 Elizabeth Ayer.
85 Joseph Peaslee, jr., M. D.
86 Ruth Barnard.
87 John Carter.
88 Martha ——.
89 —— Tewksbury??
90 —— ——.
91 Philip Eastman.
92 Mary (Barnard) Morse.
93 Joseph Peaslee, jr., M. D.
94 Ruth Barnard.
95 Samuel Stickney.
96 Prudence (Leaver) Gage.
97 David Hazeltine.
98 Mary Jewett.
99 John Carleton.
100 Hannah Jewett.
101 John Kimball.
102 Sarah ——.
103 Capt. John Osgood.
104 Mary Clements.
105 Nathaniel Dane.
106 Deliverance Hazeltine.
107 Edward Hazen.
108 Hannah Grant.
109 Capt. John Peabody.
110 Hannah Andrew.
111 John Audley.
112 Margaret ——.
113 Dea. Henry Bright.
114 Anne Goldstone.
115 Rev. John Woodbridge.
116 Mercy Dudley.
117 Rev. John Ward, A. M., M. D.
118 Alice Edmunds.
119 Judge John Gilman.
120 Elizabeth Treworgie.
121 Chief Justice Peter Coffin.
122 Abigail Starbuck.
123 Capt. Jonathan Thing.
124 Mary Gilman.
125 Nathaniel Stevens?
126 Mehitable Colcord.
127 —— Gibson.
128 —— ——.
129 —— ——.
130 —— ——.
131 —— ——.
132 —— ——.
133 —— ——.
134 —— ——.
135 —— Mackafee.
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143 —— Stewart.
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151 —— Barr??
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157 —— ——.
158 —— ——.
159 Edmund Gale??
160 —— Bartholomew??
161 Daniel Bacon, sen.??
162 Mary Read.
163 John Swett.
164 Phœbe ——.
165 Thomas Smith.
166 Rebecca ——.
167 Robert Clements, jr.
168 Elizabeth Fawne.
169 Thomas Ayer?
170 Elizabeth Hutchins.
171 Rev. Joseph Peaslee, M.D.
172 Mary ——.
173 Thomas Barnard.
174 Eleanor ——.
175 Thomas Carter.
176 Mary ——.
177 —— ——.
178 —— ——.
179 Henry Tewksbury??
180 —— ——.
181 —— ——.
182 —— ——.
183 Roger Eastman.
184 Sarah P——.
185 Thomas Barnard.
186 Eleanor ——.
187 Rev. Joseph Peaslee, M.D.
188 Mary ——.
189 Thomas Barnard.
190 Eleanor ——.
191 William Stickney.
192 Elizabeth ——.
193 Thomas Leaver.
194 Mary Bradley.
195 Robert Hazeltine.
196 Anne ——.
197 Dea. Maximilian Jewett.
198 Ann ——.
199 Edward Carleton.
200 Eleanor Denton.
201 Joseph Jewett.
202 Mary Malinson.
203 Richard Kimball, jr.
204 Mary Gott?
205 —— ——.
206 —— ——.
207 John Osgood.
208 Sarah ——.
209 Judge Robert Clements.
210 —— ——.
211 Rev. Francis Dane.
212 Elizabeth Ingalls.
213 Robert Hazeltine.
214 Anne ——.
215 —— Hazen.
216 —— ——.
217 Thomas Grant.
218 Jane ——.
219 Lieut. Francis Peabody.
220 Mary (Foster) Wood.
221 Robert Andrew.
222 Grace ——.
223 —— Audley.
224 —— ——.
225 —— ——.
226 —— ——.
227 Henry Bright.
228 Marie ——.
229 Henry Goldstone.
230 Anne ——.
231 Rev. John Woodbridge.
232 Sarah Parker.
233 Gov. Thomas Dudley.
234 Dorothy ——.
235 Rev. Nath'l Ward, A. M.
236 —— Sherman??
237 Nicholas Edmunds.
238 —— ——.
239 Edward Gilman.
240 Mary Clark.
241 James Treworgie.
242 Catherine Shapleigh.
243 Tristram Coffin.
244 Dionis Stevens.
245 Elder Edward Starbuck.
246 Eunice Reynolds.
247 Capt. Jonathan Thing.
248 Joanna ——.
249 Judge John Gilman.
250 Elizabeth Treworgie.
251 John Stevens.
252 Catherine ——.
253 Edward Colcord.
254 Anne ——.

plead them. The record of the atrocious intolerance of number 235 has lived, but with it his reproving letter to the tyrannical Charles I, and the fact that he struck many other sturdy blows for civil and religious liberty. As a law-giver, he was the Moses of Massachusetts, if not of America.

Lest I be suspected of being less willing to reveal, in the cause of science, the weaknesses of my own ascendants, than those of Mr. Stickney's, it is due to me to state that all of the two hundred and fifty-four, except his two parents and two paternal grand-parents, are also mine. We have no reason to believe that number 191 had more agency in making Mr. Joseph Stickney what he is, than any of the other one hundred and twenty-seven that also belong to the seventh generation. Did all have equal agency? If any obtained ascendency over the rest in transmitting their mental, moral, and physical peculiarities to Mr. Stickney, to what was it due? All the descendants of those who were victims of the witchcraft delusion, all of the inhabitants of Salem and Andover whose fame has suffered on this account, can not better testify to their abhorrence of the dark acts of 1692, than by an annual celebration of the birthday of Rev. Francis Dane, the hoary headed old hero of 76 years of age, who retained his common sense and manly courage when every body else was paralyzed.

SHORT BIOGRAPHIES.

1. Lucretia Gibson, Mr. Stickney's mother, was born in Francestown, Oct. 10, 1809, married there, Dec. 25, 1832, and died in Concord, May 31, 1840. She was well educated at Miss Willard's, at Troy, N. Y., and much beloved. In giving birth to her son Joseph she died, aged 30, next to the shortest lived of this list of 254. Was 12th and double 11th cousin to her husband.

2. Joseph Pearson Stickney was born in Concord, Oct. 9, 1796, and died there, Apr. 19, 1877; owned a line of stages; was an extensive farmer; built several blocks of stores; was representative, selectman, and a director of the P. & C. R. R. and married second, in Beverly, Aug. 31, 1843, Elizabeth W., daughter of Col. Abram Edwards.

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3. John Gibson, born in Merrimack, Jan. 27, 1767; married first in Hillsborough, Aug. 12, 1790, Hannah ——, widow of William Quigley, of Francestown, and second, in Concord, Sept. 1803; kept a store and tavern in F.; built the second N. H. turnpike in 1801; was representative from 1813 to 1815; and a director of a bank in Amherst in 1811. He died in Francestown, Apr. 26, 1821, the richest man who, up to that time, had lived in Hillsborough County. Less than $10 of debt could be found at the time of his death.

4. Mary Gale was born in Concord, July 19, 1773, and died in Francestown, Sept. 4, 1857; a woman of great ability.

5. Thomas Stickney, jr., was born in Concord, July 18, 1769, married in Exeter, Oct. 13, 1792, and died in Concord, Jan. 1, 1811; enlisted for Oxford war 1797; was leader of the choir.

6. Mary Ann Odlin, or Audley, was born in Exeter, Sept. 24, 1772, and died in Concord, Jan. 21, 1866; was at one time the largest tax-payer; owned in Concord, from Gov. Stearns's to the Eagle, and from Main st. to the river; also, land on the east side, and from the jail to Rum Hill; of dignity and worth; became blind near the close of life.

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7. Samuel Gibson, jr., was born in Boston, Aug. 24, 1737, married before 1764, lived in Merrimack from 1764 to 1815, and died in Amherst, Nov. 3, 1820. In 1751 he went to Fort William Henry, and was one of the few to escape Indian massacre after the surrender to Montcalm; is remembered by one as much superior to his brothers; by another as a kindly old man, and by a third as the best dressed man of the town; wore to church a purple velvet coat, short clothes, knee and shoe buckles, and three cornered hat; had thirteen children. His farm was in the north-west part of the town.

8. Elizabeth Stewart was born in Londonderry, N. H., 1738, and died in Merrimack, Feb. 3, 1815; was skilled in sickness, and often ministered to her neighbors.

9. Daniel Gale, blacksmith, was born in Haverhill, Mass., Apr. 5, 1739; married in Rumford in 1760 or 1761, and died in Concord, Aug. 16, 1800; had fourteen children.

10. Ruth Carter was born in Rumford, Jan. 26, 1744 and '45, and died in Concord, Apr. 1, 1833.

11. Col. Thomas Stickney was born in Bradford, Mass., June 15, 1729; his inten-

tions were published in Rumford, Sept. 28, 1751, and he died in Concord, Jan. 26, 1809. He commanded the 11th N. H. regiment at Bennington. Stark said of him and his three other colonels, "had they been Alexanders or Charleses of Sweden, they could not have behaved better." He was of the committee of safety, and often moderator; married his fifth cousin.

12. Anna Osgood was born in Penacook, July 18, 1732, and died in Concord, Jan. 20, 1802.

13. Rev. Woodbridge Odlin, or Audley, A. B., was born in Exeter, Apr. 28, 1718, H. C. 1738; married in Exeter, Oct. 23, 1755; ordained, Sept. 28, 1743, and died at Exeter, Mar. 10, 1776.

14. Abigail Gilman was born at Exeter, Dec. 22, 1732; married first, Rev. Job Strong, and died at Exeter, Aug. 15, 1787.

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15. Samuel Gibson, a Scotchman, was born in Ireland in 1693; married in Boston, Aug. 30, 1733; leader of the first settlement of Hillsborough in 1741; of Litchfield in 1745, and Merrimack in 1774 where he died, Sept. 4, 1779; grantee of Boyle, now Gilsum, in 1752; ancestor of Charles Osgood, of great erudition and of the firm of J. & N. Smith & Co., merchant ship owners, N. Y., Mrs. Wm. F. Peterson, of Wheeling, and Mrs. Emma Manning Huntley, of Milford, N. H.

16. Ann Mackafee left Ireland because of wrath at what a lover said to her, and came alone to Boston. She died soon after Jan. 23, 1783-4, probably in Merrimack, in the family of her son Matthew; was probably descended from Mackduff, the Thane of Fife.

17. John Stewart, properly Steward, was born in Ireland about 1705; came with the Rev. James McGregor to Londonderry in 1719, and was called the "minister's lad," and it was probably he who had one half share, as proprietor, in 1722. His will, Londonderry, June 7, and proved, Dec. 20, 1786; was descended from Walter, the first High Steward of Scotland, who was grandson of Banquo, steward of Duncan I. All the royal Stuarts are descended from Walter Steward. There were 250 years from Walter to Robert II, the first Steward who was a king. The American Stewarts have no royal blood in their veins, but are all cousins to Victoria and the other descendants of Robert Steward II, the grandson of Robert Bruce by his daughter Margery. The name of the family was Fitz Allan, originally.

18. Perhaps a sister of Gabriel Barr, who died in 1776, and was from Ballymoney, Co. of Antrim, as she had a grandson, Gabriel Gibson.

19. Capt. Benj. Gale, blacksmith, was married in Haverhill, Nov. 2, 1729, and died there after 1774; was collector in 1741, and grantee of Rumford, Me. in 1774.

20. Hannah Clements was born in Haverhill, Mar. 26, 1711, and died there after Oct. 3, 1754.

21. Dr. Ezra Carter was born in Salisbury, in 1719; studied there with Dr. Ordway; was moderator, town-clerk, and selectman of Concord, and the first physician; was a peace-maker, of kind and benevolent temper, of quick wit, and a general favorite; marriage intentions, Jan. 28, 1742 and '43, and died in Concord, Sept. 17, 1767; short lived; drank to excess; eight children.

22. Ruth Eastman was born in Penacook, Jan. 17, 1729 and '30; second white child. Her first child was born when she was 13 years 4 months and 26 days old; after marriage played with other children; lived where Sanborn's block now is; married second, August 14, 1768, Samuel Fowler of Boscawen, and was own grandmother of Nathaniel and Col. Charles G. Greene, Ezra C. Gross, M. C., and Wm. F. Peterson, and great grandmother of U. S. Senator Wm. Pitt Fessenden.

23. Lt. Jeremiah Stickney, cordwainer, was born in Bradford, Aug. 1, 1702; was of Lebanon, Ct., 1724; married in Bradford, Nov. 12, 1724, and died in Rumford, Apr. 11, 1763; was selectman when Rumford was incorporated, and afterward moderator, and very prominent. His house was a garrison. His monument, in the old grave-yard, was erected by Joseph Stickney of New York city.

24. Elizabeth Carleton was born in Bradford, Mar. 7, 1706 and '07, and died in Concord, January 1, 1773. She married her fifth cousin.

25. James Osgood was born in Andover in 1707, lived there until after May 6, 1731; married before 1732; and died in Rumford, April 6, 1757. His house there was a garrison; was one of the wealthiest of the first settlers; short lived. His gravestone was the oldest of the six in existence in 1790. Three were for Stickneys, and one for Dr. Ezra Carter.

26. Hannah Hazen was born in Boxford, February 5, 1709 and '10; will, Concord, May 4, and proved May 28, 1783. She kept the Osgood tavern, and was an ardent patriot. Dr. Bouton says she was highly respected. Two of her daughters married colonels. She was one of the most capable women of her day.

27. Rev. John Odlin, or Audley, A. B., was born in Boston, Nov. 18, 1681; married in Exeter, Oct. 21, 1705, and died there Nov. 20, 1754. H. C. 1702; ordained, Nov. 12, 1706.

28. Elizabeth Woodbridge was born in Windsor, Ct., Apr. 30, 1673; married first, Rev. John Clark; died in Exeter, Dec. 6, 1729.

29. Br. Gen. Peter Gilman was born in Exeter, Feb. 6, 1704 and '05, and died there Dec. 1, 1788; married first, Dec. 8, 1724; second, Dorothy, widow of Capt. Christopher Rymes, of Dr. Nathaniel Rogers, and of Rev. John Taylor, and daughter of Chief Justice Henry and Dorothy (Wentworth) Sherburne; third Jane Bethune, widow of Dr. Moses Prince; all widows, and one thrice a widow; had seven children of his own, all daughters, eleven step-children, and two step-children of one of his wives; lived to be eighty-four years old. He commanded a regiment at Crown Point in 1755; in 1756 was one of two N. H. commissioners resident at Albany; was Speaker of N. H. Assembly, from 1759 to 1771; councillor, 1772 and 1773; considered a royalist, he was in 1775 confined to limits of Exeter; was sergeant in 1777, in Col. Stickney's regiment at Bennington, an humble place for a brigadier.

30. Mary Thing was born in Exeter, May 3, 1702, and married first, Nov. 3, 1720, John Gilman; died in Exeter April 26, 1750. Gen. Peter was her second cousin.

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39. Daniel Gale was born in Salem, Aug. 17, 1676; marriage intentions, Newbury, Dec. 1700; died after 1742.

40. Rebecca Swett was born in Newbury, Feb. 27, 1669 and '70; died after 1708.

41. Samuel Clements, cooper, was born in Haverhill, Nov. 2, 1677; was married there, July 11, 1705; died there, Oct. 3, 1754.

42. Ruth Peaslee was born in Haverhill, Feb. 25, 1684 and '85; died there after 1752.

43. Ephraim Carter was born in Salisbury, Nov. 2, 1693; of South Hampton 1745; married before 1719; died in Concord after Dec. 5, 1772; moved, about 1745, from South Hampton to Penacook.

44. Martha———.possibly a Hubbard, as she had a grandson, Hubbard Carter; more probably the Martha Tewksbury to whom Samuel Carter, by will, Oct. 13, 1718, left money to be paid by Ephraim Carter. She was probably, then, to be married to Ephraim in a few days.

45. Capt. Ebenezer Eastman was born in Haverhill, Feb. 17, 1681; married there, Mar. 4, 1710; died in Rumford, July 28, 1748. The proprietors of Penacook met at his tavern in Haverhill; he was the first settler in 1727. He was first moderator, and held office until his death, except for four years; was in the expedition against Port Royal. In 1711, in an expedition against the Canadas, saved his transport by disobeying orders, when others who followed them lost eight or nine transports and one thousand men. Dr. Bouton calls him the strong man of the town, bold, judicious, determined, and successful. He went to Cape Breton twice in command of a company, and was present at the surrender of Louisburg, in 1745. His house was a garrison. The two hundredth anniversary of his birth was celebrated.

46. Sarah Peaslee was born in Haverhill, Aug. 15, 1790; died in Rumford after 1731; not a daughter, as Dr. Bouton says, but probably a sister of Col. Nathaniel; probably a Quakeress, and so a fit mate for her martial husband, who was her first cousin. The first Quaker marriage in Salisbury was of her brother, at the house of her uncle, Thomas Barnard, jr., who gave the lot for the Quaker meeting-house.

47. William Stickney was born in Bradford, Jan. 27, 1674 and '75; married there, Sept. 4, 1701; died there, Feb. 21, 1706, aged 31 years; very short lived. His estate was £95 15s.

48. Anna Hazeltine was born in Bradford, Aug. 4, 1677; married second, Samuel Hunt of Billerica; died July 16, 1757.

49. Thomas Carleton was born in Bradford in 1667; married before 1693; will there Nov. 23, 1734.

50. Elizabeth Kimball was born Sept. 28, 1679 and survived her husband.

51. Samuel Osgood was born in Andover, Mar. 10, 1664 and '65; married there in 1702; administration on estate, June 17, 1717, at Andover.

52. Hannah Dane was born in Andover, Sept. 29, 1680; married second, Nov. 5, 1724, James Pearson, of Lynn.

53. Lieutenant Richard Hazen was born in Rowley, Aug. 6, 1669; married first, Dec. 5, 1694, and second, Mrs. Grace Kimball, April 3, 1733; died in Haverhill, Sept. 25, 1733. He inherited the large estate of George Browne.

54. Mary Peabody was born April 6, 1672; died Dec. 13, 1731.

55. Elisha Odlin, or Audley, was born in Boston, July 1, 1640; married Aug. 1659; of Salem, 1714; died in 1724.

56. Abigail Bright was born in Watertown, Oct. 12, 1637; died after 1686; called "Audley" by her father in his will.

57. Rev. Benjamin Woodbridge was born in England in 1654, after his pa-

rents had returned from America; emigrated 1663; married first, June 3, 1672; died at Medford, Jan. 15, 1709 and '10; minister of Kittery, Me., Bristol, R. I., and Medford, Mass. His uncle, Rev. Benjamin Woodbridge, was first graduate of Harvard.

58. Mary Ward was born at Haverhill, June 24, 1649; died at Bristol, R. I., Oct. 11, 1685; very short lived.

59. Col. John Gilman was born in Exeter, Jan. 19, 1676 and '77; married first, June 5, 1698, and second, at Beverly, Dec. 29, 1720, Elizabeth, widow of Dr. Robert Hale, and daughter of Nathaniel Clark, of Newbury; was one of the grantees of Gilmanton, chairman of the first board of selectmen, and moderator of first meeting of proprietors. He was a large land-holder; died in Exeter between 1738 and 1742. His brother, Judge Nicholas Gilman, left an estate of £33,931.

60. Elizabeth Coffin was born in Dover, Jan. 27, 1680-81, and died at Exeter, July 10, 1720; very short lived.

61. John Thing was born in Exeter, June 16, 1680; married first, before 1702, and second, before 1713, Love, widow of Thomas Wentworth.

62. Mehitable Stevens died between 1702 and 1713.

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79. Bartholomew Gale, fisherman, of Salem, was born before 1642; married first, 1662, Martha, daughter of Robert Lemon, and second, in Salem, Mar. 12, 1662 and '63. He died after 1678.

80. Mary Bacon died after 1678.

81. Stephen Swett, of Newbury, was born in England, 1620; emigrated with his father; married first, May 24, 1647, Hannah, daughter of John and Elizabeth Merrill, and second, Aug. 4, 1663; died before July 22, 1703.

82. Rebecca Smith, born Feb. 20, 1639 and '40, and died in Newbury, Mar. 1, 1670, in child-birth, aged 30; the shortest lived of this list.

83. John Clements was born in Haverhill, 1653; married there, Feb. 22, 1676 and '77; and died there, May 16, 1692; very short lived.

84. Elizabeth Ayer, born Dec. 3, 1659.

85. Dr. Joseph Peaslee, jr., was born in Haverhill, Sept. 9, 1646; married before 1673; and died there, Mar. 21, 1734 and '35.

86. Ruth Barnard was born in Salisbury, Oct. 16, 1651, and died in Haverhill, Nov. 5, 1723.

87. John Carter, of Salisbury, was born Mar. 18, 1650; married before 1681; and died 1726, in Salisbury.

88. Martha ———

91. Philip Eastman was born in Salisbury, Dec. 20, 1644; married in Newbury, Aug. 22, 1678; lived in Haverhill; was taken captive by Indians; and had his house burned. On his return moved to Woodstock, Ct.

92. Mary Barnard was born in Salisbury, Sept. 22, 1645; married first, in Newbury, Nov. 11, 1669, Anthony Morse, jr.

93. Dr. Joseph Peaslee, jr. See 85.

94. Ruth Barnard. See 86.

95. Lieut. Samuel Stickney was born in England, 1633; of Boston, 1638; married first, in Rowley, April 18, 1653, daughter of Richard Swan, and second, in Bradford, April 6, 1674; and died there 1709; was selectman and representative, and one of eighteen to found a church at Bradford; came in same vessel with Thomas, Jane, and Hannah Grant.

96. Prudence Leaver was born in Rowley, Aug. 11, 1644; married first, Benj. Gage, Oct. 11, 1671; and died in Bradford, Oct. 26, 1716.

97. Capt. David Hazeltine was born between 1653 and 1657, in Rowley; married, Nov. 26, 1668, in Bradford; and died there, Aug. 31, 1717; town-clerk of Bradford from 1690 to 1703.

98. Mary Jewett was born in Rowley, Feb. 18, 1646 and '47.

99. Lieut. John Carleton was born in Chertsey, Surrey, 1630; married in Rowley; and died in Haverhill, Jan. 22, 1668 and '69; very short lived.

100. Hannah Jewett was born in Rowley, June 15, 1641; married second, Oct. 5, 1674, Christopher Babbage, of Salem; and died after 1684.

101. John Kimball; will, Feb. 19, 1717 and '18; proved April, 1721.

102. Sarah ——— probably first married a Barton; alive 1721.

103. Capt. John Osgood was born in Wherwell, Hampshire, 1631; married in Haverhill, Nov. 15, 1653; and died in Andover, Aug. 21, 1693, according to Savage, "no doubt in some degree from the torment inflicted on his wife by accusation of witchcraft in the damnable delusion of 1692, though she saved her life by confession of impossible guilt;" was a slave-holder and inn-keeper; often selectman, and representative, 1666, 1669, 1689, and 1690, with high popularity, as he had been imprisoned by Andros for rebellion.

104. Mary Clements was born in Coventry, Warwickshire, 1637; emigrated 1652; and died at Andover after 1693; on the entreaty of her friends, to save her life, confessed that her name was written in characters of fire in the devil's own book. Her family, and her

husband's, were of high social standing.

105. Nathaniel Dane was born in Ipswich, 1645; married at Andover, Dec. 12, 1672; and died there, April 14, 1725.

106. Deliverance Hazeltine was born in Rowley, Mar. 21, 1651; and died in Andover, June 15, 1735. She was indicted for witchcraft in 1692.

107. Edward Hazen was born in England, perhaps Newcastle on the Tyne; and married first Elizabeth ———, who died in 1649; and second, in Rowley, Mar., 1650; and was buried there, July 22, 1683. A man of substance and influence; inventory, £404; selectman; ancestor of Brig. Gen. Moses Hazen, Chief Justice Ward Chipman, LL. D., and the wives of Baron Von Ende, chamberlain to the King of Saxony, Sir Robert Keith Arbuthnot, and Col. Charles Drury, British navy.

108. Hannah Grant was born in England, and married second, George Browne, of Haverhill; and died Feb. 1715 and '16.

109. Capt. John Peabody was born at Hampton, Mass., 1642; married in Topsfield, Nov. 23, 1665; selectman and town-clerk at Boxford, and died there, July 5, 1720; married second, Nov. 26, 1703, Sarah Mosely of Dorchester.

110. Hannah Andrew was born in England, about 1642; and buried in Malden, Dec. 4, 1702.

111. John Audley, a cutler, was born in England, 1602; emigrated before 1632; married in Boston prior to 1635; and died there, Dec. 18, 1685; lived on Washington street, east side, a little north of Essex street; may have been descended from Lord James Audley, one of the original 26 Knights of the Garter, and at Poitiers, 1356, called by the Prince of Wales "the bravest knight on our side;" was of no ordinary lineage, or his son could not have married a daughter of the Brights and Goldstones, and his daughter a son of Jeremy Clarke, president of the R. I. Assembly, 1648; may have lived in Boston before Winthrop; witnessed the deed which conveyed it to him and his colony, in 1634; disfranchised and disarmed in 1637 for being an Antinomian, a name applied to the followers of Mrs. Hutchinson, many of whom settled in Exeter; paid, in 1636, his share of the first school tax ever known to be levied in America. Name originally Audithley.

112. Margaret ———.

113. Dea. Henry Bright was baptized at Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, Dec. 29, 1602; emigrated 1630; married at Watertown, 1634; and died there, Oct. 7, 1686. His name was No. 48 on list of members of first church of Boston; had large estate; was selectman of Watertown.

114. Anne Goldstone was baptized at Wickham Skeith, May 16, 1615; and died at Watertown.

115. Rev. John Woodbridge was born in Stanton, Wiltshire, 1613; married, 1639; and died in Newbury, Mar. 17, 1694 and '95; went to Oxford, but obliged to leave because unwilling to take oath of conformity; emigrated to Newbury, 1634; first town-clerk, representative, commissioner to try small causes, purveyor of army, trader with Indians, physician, master Boston Latin school, purchased land for Andover of a sachem for £6, first minister there, and first to be ordained in Essex county, and second in New England, versatile in expedients, ready to lend a helping hand to every enterprise, accurate and methodical in every thing he undertook. Cotton Mather says: "His father was a minister, and a minister so able and faithful as to obtain a high esteem among those that at all knew the valuable worth of such a minister. His mother was daughter of Rev. Robert Parker, one of the greatest scholars of the English nation, and the father of all non-comformists of our day." In 1647 he was chaplain of commissioners to Charles I. when confined at Isle of Wight, afterward minister at Andover and Burford, St. Martin's, England. Returned to New England in 1663 and was one of the magistrates in 1683 and 1684; ancestor of Wm. Ellery Channing, Richard H. Dana, and Senator and Governor Woodbridge, of Michigan.

116. Mercy Dudley was born in England, Sept. 27, 1621, and died at Newbury, July 1, 1691. Her sister, the wife of Gov. Bradstreet, "was superior to any poet of her sex who wrote in the English language before the close of the seventeenth century."—Griswold. Pres. Rogers, of Harvard, said that "twice drinking of the nectar of her lines, left him weltering in delight;" a nephew of Milton said, "the tenth muse sprung up in America."

117. Rev. John Ward, A. M., was born in Haverhill, Suffolk, Nov. 6, 1606; Cambridge Univ., Eng., 1626; married in London, May 24, 1636; died in Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 27, 1693; was first minister there in 1641, and also an esteemed physician; 1642, committee with Robert Clements, Tristram Coffin, and Lieutenant John Carleton to buy Haverhill of the Indians.

118. Alice Edmunds was born in 1612, and died in Haverhill, March 24, 1679 and '80.

119. Judge John Gilman was born in Hingham, Norfolk, Jan. 10, 1624 and '25; ried June 30, 1657; died in Exeter, July 24, 1708; emigrated in 1638; after living in Hingham, Rehoboth, and Ipswich, removed to Exeter in 1648; in lumber and milling business; leading man; selectman in 1652, and several years after; councillor for province of New Hampshire in 1680; speaker of the House in 1693; Gilmanton was granted to his descendants principally.

120. Elizabeth Treworgie was born in 1639; died in Exeter, Sept. 8, 1719. When the provost marshal went to her house to collect taxes levied by Gov. Cranfield, without consent of the assembly, she said "I have provided a kettle of scalding water for you, if you come to my house to demand rates." She had sixteen children.

121. Chief Justice Peter Coffin, of Dover and Exeter, was born at Brixham, Devon, in 1631; married before 1657; died at Exeter, March 21, 1715; was a councillor and chief justice of the royal province of New Hampshire; in 1668, was fined £50 for selling a lot of rum which made one hundred Indians of Penacook drunk. One of them killed an Englishman there and was shot for it. Tahanto, a Sagamore, wished to have this liquor poured on the ground. In 1689 a grandson of Passaconaway, the last Sagamore of Penacook, captured Judge Coffin's garrison at Dover.

122. Abigail Starbuck was born in Dover, and died in Exeter after 1680.

123. Capt. Jonathan Thing, of Exeter, was born in 1654, possibly at Wells, Me; married first, July 26, 1677, and second, Martha, daughter of John Denison, of Ipswich, and widow of Thomas Wigg; was accidentally shot, Oct. 31, 1694, by his own gun, while riding with two others in the woods of Exeter.

124. Mary Gilman was born in Exeter, Sept. 10, 1658, and died there in August, 1691.

125. Nathaniel Stevens was born at Salisbury, Nov. 11, 1645; of Cochecho, 1666; Dover neck 1675; married first, before 1672, to a Mary, who died, and second, Dec. 20, 1677.

126. Mehitable Colcord, of Hampton.

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159. Edmund Gale was born in England, and died in Boston, July 29, 1642.

160. Perhaps a sister of Henry Bartholomew, of Salem.

161. Daniel Bacon, son of Capt. Michael; of Dedham, 1640; of Charlestown; projector of Woburn; Newton, 1669; died Sept. 7, 1691.

162. Mary Read, of Bridgewater, daughter of Thomas, of Colchester, Essex; died in October, 1691.

163. John Swett was born and married in England; early settler of Newbury, and died there before May, 1665; father of Capt. Benjamin, the hero of Scarborough, Me.

164. Phœbe ———, died at Newbury, May 6, 1665.

165. Thomas Smith, a weaver, from Romsey, Hampshire, arrived in Boston in 1635; lived in Hampton and Newbury; married before 1639; died April 22, 1666, in Newbury.

166. Rebecca ———.

167. Robert Clements, jr., of Haverhill, son of Judge Robert Clements, was born in Coventry, Eng., in 1625; married in Haverhill, Dec. 8, 1652; died there in 1712; first cooper there.

168. Elizabeth Fawne, daughter of John and Elizabeth Fawne, of Ipswich; died at Haverhill, March 27, 1715.

169. Thomas Ayer, of Haverhill, son of John and Hannah Ayer; married April 1, 1656; died Nov. 9, 1686.

170. Elizabeth, daughter of John and Frances Hutchins; John was the richest man in Haverhill in 1650; Frances was presented at court for wearing a silk hood.

171. Dr. Joseph Peaslee, of Salisbury; died in Amesbury, Dec. 3, 1660; a gifted layman, continually forbidden to preach, and fined; many friends of religious liberty fined for supporting him; successful farmer; estate £366; ancestor of Gen. Charles H. Peaslee, M. C., collector of Boston, Prof. Edmund R. Peaslee, M. D., LL. D., and John G. Whittier.

172. Mary ———, died after April 12, 1664; too lively with her tongue to suit the Puritans.

173. Thomas Barnard, of Salisbury; married before 1645, and killed at Amesbury before 1667, by Indians.

174. Eleanor ———; married second, July 19, 1681, to George Little, of Newbury; alive Nov. 27, 1694.

175. Thomas Carter, if a passenger by the "Mary and John," 1633 and '34, was born in 1609, and a servant of George Giddings, of St. Albans, Herts. Of Ipswich, Sudbury, and Salisbury; married 1640, and will, 1676; ancestor of Gen. Lewis Cass.

176. Mary ———.

183. Roger Eastman, carpenter, of Salisbury, Mass., of Scotch origin, was born near Salisbury, Wiltshire, in 1613; in 1638, when he emigrated, a servant of John Saunders, of Langford, Wiltshire; married 1639, and died in Salisbury, Mass., Dec. 16, 1694. From this humble man descended Daniel and

Ezekiel Webster, Prof. Charles A. Young, LL. D., General Francis A. Walker, Miss Kate Sanborn, and Mrs. "Helen Mar" Beane.

184. Sarah P———; born 1621, and died in Salisbury, Mass., March 10, 1697, and '98.

185. Thomas Barnard. See 173.

186. Eleanor ———. See 174.

187. Dr. Joseph Peaslee. See 171.

188. Mary ———. See 172.

189. Thomas Barnard. See 173.

190. Eleanor ———. See 174.

191. William Stickney, son of William and Margaret (Pierson) Stickney, and grandson of Robert, who was buried in 1582, was baptized in Frampton, Lincolnshire, Sept. 6, 1592; sailed from Hull in 1637. He, his wife, and son Samuel; John, Margaret, and Elisha Audley, Abigail, Deacon Henry, and Anne (Goldstone) Bright, were among the earliest members of the first church of Boston; married in England before 1633, and had eight children; one of the first settlers of Rowley; a selectman. In a tax list of £46 8s. 2d., levied on 35 persons, his quota was 19s. 4d.; buried in Rowley, Jan. 25, 1664 and '65; estate, £416; ancestor of Com. George H. Preble, Maj. Gen. Amos Hovey, and Bishop Carlton Chase.

192. Elizabeth ———, was born in England in 1608, and alive Sept. 24, 1678.

193. Thomas Leaver, town clerk of Rowley, was married there, Sept. 1, 1643, and buried there, Dec. 27, 1683.

194. Mary Bradley, of Rowley.

195. Robert Hazeltine was born in Bideford, Devon; married in Rowley, Dec. 23, 1639; selectman in 1668, and died in Bradford, Aug. 27, 1674.

196. Ann ———; died in Bradford July 26, 1684.

197. Deacon Maximillian Jewett was baptized in Bradford, Yorkshire, Oct. 4, 1607. He and his brother Joseph (below) were sons of Edward and Mary (Taylor) Jewett, who had the same coat of arms as Sir Henri de Juatt, and Comte de Juatt, prime minister to the Emperor Charles V. He married first, before 1643; second, Helen Pell?, widow of Boynton, Aug. 30, 1671, and third, Sarah; was representative of Rowley for seventeen years, and died there, Oct. 19, 1684. In 1660 only three paid higher tax.

198. Ann ———; died in Rowley and buried, Nov. 9, 1667.

199. Edward Carleton was born in Chertsey, Surrey; son of John, grandson of John and Joyce (Welbeck) Carleton, great grandson of John and Alice (Daniell) De Carleton and John Welbeck, great great grandson of John and ——(Skipwith) De Carleton and Girard Daniell, great great great grandson of Thomas and ——(Skerne) De Carleton, great great great great grandson of Sir Walter and —— (Fieldman) De Carleton; son of Thomas, of Sutton, son of Henry by Allica, son of John, son of Adam by Sibella, daughter of W. Armstrong, time of Edward III. Edward emigrated to Rowley in 1638; father to the first child born there; returned to England before 1656; married first, in England, before 1630, and second, in Massachusetts, to Prudence, widow of Dr. Anthony Crosby; ancestor of Col. Gordon Hutchins.

200. Eleanor Denton was born in England; daughter of Sir Thomas Denton.

201. Joseph Jewett was baptized in Bradford, Yorkshire, Dec. 31, 1609; married in England, Oct. 1, 1634; emigrated in 1638; buried in Rowley, Feb. 26, 1660 and '61; with Z. Gould, owned more than six thousand acres in Boxford.

202. Mary Malinson died in Rowley April 12, 1652.

203. Richard Kimball, jr., wheelwright, son of Richard and Ursula (Scott) Kimball, and grandson of John and Martha Scott, of Kent, was born in England in 1623; married first, Mary, and after 1672 married second, Mary, and died in Wenham, May 26, 1676; largest tax-payer.

204. Mary Gott, daughter of Charles Gott, of Salem, 1628, where he was first deacon and representative in 1635, and of Wenham where he was representative; she died Sept. 2, 1672, in Wenham.

207. John Osgood, son of Robert and Joan, of Wherwell, grandson of Peter and Elizabeth, of Upper Wallop, and great grandson of Peter?, assessed, 1522, was born in Andover, Hampshire, June 23, 1595; of Ipswich, Newbury, and Andover, Mass., where he was second on the list of house-holders, and next after Rev. John Woodbridge in list of founders of the church, and first representative in 1651; married before 1630, in England, and died Oct. 24, 1651. No citizen, but Governor Bradstreet and the two Woodbridges, surpassed him in wealth and influence; estate, £373. A full inventory of his goods discloses that this rich man lived in a house of logs, and owned nothing that is not common in the rude huts of pioneers in Kansas; ancestor of wife of Genet, French minister to Washington, and of Samuel Osgood, Washington's postmaster-general.

208. Sarah ——— emigrated in 1638, and died at Andover, April 8, 1667.

209. Judge Robert Clements was born in 1590; married before 1630; came from London in 1642, and died at Haverhill, Sept. 29, 1658; was representative from 1647 to 1653; bought Haverhill of the Indians, and owned the first grist-mill there; ancestor of David Pingree, a great ship-owner of Salem.

210. ——— ——— alive Sept. 6, 1658.

211. Rev. Francis Dane, the second minister of Andover, and son of John of Roxbury, was born at Berkhampstead, Herts, in 1616; emigrated in 1636; of Ipswich and Roxbury; married before 1645, and died at Andover, where he was pastor forty-eight years, Feb. 17, 1696 and '97; married second, Sept. 21, 1677, Mary Thomas, who died Feb. 18, 1688 and '89, and third, in 1690, a daughter of William and Agnes Chandler. His mother was a servant to Lady Denny. His father was ancestor of Rev. Nathan Dane, H. C. 1778; left an autograph letter about witchcraft, and a rhymed account of the difficulty of finding a second wife; one of New England's greatest heroes. "He deserves," says Upham on witchcraft, "to be recognized prœminent, for a time almost alone, in bold denunciation and courageous resistance of the execrable proceedings of that dark day. When every member of his family (six) were under arrest or suspicion, he said—"The Lord give us all a submissive will, and let the Lord do with me and mine what seems good in his eyes."

212. Elizabeth Ingalls was by Anne, a daughter of Edward, a Lincolnshire farmer, and the first settler of Lynn, in 1629.

213. Robert Hazeltine. See 195.

214. Anne ——— See 196.

217. Thomas Grant, of Rowley, was born in England; married before 1635.

218. Jane ——— died in Rowley after 1643.

219. Judge Francis Peabody, son of John and Isabel, of Bridgewater, was born at St. Albans, Herts, in 1614; married before 1642, and died Feb. 19, 1697 and '98. Came in 1630; an original settler of Hampton; judge to end small causes; lieutenant; of Topsfield in 1757; a large land owner there and at Boxford and Rowley. His brother married Elizabeth, daughter of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, the Puritan maiden. His father was descended from Boadie, a kinsman of Queen Boadicea; was ancestor of all American Peabodies, including George, the great London banker and philanthropist, Prof. Andrew P., D. D., LL. D., of Harvard, and of the wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne. A writer near his time wrote—"All the old people here unite in saying that the Peabodies were a wonderful family, possessing more virtues and fewer vices than could seldom be found in one family."

220. Mary Foster was born before 1620 in Exeter, Devon, and by Judith, was a daughter of Reginald, of Ipswich, whose family is honorably mentioned in "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Marmion;" he was ancestor of Rufus Choate, Judge Joseph Story, U. S. Senators Theodore and Dwight Foster, and of the wives of President Elliot, of Harvard, Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D. D., and Harrison Gray Otis. She married first, ——— Wood, and died in Topsfield, April 9, 1705.

221. Robert Andrew was born in Boxford, Suffolk; a man of wealth, and one of the twelve who were the only ones for the first seventy-five years in Essex county, Mass., to use a coat of arms in sealing a will. This shows how rare, among New England emigrants, were gentlemen in the English sense. Most were farm laborers, landless tenant farmers, and landed farmers, not gentlemen. He emigrated in 1630, married in 1636, and died in Rowley, May 29, 1668; ancestor of ex-Governor John A. Andrew.

222. Grace ——— died Dec. 25, 1702, and was buried with her husband in Topsfield.

227. Henrie Bright was baptized at Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, Sept. 20, 1560, and was son of Thomas, a draper and alderman, and Margaret Payton, his wife; grandson of Walter Bright, and William and Joan Payton, and great grandson of John Bright, a mercer, and Thomas Payton. John is supposed to be a son of Walter, and grandson of Andrew, of Upshire, Essex. The Brights, Dudleys, Goldstones, Stewarts, Jewetts, Coffins, Gilmans, Andrews, Peabodies, Carletons, and Dentons, to whom possibly the Audleys may some time be added, were among the few of the landed gentry of England that came to America. Even they can not all fairly prove their right to a coat of arms. The false pretentions of other families should be hotly denounced as dishonest or ignorant. Let no one be deceived by the coat of arms on the cover of the Stickney genealogy, or by the unproved claim of the American Eastmans. A portrait of the alderman, two hundred and fifty years old, is in the town hall of Bury. He was lord of the manor of Butters, in Thompson, Norfolk, and of the manor of Brookhall, in Foxearth, Essex. Henrie was married prior to 1593, and died in England in 1609. His sister and Sir Walter Raleigh married Sir Nicholas and Miss Carew.

228. Marie ——— was married second, to William Cole, about 1613, and was alive in 1618.

229. Henry Goldstone, son of Sir William Goldstone, vicar of Bedingfield, Suffolk, by Margaret, and grandson of Roman and Jane Goldstone, was baptized at Wickham Skeith, Suffolk, July 17, 1591; married before 1615, and died at Watertown, July 25, 1638.

230. Anne ——— was born in England; married second, John George, and died at Watertown, April 26, 1670.

231. Rev. John Woodbridge, the much esteemed pastor of a Puritan church in Stanton, Wiltshire, was son of Rev. John, grandson of Rev. John, great grandson of Rev. John, and great great grandson of Rev. John, born about 1492, and a follower of Wickliffe. Our John was buried Dec. 9, 1637.

232. Sarah Parker was a daughter by Dorothy, of Rev. Robert, who fled from persecution to Doesburg, Holland, and died there in 1614.

233. Gov. Thomas Dudley was born in England in 1576; married before 1621, and died in Roxbury, July 31, 1653; was son of Capt. Roger and a lady (possibly Pell) who was a relative of Sir Augustin Nichols, judge and keeper of the great seal. Gov. Thomas was a grandson of John and Elizabeth (Clerke) Dudley; great grandson of Thomas and Margaret Dudley and John Clerke; and by Cecily, daughter of Sir William Willoughby, great great grandson of Edward, seventh baron of Dudley, Knight of the Garter, and brother of John, Duke of Northumberland, and uncle of Ambrose, the good Earl of Warwick, Lord Guilford, the husband of Lady Jane Grey, and Robert, the favorite of Elizabeth, and by her made Earl of Leicester and owner of Kenilworth Castle. Sir Philip Sidney was a grandson of the Duke. The Dudley family rose to power during the time of Henry VII, who conferred the title and estate of the Warwick family upon Sir Edmund Sutton, sixth baron of Dudley, born 1442, and executed in 1510; a celebrated lawyer and speaker in the House of Commons. He married first, sister of the Earl of Worcester, and second, a daughter of Lord Clifford. He was the father of Edward, just named, and son of John de Sutton, M. P., fifth baron of Dudley, Knight of the Garter, and treasurer of the King's household. He was son of John, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who was of the eleventh generation from Harvey de Sutton, tenant of Earl Alan, who lived 1079. Gov. Thomas was educated in the family of the Earl of Northampton; studied law with his mother's kinsman, Judge Nichols; was a captain in England, and at siege of Amiens; became a non-conformist; also steward of the fourth Earl of Lincoln; relieved his estates of incumbrances which had existed two generations; settled at Boston, England, but soon returned to the Earl, who could not do without him; emigrated in 1630, as deputy governor of Massachusetts Bay; elected governor four times; in 1644 made commander in chief with rank of major general; lived in Cambridge, Ipswich, and Roxbury; married second, April 14, 1644, Catharine, widow of Samuel Hackburne. He was the father of Mrs. Governor Bradstreet, the poetess; of the wife of Major General Dennison, and of Gov. Joseph Dudley, who was representative of Roxbury, in 1673; assistant, 1675 to 1685; of the two com. of the United Colonies; treaty com. with the Narragansetts; president of New England; chief justice of Massachusetts and New York; lieutenant governor of the Isle of Wight; M. P., and captain-general and governor of Massachusetts Bay, New Hampshire, and Maine, the most brilliant official career on record. Governor Thomas was ancestor of Robert C. Winthrop, LL. D.; Rev. S. H. Tyng, D. D.; Com. Dudley Saltonstall; Tobias Lear, Washington's private secretary; ex-Gov. John Langdon; Judge Nathaniel G. Upham; Hon. Oliver Partridge; George H. Moore, LL. D.; Oliver Wendell Holmes; Rev. Joseph Buckminster, D. D.; Wendell Phillips; Rev. Phillips Brooks; and Mrs. General Gurdon Saltonstall.

234. Dorothy ——— was born in England in 1582, and died in Roxbury, Dec. 27, 1643.

235. Rev. Nathaniel Ward, A. M., born in Haverhill, Suffolk, in 1570, was a son of Rev. John and Susan Ward, and grandson of Chief Constable Ward; by far the ablest of Mr. Stickney's cis-Atlantic ancestors; educated at Cambridge, England; practiced law; pastor at Standon, Herts, and at Ipswich, Mass., 1634; appointed in 1638 to draw up a legal code, for which he received six hundred acres of land in Haverhill; the magistrates did not like his election sermon in 1641; he wrote "Simple Cobbler of Agawam," of which copies have brought $155 each, and which "will live as long as Hudibras, which it fully equals in wit and keenness of satire." It was a favorite of Southey. In 1648 he published the "Body of Liberties," the foundation of Massachusetts law; returned to England in 1646; preached to House of Commons; settled in Shenfield, where he died in 1653. By an ap-

peal to Gov. Winthrop he secured Andover for his friends. Mather called him a "subtil statesman," and "our St. Hilary." Butler wrote in Hudibras—

> "There lived a cobbler, and but one,
> That out of doctrines could cut use,
> And mend men's lives as well as shoes."

Another says, "A minister of extraordinary talents and learning, as well as a profound lawyer and statesman." Upon a woman fond of dress, he wrote, "I look upon her as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cypher, the epitome of nothing, fitter to be kick't, if she were of a kickable substance, than either honored or humored." He also wrote, in 1646, "Cursed be he who maketh not his sword stark drunk with Irish blood."

236. ——— ——— died in England about 1633.

237. Nicholas Edmunds, of Aikham, Kent.

239. Edward Gilman was born about 1587, in Hingham, Norfolk; was son of Robert and Mary Gilman, and grandson of Edward and Rose (Rysse) Gilman, who were married at Caston, June 22, 1550. He is supposed to be descended from Cilmin Troed-dhu of Glynllison of Wales, 843. He married in Hingham, England, June 3, 1614; was a grantee of Rehoboth. In 1643 his estate was £300. After 1652 he went to Exeter, where he died, June 22, 1681, aged ninety-four years, being the only one in this list, known to have lived over eighty-nine years; ancestor of ex-Gov. John T.; Prof. Chandler R.; U. S. Senator Joseph, and President D. C. Gilman, LL. D.; Capt. Joseph L. Folsom, founder of San Francisco, and worth eleven million dollars; President S. G. Brown, LL. D.; Miss Sarah O. Jewett; and the wives of Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, D. D., LL. D.; Joseph G. Cogswell, LL. D.; Com. John C. Long, U. S. N.; and Judge John Wentworth.

240. Mary Clark was born in England and emigrated, in 1638, to Hingham, Mass.

241. James Treworgie, supercargo, was born before 1614, in Cornwall; married before 1639; bought land at Piscataqua in 1635, and died in Newfoundland before 1651.

242. Catharine Shapleigh, daughter of Alexander, of Totness, Devon, merchant, and agent of Sir Fernando Gorges, and joint owner with Arthur Champernowne of the "Benediction," of Dartmouth; married second, Edward Hilton, the father of the settlement of New Hampshire, who left £2204; she died in Exeter, May 29, 1676.

243. Tristram Coffin was born in Brixham, Devon, in 1605, and died in Nantucket, Oct. 2, 1681; son of Peter and Joanna (Thumber) Coffin, grandson of Nicholas and Joan Coffin, and great grandson of Nicholas, whose will was proved at Totness, Nov. 16, 1601. Joanna, mother of Tristram, died in Boston, and hers was the first public funeral of a woman in New England. Tristram was married in England; emigrated to Salisbury in 1642; witness that year to Indian deed granting Haverhill; of Newbury, 1648; Salisbury, 1655; and purchased with others, in 1659, nineteen twentieths of Nantucket.

244. Dionis Stevens, daughter of Robert of Brixham; arrested for selling beer at 3d., but let off when she proved she used fifty per cent. more malt than others. Her family was as good as her beer; ancestor of Lucretia Mott and Sir Isaac Coffin.

245. Elder Edward Starbuck, of Dover, was born in Derbyshire, in 1604; emigrated before 1643; a man of substance in land and body; representative in 1643 and 1646; baptist; emigrated with some Quakers, in an open boat, in 1659 to Nantucket; magistrate of the Island, and died there, Feb. 4, 1690 and '91; his wife, Catharine, joined him in 1660.

246. Eunice Reynolds.

247. Capt. Jonathan Thing was born in England, in 1621; of Ipswich; Wells, Me., 1653; and of Exeter; publicly whipped for violence; "friend and countryman" of Thomas King, who willed him, March 11, 1666 and '67, one third of two thirds of his estate; commissioner to try small causes for Isle of Shoals, 1655; under four indictments at once, for acts of resistance to civil and religious tyranny; possibly a co-native with Samuel Greenfield of Norwich, Norfolk, of with Henry Moulton of Ormsby, Norfolk; died in 1674.

248. Joanna ———; alive Sept. 25, 1674.

249. Judge John Gilman. See 119.

250. Elizabeth Treworgie. See 120.

251. John Stevens; of Salisbury, 1639; Dover, 1662; and died, Jan. 13, 1688 and '89; married before 1639.

252. Catharine ———; died in July, 1682.

253. Judge Edward Colcord was born about 1615, in England; married before 1640; of Exeter, 1638; Dover, 1642; Hampton, 1645; Tingmouth, Devon, 1646; and died in Hampton, Feb. 10, 1681–82; commissioner to end small causes; in lawsuits most of the time; fined in 1646 for perjury; was employed in 1629, by Rev. John Wheelwright, to purchase

from the Indians the land from Oyster river to the Merrimack. If his sister was wife of Robert Page, he may have been from Ormsby, Norfolk; ancestor of President Samuel C. Bartlett, D. D., LL. D.

254. Anne ———; died June 24, 1689.

LOVE BENEATH THE SNOW.

BY ADDISON F. BROWNE.

Far up toward the sky-robed west,
When storm came hand in hand with night,
A weary traveller sought for rest;
But vainly searched along the height,
Until a mountain spruce was found,
Whose bossy form had been inclined
By angry charge of valiant wind,
So that its top caressed the ground.

But still, would not supinely lie;
And arching from its root to stem,
With spreading boughs in thick supply,
Had wrought a cozy cavern realm,
O'er which the tempest beaten snow
Was spread in layers, hard and fine,
And formed a mound, with scarce a sign,
Its warm interior to show.

Still, he who roamed that dismal wild,
In nature's school, had been well taught,
And knew, bene th the snow thus piled,
Was hid the refuge which he sought.
Then, as he neared the ermine wall,
From space within there came a sound,
That spite of shouting gales around,
Surely expressed a human call!

With ready skill from trial learned,
An entrance way was quickly made;
When, by the snow-light he discerned,
Upon the fragrant leaflets laid,
One who in form and face revealed
A princess of that dusky clan,
Oft beaten by the white-browed man,
Till mountain glens became their shield.

Some mystic purpose of her tribe,
Unknown beyond their savage ways,
Had served this maiden to prescribe;
And so, ordained her vernal days
Should never grow to summer age;
But rather, that the girl must die
Where only eagles dare to fly,
And boreal demons ever rage.

So kinsmen bound the fated maid,
And left her in this cheerless bower,
Then sought once more their secret glade.
But e'er had passed a single hour,
Our rover came and cut her bonds,—
Then from his pack produced such food
As soon restored her wonted mood,
For thus our nature e'er responds.

Loud rang the wind around their nest!
Snow legions came, and hid its door
Beneath a hill, with sides and crest,
Through which, at length, the gale no more
Could send its hopeless melody.
Then all within grew still and warm,—
A summer air in winter's storm,
Ten thousand feet above the sea!

Then he, the strong philosopher,
Who told the lineage of rock and wood,
And every hazard would incur,
That nature might be understood;
Who knew the language of each tribe,
Sojourning near this noble land,
And chasms deep or highlands grand,
Could in most brilliant way describe;

And she—a monument of pride
That made her live for honor's sake,
And with an ardent zeal abide
All fiats that her people make,
Each drop of blood within whose veins
Came from a royal dynasty,
A race of souls whose fervor free
Was never chilled by coward stains,—

Surrendered to the gentle force
Of that soft prince who conquers all,
And passed the night in sweet discourse,
Without a thought of danger's call.
And ever since, their well-kept vows,
Repeating bright affection's chime,
Have sung the mem'ry of that time
They spent beneath the snow-clad boughs!

LOG-BOOK OF THE RANGER.

CONTRIBUTED BY E. P. JEWELL.

MONDAY, Feb. 15, 1779. This morning begins with light winds and variable. Employed clearing harse and losing our sails to dry. At 12 the cutter came from town with ye first and second lieutenants on board. Brought down a spare mizzen topsail, 1 barrel corn, part of a barrel of rye, with other small trifles. Bent the sprat sail. Sent up in the cutter a spare lower studding sail. Came in a schooner from Newbury, called the Mercury, a privateer. Capt. Seaward, commander. The latter part fresh breezes at S. E., with snow. Struck both top gallant yards and masts. Received on board forty bushels potatoes. Came in a prize of sixteen guns belonging to the Miflin, saluted us with thirteen guns; returned one; sent up to town two hhds. to fill water; fired morning and evenings guns.

TUESDAY, Feb. 16, 1779. This morning begins with cloudy easy weather, wind from S. S. E. to W. S. W. Got up both top gallant masts, and rigged the yards, loosed the courses and stay sails to dry. Expended a new codline for ensign and pendant halyards. Employed washing the decks and scrubbing the ship's sides. Bound and delivered to the boatswain part of a skain twine. Furled topsails. A privateer saluted us; returned one gun.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 17, 1779. The first part of this twenty-four hours light airs and variable; fair weather the latter part, strong gales from S. E., and thick cloudy weather. A. M., cleared harse and struck both top gallant masts. Exercised the people with six guns. Received on board six crows, three iron-bound buckets and several cans, eleven hammocks and several articles of small stores, with one quarter beef. Sent up to the sailmaker, to make hammocks, two bundles sewing twine. Exercised the great guns.

THURSDAY, Feb. 18, 1779. The first part of this day light fluttering breezes from south to S. W.; the middle, fresh gales from west to N. W.; the latter part light winds. Sailed from home. A French brig saluted us, we returned one gun. A. M., up top gallant yards, loosed top and top gallant sails with courses to air. Reefed the top sails and exercised the great guns with the small arms. The cutter returned from town. Received on board sundries for the doctor, also a jolly boat load of sand. Delivered Mr. Bunker four yards oznabrigs; four bags received of the steward for sand. The cutter returned from town. Cut a hogshead for the use of the ship.

FRIDAY, Feb. 19, 1779. The first part of this twenty-four hours snowing and blowing very hard, wind from the southward. At 10 A. M., the wind moderated, but very foggy at the same time. Brought a hhd. water and 1 ditto rum six inches out. Took on board 3 hhds. water and some planks for the ship's use. People employed clearing harse and sundry other jobs.

A DREAM OF MARGARETTE.

BY WILLIAM C. STUROC.

When six decades of man's brief years
Had blanched my nut-brown hair,
And life had lost its fellest fears,
Mid sunset rich and rare:

I still would dream of fairy sights
My youthful eyes had seen,
And boyhood's vanish'd dear delights,
No time or wave between.

The land of youth is mine once more,
Its hopes and raptures free,
The smiles and rosy lips of yore,
Are fair as fair can be.

But, heart of all my unquench'd joy,
Like jewel grandly set,
Mid golden light, that charmed the boy,
Stands lovely Margarette.

Her ringlets waving o'er her brow,
Her sparkling eyes the same
As when they flash'd with loveful glow,
And waked the tender flame.

Perchance she now, a matron staid,
Has sons and daughters fair,
But in my trance, that lovely head
Has not a silver hair.

Come! hover o'er me, cherished dreams,
In which the Past still lives,
Nor would I lose those heavenly gleams,
For all the Present gives!

It calms my soul, to see that face,
Which oft in youth I met,
Tho' but in dreamland, robed in grace,
Like witching Margarette.



Samuel H. Edes



THE

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SAMUEL HART EDES, ESQ.

BY JOSEPH W. PARMELEE.

THE true glory of a state depends now, as it ever has, upon the energy and intelligence of its citizens in seizing upon all outlying and positive advantages, and overcoming and converting, so far as possible, all disadvantages of situation and condition to the general welfare.

In a crusade against the natural and untrained forces found in a wilderness susceptible of being utilized for the advancement of the state, there must be pioneers and leaders to inspire a feeling of courage and the hope of success in the minds of the grand army of followers always ready and willing to be influenced and directed.

Among those of the current generation who are in this way exerting a wide-spread and healthful influence upon the business progress and general welfare of this section of New Hampshire, and particularly the county of Sullivan, we come to the pages of the GRANITE MONTHLY with the name of Samuel Hart Edes, a native, and life-long citizen of the town of Newport.

In regard to the genealogy of the Edes family, we quote from the "History of Peterborough, N. H., prepared by Albert Smith, M. D., LL. D.," published in 1876.

THE EDES FAMILY.

"This family traces its descent from one of the eastern counties of England as far back as 1517. The genealogy has been carefully traced with great labor and research, by Richard S. Edes, esq., of Bolton, Mass. and Henry Edes, of Cambridge, Mass. It was a family of a good deal of standing in society.

Samuel Edes son of Nathan, came to Peterborough, N. H., in 1799, after all his children were born. He was born in Needham, Mass., October 15, 1753, and died in Peterborough, July 10, 1845, aged ninety-two years. His first wife, Elizabeth Baker, died before he came to Peterborough, and was the mother of all his children. His second wife, Sarah Hutchinson, died in Peterborough, October 20, 1816, aged sixty-four years. His third wife was widow Mary Eaton. She died June 4, 1864, aged eighty-nine years. Mr. Edes was in the battle of Lexington. He reported himself and seventeen others as being separated from his companions, and being exposed to great danger thereby. The night before the battle of Bunker Hill he was employed all night in driving oxen, and was not allowed to speak above a whisper. He always lived on the same place in the town, the same as occupied by his son Isaac Edes."

Amasa Edes, the tenth of the twelve children of Samuel and Elizabeth (Baker) Edes, and grandson of Nathan, was born in Antrim, March 21, 1792. He was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1817. He studied law at Belfast,

Me., with Wilson & Porter one year, and finished his studies at Keene with Hon. James Wilson, Sr. He was admitted to the bar in Cheshire county in 1822, and commenced the practice of his profession at Newport, where he still resides. He is now the oldest lawyer in the practice of law in the state. He has for many years been president of the bar in Sullivan county. After his graduation from college, until he was admitted to the bar in 1822, he was a very successful teacher, and for three years the principal of the New Ipswich Academy. He afterward taught an academic school in Hancock, and was at the head of the Newport Academy for six months in the year 1823. He represented the town of Newport in the state legislature in 1834. He married Sarah Hart, of Keene, born in Chesterfield, July 5, 1795; died in Newport, October 18, 1869, aged seventy-four years and three months. The life of Mr. Edes has been characterized by unusual perseverance and industry in the practice of his congenial profession, by which he has acquired an ample competence. He has also occupied a foremost place as one of the leading and influential citizens of Newport, and may still be found,—venerable with age (1882), at his delightful residence on Main street; and though infirm in body, intellectually bright and cheerful, and in the enjoyment of every comfort. Longevity seems to be a constitutional quality in the Edes family, and he is now on the last decade that goes to round up the great cycle of a hundred years of human life. To Amasa and Sarah (Hart) Edes were born two sons, Joseph Warren (May 30, 1823), who died (June 8, 1828) in infancy, and Samuel Hart, of whom we are to speak.

Samuel Hart Edes,—who is more immediately the subject of this sketch,—the second son of Amasa and Sarah (Hart) Edes, was born in Newport, March 31, 1825. His early training was all that could be expected from tender and interested parents in the rearing of an only son, whose future welfare was of more importance to them than any personal ambition of their own. Under circumstances less favorable, many youths have made shipwreck of their lives for lack of an individuality, which, instead of resting upon the position achieved by the parent, asserts itself, and advances to more distinguished successes in life. After two years,—1838 to 1840,—of preparation at that cherishing mother of so many of the youth of Sullivan county—Kimball Union Academy,—young Edes entered Dartmouth College—1840—and creditably passing through the stated course of instruction there, was graduated from that venerable institution in 1844, the youngest member of his class;—returning to Newport he commenced the study of law in his father's office. He married, December 30, 1847, Julia A. Nourse, of Acworth, and settled on a farm handsomely located on Sugar river in the town of Sunapee. This was his first business enterprise.—on the land as a farmer, in connection with stock raising, and crops, thus gaining healthful experiences from actual contact with nature, valuable to any and all men in after life, whatever their profession or pursuit. This farm labor was continued through the years 1847–48–49, when he returned to Newport to perfect his legal knowledge for admission to the Sullivan County Bar (1851). It is in order here to say that the interest of Mr. Edes, as an agriculturist, has continued, and increased collaterally, with other interests of which we shall speak, to the present time. He now controls and plants some six hundred acres of land in general farming; cuts seventy tons of hay; keeps sixty head of cattle, mostly of Ayershire stock; works six horses; and employs six farm hands. He is a member of the Ayershire Breeder Association of the United States and Canada.

In the year 1856 Mr. Edes purchased the Cold Spring property lying immediately north of the village.

From the first settlement of the town of Newport until within a period of thirty years, our people were dependent upon inconvenient wells, and water

from the river, when fires have occurred, while abundant resources in the way of a water supply—and so regarded all that time—remained useless, awaiting the necessary energy and ability to utilize them. The earlier proprietors of this property—J. D. Walcott and Samuel F. Chellis—could never be induced either to dispose of it, or render it useful to the villagers, and it continued all these years idle, or good for nothing but as a resort for village picnics.

In 1856 Mr. Edes commenced laying logs by which this water was introduced to that part of Main street north of the river. In this enterprise he expended about $600, which resulted in a loss of some $300, as in three or four years the logs became decayed and useless. The excellence of the Cold Spring water made it especially desirable for domestic and other purposes, and Mr. Edes was urged by many residents to reconstruct and continue his undertaking. Thus encouraged he went to work and laid patent cement and iron pipes throughout, and up to this time has expended some $10,000 on his main line and branches. To render this water supply still further available, the town has built a reservoir on the public square, in front of the post-office, with a capacity of at least one hundred hogsheads. In December last, when the barns and stables of the Newport House were in flames, and the fire was speedily making its way along the ell part to the main building of the hotel, and the Methodist church edifice, and a large amount of private property was in imminent danger, recourse was had to this reservoir of water, without which the ravages of the fire must have been indefinitely extended and disastrous in the extreme.

Mr. Edes is a stalwart friend of education, and a supporter of the schools in Newport, and when in 1877 a law was enacted securing the independent action of Union District, and the appointment of a board of education, he was elected a member of that board, and became its financial agent, and the earlier establishment and later success of the graded school system, in Union District, is greatly on account of his enterprise and good management.

As a man of affairs, Mr. Edes has the foresight and sagacity to see cheaper rates for insurance, more protection to property from lawlessness, less pauperism, and a more orderly and respectable community around him, with a lower percentage of taxation, not only on account of a good water supply, but where schools are well supported, and general intelligence prevails. He consequently is not a man to become disgruntled over a school tax.

About the year 1866 Mr. Edes acquired possession of the "Eagle Mills" property, so called, which came to him with a long pedigree of unsuccesses—in 1822, as an oil mill; in 1835, as the Newport Mechanics' Manufacturing Company; from 1835 to 1854, in the hands of Parks & Twitchell as a manufactory of cassimeres, satinets, &c. It was thought at the time that he had purchased this property under somewhat adverse circumstances, as the war was past and the great harvest for manufacturers had ended. But to Mr. Edes there was a future in prospect, and he commenced to renovate the old mill, and push matters generally, replacing the old with new and more desirable machinery, and at this time he runs an active mill with two sets of cards; employs twenty hands, and turns out seven hundred yards per day, the year round, of blue mixed and twilled flannel, which finds ready sale in the markets of the country, and the establishment may be considered an undoubted success.

In 1880 the old "Newport Mills," where nearly seventy years ago Col. J. D. Walcott established a manufactory of cotton yarn, after passing through a variety of hands, and several fires, and the immediate ownership of W. L. Dow & Co., as a sash and blind factory, came into possession of Mr. Edes with a record similar to that of the Eagle Mills, before mentioned. Here, also,

order came out of confusion, and the workers in wood soon found an employer, and sashes and blinds, and moldings and doors for the interior finish of houses, are now furnished to order without delay. Hence another success to Mr. Edes in another line of business.

In the year 1826 James Breck and Josiah Forsaith built the "Eagle Hotel," on Main street, near the bridge. It was constructed of brick, three stories high, and was for many years the most elegant hotel building in this part of the state; but in 1856 it had run its race as an hotel, and was for sale. A long line of accomplished landlords and caterers had dispensed public hospitality there; but it was probably at the climax of its popularity—1832 to 1844—under the proprietorship of the late John Silver. It was from the portals of the Eagle Hotel—the Whig head quarters during the "hard cider" campaign of 1840—that the great log cabin, on wheels, with Mr. Silver, whose weight was not less than 325 pounds, and two other ponderous gentlemen of Newport, occupying a front seat, and other seats crowded with passengers, with music and banners, cider barrels and coon skins, rolled away to Concord to attend a great Whig mass meeting, the largest, perhaps, ever held in this state. Mr. Edes purchased this Eagle Hotel property in 1856, and changed it into a business block, now known as "Eagle Block," adapting the lower story to business purposes, and the upper floors to offices, and apartments for small families, and the concern is now paying a handsome percentage on the original investment.

Mr. Edes next appears in the roll of a dry goods merchant. His business occupies the north room on the ground floor of Eagle Block, with rooms on the second floor for millinery and dress making apartments. He offers the largest and best assortment of goods in these lines to be found in Newport. We are authorized to make this statement by reference to the assessments for taxation on stock and trade made by the selectmen. His mercantile business, as well as all his other interests, is under his daily personal supervision.

The south room of Eagle Block is occupied by George C. Edes, son of Samuel H., as a clothing store and depot for gentlemen's furnishing goods.

Mr. Edes's penchant for renovating and restoring waste places at last extended to the Edes homestead on Main street. Not that the latter had come to ruin or decay, but premises so delightfully situated afforded him an opportunity for the display of his judgment and good taste in the arrangement of a residence. The ample, old fashioned house of years since, now beams upon the observer, with gable and cornice and turret from without; while within, its doors and balustrades, and the general finish of the parlors, library, and other apartments, represent a mingling of the colors of our native woods, from orchard and forrest; and the old cherry tree that once gave them of its fruit in the garden, finds an honored position, in its age, as it glows from the panels of a door, wrought with maple or birch. Within this spacious dwelling gather daily four generations of the Edes family, from Frank, the eight years old son of George C., to the venerable Amasa Edes, who celebrated his nintieth birthday on the 21st of March ult.

As heretofore stated in this sketch, Mr. Edes was admitted to the bar in Sullivan county in 1851, and during all these thirty years and more, lying alongside the various business enterprises to which we have alluded, is his professional career. The legal profession may be considered as the main business of his life. On coming to the bar he entered into copartnership with his father, and was thus associated until the year 1872, when the elder Edes retired from the firm, and partially from professional business.

It may be said of Mr. Edes that he inherited the legal profession from his eminent father. He was reared in the atmosphere of a law office, and, con-

scious of his opportunity, he has in no wise done discredit to the quality of this inheritance, or to his progenitor. His law offices occupy a new, one story brick addition to Eagle Block, on the Central street side. In one of these rooms the old "Newport Social Library," founded in 1803, thoroughly renewed and refreshed with new works, has found a home.

Among the able lawyers of Newport, no one has been more successful in his practice than Mr. Edes. His mental characteristics are admirably adapted to the work of his profession. His quickness of perception, and decision of character, often enable him to occupy and command situations in the presence of an adversary that give him great advantage. But his strength as a lawyer lies in his great common sense as adjusted to legal attainments of a high order. Eloquence is not as potent a power before a New England court and jury as well-arranged testimony and a distinct presentation of the facts in the case. Mr. Edes held the position of county solicitor in 1854, and again in 1874, and most faithfully discharged the duties incumbent upon him in connection with that office.

In politics Mr. Edes has ever been a constitutional Democrat. He will bear this interpretation in a dual sense; first, from his quality of mind, which places him in sympathy with the people and gives him faith in the sovereignty of the people; and in the second place, because he regards the constitution of our country as the great charter of our civil and political rights and life, and in the conduct of our state and national affairs, believes in the necessity of its strict observance. He ably represented the town of Newport in the state legislature in the year 1860. He has not been much in political affairs since, as the Republican party has dominated in our state for some twenty years, and he is not a man to change front, or toady to any party for preferment or office.

The Edes family are attendants of the Congregational church; but so far as Mr. Edes is indivdually concerned, we are not aware that he is a member of any church organization. We find it stated, in the Edes genealogy, that their ancestor, some three hundred years ago, was "ejected" from a "living" in the church of England for "non-conformity," and it is possible that this disposition of thought, and independence of creeds, may be an inheritance of the family. In the establishment of local institutions, libraries, reading-rooms, and lectures, for the pleasure or benefit of this community, our people have in Mr. Edes a willing and liberal coadjutor. He was one of the founders of the Newport Savings Bank, chartered in 1868, and a member of its first board of directors. In all matters of village improvement, the arrangement of the park, and streets, and sidewalks, and the planting of trees, he takes a hearty interest. Aside from his pleasant house, and garden, and grounds in Newport village, the family have a delightful cottage on the borders of Lake Sunapee, to which they resort in the warm season for health, recreation, and change.

To Samuel Hart and Julia (Nourse) Edes, were born four children, two of whom, the eldest and the youngest, survive,—George C., born Apr. 23, 1849, and Marcia J., born Sept. 5, 1859, and resident of Newport.

We are not able to present the GRANITE MONTHLY with the sketch of a more comprehensive man, or better citizen, in the town of Newport or the county of Sullivan, than Samuel H. Edes, and are glad to put him on record in this magazine. In so doing we are impressed with the idea that had the earlier generations of English settlers in New England, possessed the means you afford of recording and preserving historical and notable local events and incidents connected with the first settlement of our towns and villages, and personal sketches of the men and women concerned in all these regards, a vast amount of interesting detail would have come to this generation, the loss of which is only partially supplied by vague and desultory traditions.

THE ROLFE-RUMFORD HOUSE.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

WE have lately read the lament of an American writer that his native country is one without a background of reminiscence. Henry James, jr., when he lifted up his voice in this manner must have been suffering from the effects of indigestion induced by a hearty dinner eaten under the palatial roof of a duke or a marquis whose lineage went back to the Norman conquest. American history barren? No patriot, no scholar will admit that. To the unspoiled American the memories of Pocahontas and Weetamoo, of Lord Fairfax and Sir William Pepperell, of Lady Arabella Johnson and of Lady Wentworth, of Franklin and Langdon, of Washington and Stark, of Portsmouth and Bennington, are as suggestive and more sufficing than many a noble English name or royal residence. The mummies in the Art Museum have antiquity enough, but what background of reminiscence have they as compared with our familiar names of Jefferson, Adams, Henry, Webster, and Pierce, which are full of suggestion, and mean something! Our country no background of reminiscence? Let us see.

Concord is rich in memories dearer to its children to-day than they can be a thousand years hence. Length of days and multitudinous events have not yet had the cumulative power to thrust into dimning remoteness the persons and places of two centuries ago. Where the burnished dome of the State House is set against the sky, floated, in the ancient time, the crimson banner of St. George, with its crowns and lions and unicorns—"the flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." Around are the old harvest grounds of the royal Passaconaway, where the Penacook women labored and Weetamoo sung. Historic houses and historic graves are on either side. A little way off is the graveyard where lies a president of the United States beside his wife. Still nearer is the house where he lived and where Hawthorne visited. Here, in the rear of Cyrus Hill's Block, is the old printing office of Isaac Hill, from which issued the weekly sheets of the "Patriot," then a power in the land. It is used for other purposes now, being a tenement house. At some distance, on Spring street, stands the mansion where Hon. William A. Kent gave a reception to General Lafayette, and where Ralph Waldo Emerson married his first wife. Here, in full view of the glittering finial of the State House, is the house where Samuel Finley Breese Morse painted some of his best pictures before he became more famous as the inventor of the electric telegraph. Down Main street is the brick mansion-house of ex-Gov. Isaac Hill, and where many subsequent Governors congregated. Clear down at the "South End" is the old home of Count Rumford, and that of his gifted but eccentric daughter, the benevolent Countess Sarah. And all the way from "South End" to "North End" stretches that wide and beautiful street called Main, canopied half the distance by the drooping branches of the bordering elms; that street that has listened to the tramping and the shouting attendant upon the visits of two presidents, Monroe in 1817, and Jackson in 1833. The train that accompanied the hero of the Hermitage was a noble one. There were Van Buren the Vice-President and afterward President, Lewis Cass, Secretary of War, and subsequently a candidate for the Presidency, Levi Woodbury, Secretary of the Navy, and the military heroes, Miller and McNeil. Here was the mustering place of the old Colonial Eleventh New Hampshire Regiment, with fire-lock and bayonet. Gay and stately in their military trappings strutted Andrew

McMillan, His Majesty's Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel Stickney and Major Thompson. Here was the marshaling of the patriots to march to Boston, with Stickney and Walker at their head. But why enumerate? These are but a small fraction of the memories which to-day, as in the past, make glad the heart of Concord. As one stands in the State House where the voices of Webster, Pierce, Atherton, Phillips, Greeley, and Hale, have thundered eloquence, or saunters along the streets where Lafayette, Jackson, Van Buren, and Benjamin Thompson once paced up and and down, does he not indeed have a background extensive and richly colored enough?

In fact, around one little spot, a brown, time-stained, weather-beaten house, there cluster memories that might exalt even a Windsor or a Kenilworth. Here is a building that has a background of reminiscence that one need not be ashamed of. We refer to the Rolfe-Rumford house. Walk a mile from the State House to the "South End," across the railroad bridge, and you will see the old house, standing serene and meditative at the left, amid a grove of firs, spruces and majestic elms. It is a large, square, two-story building, with a wing, also of two stories, at the rear. The house is of wood, and was stately and costly in its day, with paneling and carving. The estate is finely situated on a bend of the Merrimack, the historic Merrimack, of which Whittier sings, from which it is separated only by a country road running behind it. At present spring freshets have made threatening inroads in its rear. It consists of about thirty acres and has upon it two small cottages, beside the famous mansion-house.

The Rolfe-Rumford house was built in 1764 by Col. Benjamin Rolfe. Col. Rolfe was a great man in the colony in ante-Revolutionary days. He was born in 1710, and was the son of Henry Rolfe, one of the original grantees of "Penacook." He was a man of scholarly attainments, having graduated at Harvard in 1728. Able, wealthy, and enterprising, he was a man of authority, holding the highest offices of the settlement. He was the town clerk of Rumford for many years, and was the first one chosen to represent the town in the General Assembly of New Hampshire. In 1745 he held the commission of Colonel in the province under Governor Benning Wentworth. By inheritance and his own industry he acquired a large property, and was by far the wealthiest person in Concord. He lived according to his means, after the fashion of the day. His large estate was worked by slaves and servants to the number of a dozen. He purchased and owned the first chaise ever used in Concord, in 1767. It had, says Dr. Bouton, a standing canvas top, and probably cost about $60, which would be about equal to the sum of $240 in these days.

This old time magnate lived a bachelor until he was nearly sixty. At that age he lost his withered heart to Miss Sarah Walker, the oldest daughter of Rev. Timothy Walker, who was thirty years his junior. Miss Walker was beautiful and accomplished and a "blue blood." The Rolfes at the "South End," and the Walkers at the "North End," with the Coffins, Eastmans, Bradleys, and Stickneys, sandwiched between, were the aristocracy of old Rumford. They lived differently from the other people, usurped most of the offices, and controlled the business and social interests of the town. The marriage, therefore, of Col. Rolfe and Miss Walker must have been one of the grand events of the colony. It occurred in the year 1769. We can imagine the gay concomitants of the wedding, the bridal feast, the congratulations of the aristocratic guests, and the going home of the bride in the canvas-topped chaise to become the mistress of the great house. That this union of May and December was otherwise than a happy one we have no reason for believing, but it was very short. On the 20th of December, 1771, Col. Rolfe died, leaving his widow the wealthiest person in the settlement, and the mother of a young child less than a year old.

About this time there came to Concord, from Woburn, Mass., a young man by the name of Benjamin Thompson. Though a mere youth in years, he was wonderfully matured in mind. He was a good scholar, and developed handsomely in personal appearance. He was engaged at once as the teacher of Rumford Academy.

Thompson was a philosopher by nature, and nothing could divert him from his philosophical researches and mechanical pursuits. Handy with tools and full of inventive genius, he spent his spare time in all sorts of experiments on subjects suggested by his reading. Like Watt with his tea-kettle explosion, he had his early experimentive accident. While a clerk in a store at Salem, he volunteered to make fire-works to honor the triumph of the patriots; in the attempt his mixture blew up and he was carried from the scene seriously injured. After he recovered from this injury, having lost his place by the closing of the store, he went to Boston, where his unoccupied time was improved by attending a course of scientific lectures at Harvard College. This privilege was afforded him free, and long after he made grateful return by bequeathing to the college the endowment of a professorship of the useful arts. When he came to Rumford he was only eighteen years old.

At the well known Walker house, upon the bank of Horse-shoe pond, and beautifully inclosed with lofty elms, where resided Parson Walker, and which was then as now a mansion where were dispensed the hospitalities of a gentleman and a scholar to all well disposed strangers, Benjamin Thompson was a welcome guest. The position and address of Thompson were such as to give him entrance to any house, and his superior intelligence was soon discovered by the venerable clergyman. Between the two a warm friendship grew up. Nor was the young school master less a favorite with those of his own age. The proud and haughty demeanor of which, in after life, he was accused, was not noticeable at this period. Naturally gay and fond of society, he entered into all the manly sports of the time while at Concord. He was the most expert skater and swimmer among the young men. At the social evening parties he was a favorite. With his experiments in chemistry and philosophy, his feats of swimming and skating upon the Merrimack, and Horse-shoe pond, his genial and engaging manners at all times and places, he for a time was very popular among old and young at Rumford.

At Mr. Walker's Thompson often met the young widow, Mrs. Rolfe. She was now in the prime of her beauty, and a creature for a young man to worship. She had other attractions beside her good looks and accomplishments. Owner of an estate valued at £4000—$80,000 of our money, and mistress of a great household, she had no lack of suitors. Nor was she averse to marriage, but she looked with favoring eyes upon no one but the young teacher, who, with his frank, open manners, handsome form, and manly accomplishments, had completely won her heart. They married sometime before January, 1773, at Parson Walker's house, and the poor school-master became the richest patrician in Rumford.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson inaugurated a style of living at the Rumford house that completely threw in the shade any thing of the kind previously. Tradition reports that they kept twenty slaves and servants; that a fat ox was often butchered once a week; and that a dozen saddle and carriage horses were kept in the stables to accommodate the master and mistress and their guests. When they went abroad they rode in a curricle drawn by two horses, by far the most expensive turn-out then in Concord.

It was while attending a military review, at Dover, that Thompson attracted the attention of Governor Wentworth. These military parades, with their round of levees, balls and parties, were the center of all the fashion in those days.

The high social position of the Thompsons, and their great wealth, enabled them to vie with any of the aristocrats in the colony in lavish display. In the field, on horseback, Thompson was the lordliest figure seen, and in the evening soirees, where all the elite of the province congregated, no figures were more noticeable than those of the young school-master and his bride. Of the greatest personal beauty, six feet in height, erect as a young pine, with finely formed limbs, keen, light blue eyes, features chiseled in the Roman mold, and hair dark auburn, dressed in the extreme of fashion, with "scarlet coat, embroidered waistcoat, satin small clothes, and gold buckles at the knee and instep," Thompson was the observed of all observers in the ball-room or in the field.

The distinguished friendship of the royal governor won for Thompson the appointment of major in the Eleventh Regiment of the New Hampshire militia, "over the heads of all the old officers." This gained for him the enmity of all his superseded rivals, and of some others who envied him his good fortune. Major Thompson probably cared little for the ill concealed dislike of his neighbors. He kept on in the even tenor of his way, visited, and received visitors, performed his duties and enjoyed his pleasures. Major and Mrs. Thompson were often the guests of Governor Wentworth, partaking of his hospitality at Wentworth House, Portsmouth, and once sharing it at his magnificent summer seat, on the shores of Smith's lake, at Wolfeborough.

In the family mansion was born their daughter, Sarah, the afterward benevolent Countess of Rumford, October 18, 1774. A few happy, prosperous months went by. Blest in his family relations, honored for his position and his culture, the intimate friend of Wentworth, of Wheelock, the president of Dartmouth College, of Parson Walker, and other eminent and learned men, Benjamin Thompson seemed riding on the highest wave of prosperity and happiness. Upon this brilliant day burst the storm of the Revolution.

Benjamin Thompson was as yet but twenty-two years of age. His sudden rise, his unvarying prosperity, and more than all, the governor's favor, had made him enemies, and a grand combination was made to crush him. Though inclined to the patriot cause, he was denounced as a Tory. Even the influence of the Walkers, who were ardent patriots, and known as such, could not save him. Fearing violence from a mob of village patriots, if he remained, young Thompson fled from his home in the night. The jealous officers continued to malign him, and the rumors spread through the American army. Suspected without cause, and wishing to obtain a commission in the patriot army, he demanded an inquiry. It resulted in a drawn verdict. After vainly trying to live down the ill odor by zealous army work on the American side, and finding himself still in danger from suspicion and hostility, he gave up the patriot cause in disgust, and fled to the British, in Boston. On the evacuation of that city he was entrusted with dispatches to Lord Germaine, in England.

This proved the turning point in Thompson's life. There was that about this man's bearing which always seemed to have given the impression of a person of distinguished worth. The British Secretary of State was immediately struck with the young American. He gave him employment in his office, where, evincing fertile resources and talents of the first order, Thompson rose to become Under Secretary of State in the colonial department. After the retirement of the Germaine ministry, he accepted a colonelcy, and was sent to this country; but the war closed before he had time to draw his sword.

Returning to England he obtained service under the Elector of Bavaria, and upon his departure was knighted, by which he became Sir Benjamin Thompson. It had been his intention to offer his services to Austria, but Prince Maximilian, having by chance become acquainted with him, and being deeply

impressed with his evident ability and superiority, warmly advised him to make Munich the field of his labors. How he labored there, and of the abundant rewards of his labors, history tells us in a lofty strain. He became the guiding spirit of the government, and introduced beneficial changes in all directions. The wide spread system of mendicancy that had been an incubus for years to the Bavarian government, he attacked and overthrew, returning the multitude of beggars to it as valuable and accomplished workmen. He remodeled the army, introduced improved artillery, founded a military academy, and improved the breed of cattle.

Near Munich was an extensive tract of wild land that was inclosed as a hunting ground for the King and his nobles. In it now stands an elegant shaft which recites how his "genius, taste, and love," changed this "once desert place" into a lovely pleasure ground for the enjoyment of the people; and how, beside, he "rooted out the greatest of public evils, idleness and mendicity, relieved and instructed the poor, and founded many institutions for the education of our youth." In the public garden of Bavaria his statue stands, of heroic size, as the patron genius of the place. The Elector also honored him by conferring upon him several of the highest offices in the Empire. He was a member of the Council of State; major general; knight of Poland; commander-in-chief of the army; minister of war; chief of the Regency in the Elector's absence; and count of the Holy Roman Empire. To this latter title he added Rumford, in honor of his old home in America. He left Bavaria only as minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to the court of St. James, with a pension for life of nearly two thousand dollars a year.

Count Rumford had never ceased his interest in philosophical investigations, and while in England engaged in experiments whose fruits came home to every man's kitchen and fireside. The improvement of smoky chimneys and the best methods of employing heat, particularly occupied his mind. The results of his study were the first improved grates and fire-places, and the first cooking stoves. Many of our most indispensable conveniences are due to his thoughtfulness and investigation, to which the world, while enjoying the blessing daily, gives no recognition.

In the project of starting the Royal Institution of London, for the patronage of art and science, he was a forward agitator, and instituted several prizes for the encouragement of research. And all the time he kept busy. He experimented on light and illuminations, greatly improving our lamps and candles, and he made the first steps in the discoveries in relation to the corrosion of silver by light, upon which rests the art of photography. Another homely benefit grew out of his experiments upon the capabilities of fabrics to absorb moisture, from which the superiority of woolens, as conserving health and comfort, resulted. We can hardly glance at the interior of our houses without noticing something in which this ingenious man has added to our enjoyment and felicity.

Lady Sarah Thompson, his wife, died in 1792. He marrried again, late in life, the widow of Lavoisier, the famous French scientist and savan, and retired to her beautiful seat at Auteuil, near Paris, where he died, August 21, 1814, in the sixty-second year of his age. In the height of his career the American government invited him to return to his native country and engage in her service; but, though he could not comply with the invitation, it must have been peculiarly gratifying to him, as it placed him right upon the record of his country.

Mrs. Thompson's son, by her first marriage, Paul Rolfe, by inheritance, became the owner of the house and estate in Concord. The blood of the

Walkers and the Thompsons seemed to have degenerated in the new master of the Rolfe house. He had a scholarly education, but was without enterprise or ambition. In 1808 we find him on the staff of His Excellency, Governor Langdon, with the title of colonel. He served also in municipal and church affairs, but was not prominent. In his latter days he grew dissolute, and allowed the old mansion to fall into decay. He died July 18, 1819, and his half sister became his heiress.

Almost as strange and full of vicissitudes as the life of her father was the career of Sarah Thompson, Countess of Rumford. The forsaken infant of a persecuted father, fleeing from unmerited reproach and insult to the enemy for protection; the orphan, by the decease of the only parent left to protect her; forsaking the home of her childhood to pass an isolated life with her paternal grandmother in an adjacent state; a young girl, in the hey-day of life, encountering the perils of the Atlantic, at the call of an exiled and, to her, a long-lost parent, a resident of the capital of Bavaria, when Munich was about to be bombarded by the Austrian army, and which was alone prevented by the stern energy of her father, at that time commander-in-chief of the Bavarian forces; the caressed daughter of one honored among the learned savans of Europe, and received with flattering attentions among the most select circles of London and Paris; doubly an orphan, in a foreign land, and by that event inheriting the title and estates of her father; returning to England and settling upon the paternal estate of Brompton, near London; receiving at will the attentions of the most eminent persons among the literati of the British metropolis; again a resident of Paris, where she was subjected to all the embarassments naturally the result of the revolution of '30; and finally, coming to America, the original seat of her ancestors, to die in her old age. Was here not change and variety with an emphasis! She saw life as few saw it. She was a queen of society, and exercised much social influence. She was never married. Tired of courts and their flatteries, after her return to America, in 1845, she spent the remainder of her life in a quiet circle of society, aloof from the stir of city life, with an adopted daughter for her companion. She had considerable property, saved from her father's estates, with a pension of nearly a thousand dollars a year from the Bavarian court, for the services rendered by her father. This she bestowed chiefly in charity.

The countess died in December, 1852, at the age of seventy-eight. By her last will she devised $15,000 to the Concord Asylum for the Insane. The estate and another $15,000 she left for the endowment of an asylum for little girls, natives of Concord, to be known as the Rolfe and Rumford Asylum. The money bequeathed has ever since been at interest, and amounts at present to nearly $80,000, and the income is annually sufficient to maintain the home. The old mansion house is now used by the institution, but a fine edifice will soon be erected from plans procured in Europe by Hon. Joseph B. Walker, of the board of trustees. The home was opened January 15, 1880, under the care of Mrs. Nathaniel Shaw as matron. The first, a girl of nine years of age, was admitted in March. Since then, ten others have been received. The will provides that all who are admitted to the Asylum must be motherless girls, but the difficulty of finding enough to take advantage of its protection has necessitated the letting down of the bars somewhat in its admission.

The Rolfe-Rumford house occupies a very pleasant site but a few rods from the Merrimack river, on a slight eminence that overlooks that queenly stream. Its rear is toward the river, the front facing Hall street and the west. It is no flimsy, inconsistent structure, but a substantial and admirable specimen of colonial architecture. The whole building has a comfortable, home-like look, and the eye rests content on the beautiful wooded and park-like grounds

surrounding it. In short, it is a good type of a patrician country-seat in colonial times.

There are sixteen rooms in the house, exclusive of closets and the attic, and they are all of good size. A balustrade, quaintly carved, and supported by intertwining pillars, borders the staircases from top to bottom. Many a time, no doubt, have gallant gentlemen in queues, small clothes, and heavily embroidered coats, passed up and down these stairs, supporting belles arrayed in stiff brocade, towering head-gear and high-heeled shoes. In the large square room at the left of the broad hall was the ancient parlor of the Rolfes and Thompsons. What scenes it must have witnessed! Provincial grandees had mustered there in the old days to break bread with the ancient proprietors. John Wheelock, grand old soul, trod this floor once upon a time. By that broad open fire-place, the lord and lady of the mansion-house sat many a night, and talked of their love by the flickering light. In its prime the room must have been a grand apartment. It can scarcely boast even of faded magnificence now. The costly paneling is dark with age. Its beauty and its glory have departed.

Ascending to the second story we find the apartments much like those below. How solidly the old house was built! Note those ponderous timbers that compose the framework. They seem able to endure the wear of a thousand years. There was nothing slighted in its erection. Its founder personally directed the construction of the whole. The granite underpinning was brought from the now famous Concord quarry, at Rattlesnake hill. Most of the timber was white oak, sawed at his own mill. The window frames are quaintly carved, and tradition says they were all done with a jack-knife, piece by piece. Slow and tedious work it must have been—something that a yankee of the present time would nervously shrink from doing.

In that large square chamber in the south-west corner, the Countess Rumford died. Her ghost is said to haunt it at times, though how that can well be we do not know, for her remains lie buried under tons of marble in the old cemetery on State street. During her last years the old countess was very eccentric, and lived very retired. A young English girl, whom she had adopted, was her only companion. The young lady had a lover who visited her by stealth; but the countess, discovering what was going on, confined her attendant in this same room. "Love laughs at locksmiths," it is said, and in this case the lovers managed to get together, and were married before the countess was aware of it. The old lady was terribly angry when she learned the fact. She would have nothing to say to her adopted child, and gave the bulk of her property away. The young lady who married against the will of the countess is now Mrs. John Burgum, of Concord.

We descend to the ground again, and wander about the well-kept grounds. Every thing is redolent of the olden time. Here is a summer-house built by Count Rumford. Along this path have glided the light steps of Mrs. Thompson and Lady Rumford, many and many a time. Down this back way and out of that gate in the rear, stole Benjamin Thompson, in the night, when forced to leave his home at the threats of his bitter enemies. There by the fence, he may have stopped to look his last on the roof that had sheltered him during two happy, brilliant years. Home, wife, and little child, he was leaving, and he knew not what the future had in store for him. Go thy way, brave heart! There are laurels for thee to win. When these village worthies, thy maligners, are forgotten, thy name will blaze in the scroll of glory. Go thy way. The boundaries of a provincial town are not to hedge in thy renown. The wide world is before thee, and Fortune is leading thee on.

Some very large and ancient trees cast their shadows over the roof of the mansion. Among these are some elms which were transplanted a hundred and fifteen years ago by Colonel Rolfe. One of them is enormous. Around you stretches the land which belongs to the estate,—some thirty acres or more,—and all under good cultivation. The sun is shining upon the old mansion—the sunshine of 1882—but the house dreams on, dreams of its hundred years of greatness. And we stand and dream too, of the pageants, and the fair women and brave men, whose histories are enwrought with that of the mansion. All the old time and the dashing figures that adorned it pass before our mental vision. All the legends and traditions throng upon our mind as we stand under the branching elms by the old gate of the mansion. Even as we walk away they pursue us; they will not down.

> "Vanished are the story's actors; but before my dreamy eye
> Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry."

ELIJAH BINGHAM.

BY ROLAND D. NOBLE.

ELIJAH BINGHAM was born at Lempster, New Hampshire, February 24, A. D. 1800. He died at Cleveland, Ohio, July 10, A. D. 1881.

BINGHAM is supposed to be of Saxon origin, as a family of this name lived in Sutton, England, before the Norman conquest.

THE BINGHAM FAMILY, in the United States, is understood to have originated from four brothers, supposed to be of about the 20th generation, sons of Thomas and Mary Bingham, of Sheffield, England, who came to America in the last half of the seventeenth century. Their names were Thomas, Samuel and Joseph, who settled in New England, and William who settled in Pennsylvania.

Elijah Bingham, the subject of this notice, was a lineal descendant of Thomas Bingham, above mentioned, who settled in New England. The ancestry of Elijah Bingham, on his father's side, is traced back to Thomas and Mary Bingham, of Sheffield, Yorkshire county, England. Of his family was a son of the name of Thomas, who came to America and settled in Norwich, Connecticut, about the year 1659. The name of Thomas Bingham is recorded as one of thirty-five proprietors of Norwich, in that year. He married Mary Rudd, daughter of Jonathan Rudd, December 12, 1666, and subsequently he removed to Windham, (Conn.) and there he died January 16, 1729, aged eighty-eight years. He is described on the gravestone erected to his memory in the Windham burying place as "Deacon Thomas Bingham," and as a man eminent for piety, love and charity; and there he is noted as the son of "Mr. Thomas and Mary Bingham, living in Sheffield, in Yorkshire, in England." Of Deacon Thomas Bingham's family, a son, Joseph, born January 15, 1688, was the great grandfather of the Elijah Bingham of this memoir. He married Abigail Scott, December 14, 1710. Of his family, his son Elijah, born June 1, 1719, was the grandfather of the one of whom this sketch is written.

Joseph lived in Windham, and died there September 4, 1765, aged seventy-seven years. Elijah Bingham (grandfather) married Theodora Crane, March 2, 1739. Theodora died April 6, 1751. July 19, 1753, said Elijah married Sarah Jackson. Of the children of this (second) marriage was James, born at Windham, April 23, 1758. James was in his fifteenth year when his father moved from Windham to Lempster, New Hampshire, in the year 1772–3.

Elijah Bingham's family was the ninth that settled in that town. He was also known as Deacon Bingham, being deacon of the Congregational church at that place. He died there March 19, 1798, aged seventy-eight years. The inscription on his gravestone, in Lempster burying place, is as follows:

"The memory of the just is blessed.
This monument is erected in memory of Dea. Elijah Bingham, who deceased March 19, A. D. 1798, in the 79th year of his age.

In the cold mansions of the tomb,
How still the solitude, how deep the gloom;
How sleeps the dust unconscious—close confined;
But far, far distant dwells the immortal mind."

James Bingham was father of Elijah Bingham, whose name heads this article. He married first, Lima Hebbard (can not give date), who died in 1781, after the birth of a son, who was named James Hervey. James Bingham married second, Mary Willey (date?), daughter of Allen Willey, who was among the early settlers of Lempster, having removed there from Haddam (Conn.), about 1774. She was mother of Elijah Bingham under consideration. She was born at Haddam, October 30, 1763. She died at Lempster, February 21, 1840, aged seventy-six years, three months and twenty-two days. "Blessed be her memory," was added by her son Elijah to a memorial notice of her, from which these data are taken.

Elijah Bingham's ancestry and places of residence at some period of their lives, on his paternal side, so far as mentioned in this article, may be briefly and in the order of time, given thus:

Thomas Bingham, Yorkshire, England.
Thomas Bingham, Norwich, Connecticut.
Joseph Bingham, Norwich, Connecticut.
Elijah Bingham, Lempster, New Hampshire.
James Bingham, Lempster, New Hampshire.

James Bingham lived in Lempster on the paternal homestead. He was a man of much influence; was considerably employed in public business, as one of the selectmen of his town, and otherwise locally. He was also for many years a valuable member of the New Hampshire General Court. And he was especially noted for promoting gospel order in the town where he lived. James Hervey Bingham (his son), and Daniel Webster, being intimate friends and "college-mates" at Dartmouth, the latter was of those who were ever welcome visitors at the hospitable house of James Bingham. James Bingham died at Lempster, January 7, 1826, aged sixty-seven years. The boyhood life of Elijah Bingham was not unlike that of many of the worthy sons of New England. As he grew up he attended school, teaching at times, and diligently applied himself to study, with the view of entering Dartmouth College, which he did in September, 1818, leaving New Ipswich Academy therefor, and entering the freshmen class. In March, 1819, because of the inconveniences of then impaired hearing—caused by scarlet fever when but three years of age—he asked and received his dismissal and left college.

A few years after this the celebrated Jonas Chickering, who had embarked in the business of manufacturer of pianos, held out inducements to Mr. Bingham to enter into their manufacture with him, but that industry was yet mainly untried in this country, and with the uncertainties attendant upon it, and with Mr. Bingham's mind fixed in another direction he declined to engage in the business. Mr. Chickering and Mr. Bingham remained constant friends and correspondents until Mr. Chickering's death.

In March, 1820, Mr. Bingham entered the law office of his brother, James Hervey Bingham, at Alstead (N. H.), as a student-at-law, and was admitted to the bar of New Hampshire in 1825. In this year, leaving Alstead October 1st, he made a trip to Cleveland, Ohio, and was in Buffalo, in October, when the waters of the Hudson river and of Lake Erie were united by the Erie canal, and ever had a vivid recollection of the joyous celebration of the event in Buffalo.

At Cleveland he visited his cousin, John W. Willey, at that time a prominent lawyer, and afterward a distinguished jurist of Ohio, and Mr. Bingham's contemplated trip further west was abandoned at the instance of Mr. Willey; and it was arranged that, after Mr. Bingham's return to New Hampshire, he would go back to Cleveland and enter upon the practice of the law with Mr. Willey. But the death of Mr. Bingham's brother Truman, a merchant at Lempster, which occurred while he (Elijah) was returning to New Hampshire, seemed to make it necessary that Elijah Bingham should go to Lempster and settle the business of his brother, which he did, and there opened a law office the same year (1825), and was appointed postmaster as successor to his deceased brother. In June, 1826, he resigned his office of postmaster, and removed to Alstead, and took the law office of his brother, James Hervey Bingham, who had moved to Claremont (N. H.). He resided in Alstead (with the year's exception alone stated) from 1820 to 1835. He removed from Alstead to Cleveland, in 1835, leaving Alstead on Tuesday, July 7th, and arriving at Cleveland on Thursday, July 16th. The mode of travel then was by private conveyance to Bellows Falls (Vt.), thence by stage-coach to Saratoga; cars to Schenectady; canal to Buffalo; and steamboat to Cleveland. An historical sketch of the town of Alstead, by the Rev. Seth S. Arnold, A. M., published in 1836, in speaking of Mr. Bingham's removal to Cleveland, says: "In July, (1835) Elijah Bingham, Esq., left town and moved to Cleveland, Ohio. In connection with this was the removal of the Hutchinson family, which effected a considerable change in the place. Mr. Bingham was a prudent, judicious and useful man in his profession, and in community."

At Cleveland, Mr. Bingham engaged in the flour milling business, and, subsequently, having purchased real estate, in agriculture, horticulture, and as a vintner; in considerable of the mean time performing important duties in different public offices. To Mr. Bingham's good education, acquired in early life, he made constant and careful additions; and in sacred and secular history, biography, and standard literature, and news of the day, religious, political, and general, he was particularly well informed. Mr. Bingham was ever fond of music, of which he had scientific knowledge, and was highly skilled in its execution, on instruments of his choice. Doubtless many of the aged people of New Hampshire will remember his fine performances on the flute, as a member, with his brother, James Hervey Bingham, of the celebrated New Hampshire musical society, at the ceremonies incident to the inauguration of a governor of the state and other notable occasions of the state, some three score years ago. One of the prominent events was the production of an oratorio, at Concord, in honor of Lafayette, in 1825. On Mr. Bingham's settling in Cleveland, and until within a few years preceding his death, he was an active and valuable member of various leading musical societies of the city.

In personal appearance Mr. Bingham was nearly six feet high, and of stalwart frame; and though his acquaintances will remember him as wearing spectacles—because of near-sightedness—his reading, until he had reached four score years, was usually without glasses.

The strength of mind and fixed religious sentiment that especially characterized the early settlers of New England, was particularly noticeable in the

Bingham family. "Fear God and keep his commandments," was an ever abiding maxim therein.

The first ancestor who settled in this country, as also some of his descendants in a direct line to Elijah Bingham were, and so known and called, "Deacon" Bingham; and at that period the title with the respect and influence and responsibility carried with it to the recipient were markedly significant; and as to the qualities above mentioned, Elijah Bingham was a worthy representative of his ancestors and contemporaneous relations. Mr. Bingham's religious convictions were strong in early life, and grew and strengthened to the day of his death. Daily reading of the Scriptures was a favorite occupation of his. He became a member of the Congregational church at Alstead, when yet a young man; and after arriving in Cleveland he joined the First Presbyterian church, in 1835, which, becoming so increased in numbers, in course of time, in that growing city, as to cause an overflow, he, with others, organized the Second Presbyterian church, in 1844, of which he remained a member until his death. Mr. Bingham was ever highly respected in the community where he lived, and it is safe to say that he died at peace with all mankind.

The Rev. Charles S. Pomeroy, D. D., pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Cleveland, in his anniversary sermon on June 25, 1882, paid the following tribute to Mr. Bingham:

"The first to go was one of that narrowing circle of honored veterans who originally formed the Second Church, in 1844,—Elijah Bingham. He was born with the century in 1800, and at the age of thirty-five came to Cleveland, then a village of 4000, to build up a reputation for business integrity, mental culture, geniality, and Christian character, which will be an heir-loom in his surviving family for many a day. His love for music was a passion, and the grand old composers, Handel and Haydn, his delight. It is blessed to think how he must enjoy the song of "Moses and the Lamb." It was well worth one's while, overcoming the difficulty of his deafness, to enjoy the pleasure of his conversation at any time, mellowed by the richness of his Christian faith, full of God's word—intelligent and happy enjoyment of a life that he knew was leading him to a better. We helped to celebrate his golden wedding a few years since. The matron who stood by his side then, with children and grand-children about them, sits now in the same home in cheerful expectation, waiting for their diamond wedding in the better land. Mr. Bingham was spared to the age of eighty-one, dying on the Lord's day, July 10, and went to his grave ripe for heaven, his hoary head a 'crown of glory,' for it was 'found in the way of righteousness.' His last illness was brief. As with his great namesake of the fiery chariot, we felt it was translation when he passed away."

Mr. Bingham received the degrees in St. Paul's Lodge, at Alstead, being raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason, November 13, 1823; was master in the same lodge in 1824–25–28–29. He was District Deputy Grand Master, 1831–32.

Such is life! How briefly may the long period of human life be summarized!

Born amid the rugged granite hills of Lempster, New Hampshire, in the year 1800. Died in the beautiful lake-washed city of Cleveland, Ohio, in the year 1881. An inscription on an appropriate monument, of Quincy granite, in Erie Street cemetery, at Cleveland, records the facts last above written, with the usual

becoming brevity, for thereon may be read—for ages it would seem—while the sleeper's posterity may even all have passed from the face of the earth:

"ELIJAH BINGHAM,
BORN IN LEMPSTER, N. H., FEBRUARY 24, 1800.
DIED JULY 10, 1881.
'I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH.'"

On October 25, 1827, Elijah Bingham married Miss Thankful Cadwell Hutchinson, of Alstead, daughter of Major Samuel Hutchinson, merchant. Their golden wedding was celebrated at Cleveland, the occasion being one of much pleasure to themselves, their family and a large number of friends.

The following children were born unto Elijah and Thankful C. Bingham:

Ellen Hutchinson, at Alstead.
Samuel Hutchinson, at Alstead.
Francis Milton, at Alstead.
Truman Elijah, at Cleveland.
Mary Emily, at Cleveland.
James Hervey, at Cleveland.
Charles Edward, at Cleveland.

Ellen Hutchinson and Charles Edward married, and the former is now residing at Cleveland.

All the children, except Ellen Hutchinson, have deceased; and all who have deceased, except Charles Edward, died under fourteen years of age.

ALONG THE JOHN STARK RIVER, FROM AGIOCOCHOOK TO THE CONNECTICUT.

BY L. W. DODGE.

O bright-hearted river,
On-flowing for ever,
Atween the dark wood on thy way to the main!
By green velvet edges,
By gray mossy ledges,
I, a boy, hasten back to thy fountains again.
ANONYMOUS.

AT the head of the "Fifteen Mile Falls" in the Connecticut river, and about fifty miles from its wild lake source, among the ancient metamorphic formations of upper New Hampshire, John's river adds its measure to that of the many tributaries which unite to form the "Stream of Many Waters."

It is not a presumptuous stream, scarcely aspiring to the title of river, except in the rainy season, or when the melting snows move southward; and then its channel broadens and it becomes a boisterous arrogant flood. A score of miles will measure its sinuous course from the rills of Agiocochook through the wilds of Carroll, the glens of Whitefield, and the dales of Dalton, to the "union of the waters." Unassuming though it be, yet like many of the rivers

of New Hampshire, it has its history, written and traditional. In fact all this northern country is rich in stirring incident, and only waits the pen of the historian to weave it into interesting narrative.

Some of the principal streams which unite to form the John's river will bear description.

The northern, or Jeffersonian branch, is an outflow from the marshes and mountain rivulets whose reservoir is "Cherry Pond," or Pondicherry, as known to the early map-makers of this section; a dual collection of waters just within the boundaries of the old "Dartmouth," as Col. John Goffe's grant was anciently denominated.

From the idea suggested by the name of this pond, it would seem to be a misnomer, as no representative of the *prunus* family casts a shadow among the dense growth of its surroundings; nor is there aught about the neighboring mountain sufficiently suggestive of the name it bears, and which doubtless gave to the John's river source its meaningless title, for it is not, nor ever was a land of cherries. It bore an Indian name once, for it was in fact part of the ancient hunting-ground and tarrying-place of a race of hunters and warriors. Their arrow heads and hatchets are buried among the decayed accumulations of the years; their foot-prints and resting-places covered by the hands of time. The survivors have gone their own wild way, leaving behind only a few uncertain traditions and suggestive titles, which should have always clung to their subjects so long as mountains needed distinction, or rivers knew names.

When, after the massacre at Cochecho, Kankamargus and his followers fled north and joined the roving bands around the mountains, Israel's river was "Singrawock," a name it bore until visited by Captain Powers, in 1754, and by him re-named Powers's river, perhaps the first white man ever encamped on its shores. Why it was changed to its present unhistorical name, perhaps some one on the borders of Israel can tell; this writer knoweth it not.

Another object which has suffered this change of name, from its Indian idea of "High and Beautiful Place," is "Cherry Mountain;" a dark-wooded and attractive peak, standing out from the Waumbek-Methna group, isolate and grand, and rising two thousand feet above its valley surroundings. Up its evergreen side, by the rivulet paths, we have traced its cloud-born brooklet, to where it bubbles out from the upheaved rocks of its summit. And here was located one of those famous imaginary carbuncles, or shining stones, so eagerly sought for as a source of wealth, by the early explorers, and looked upon by the simpler native, with superstitious awe; and to this day, to the beholder standing upon the west side, miles away, the little stream gliding over the smooth surface of water-worn rock, reflects the sun's noon-tide rays, and sparkles a huge diamond upon the mountain's crest. This was one of the many elevations which the foot of the Indian never dared to press. Those awful heights they regarded with mystical veneration; among the cliffs and waterfalls, they imagined a presiding genius, and in the loud thunders and revels of the tempest, they heard the voice of the Great Spirit; "they saw him in the cloud and heard him in the wind." Influenced by fear, they dare not intrude into the sacred domains of those all powerful and invincible beings. Hence these cloud-piercing summits they never visited. "Ke-won-ente" was the traditional name of this water-grooved pinnacle, an outgrowth from the three distinct ideas euphoniously expressed, *kees* high, *wonne* pleasant or beautiful, and *auke* place.

Along the valley, at the western base of this stately mountain, flows the Carroll contribution to John's river; this was, up to a few years since, one of the finest trout streams in all this section, winding through the primeval shadows of the ancient Breton Woods, its waters were almost un-whipped; the lumber-

man's axe had not been laid at the foot of the pines, and the vast forest was for miles unbroken—the deer and the bear freely roaming its dark solitudes.

Out from the boundaries of Carroll comes this largest tributary, from its cold spring source, away toward the "Twin Mountain" house, and unites with the northern branch at Island Pond. This is not one of Nature's own make of miniature seas, scooped out of the rocky surface, long since, at the time when the "mountains skipped like rams and the little hills like lambs," but an overflow from Yankee thrift and enterprise in the earlier pine lumber days, and was formed by throwing a dam across the river, just below the junction of the two wild streams; and thus at the very outset of their united career are they set to floating the timber and turning the mill-wheels of industry.

Baker Dodge, who moved into Whitefield about the year 1823, and a brother of his wife, Harvey Abbott, were the first to develop this forest-hidden mill-site; but it has passed through many changes and known many owners since that pristine period.

It was from the top of Cherry mountain that Timothy Nash, one of the solitary hunters of this region, in 1771, first discovered the old Indian pass, now famous as the "White Mountain Notch." Up one of the rivulet paths he had tracked a moose, and finding himself near the highest point, in his eagerness for an unobstructed view, he climbed a tall tree, and from this birchen look-out he saw, away to the southward, what he at once surmised must be the hitherto unknown defile. Steering with the acquired precision of an old woodsman, for the desired point, he had the satisfaction of realizing the truth of his surmises; for it was indeed the rocky pass,—the gateway of the mountains. Admitting to his secret a fellow-hunter, by the name of Sawyer, together they repaired to Governor Wentworth, at Portsmouth, who, after sufficient and novel proof of the fact of the discovery, gave to the fortunate hunters a grant of land, since known as the "Nash & Sawyer" location. Nash was also one of the original grantees of the town of Whitefield, but whether by purchase or in consideration of services rendered, is not known.

All along the pathways of the world's history, there are scattered monuments to the memory of its men of mark—pioneers in its enterprises, foremost in its leading events, great captains in the onward march of improvement. Around the headwaters of John's and Israel's rivers, in those days, between the departure of the Indians and the coming of the white man, settled Colonel Joseph Whipple. He was a brother of that General William Whipple whose illustrious name goes down to posterity along with those others of the framers and signers of that "immortal instrument" which gave us our liberties. They were successful merchants in the town of Portsmouth, and acquired large landed estates north of the White mountains. Most of them, doubtless, as reward for valuable service, both civil and military, rendered the state. Colonel Whipple's title to these Jefferson meadows, followed that of Colonel John Goffe, the first owner after the extinction of the Indian titles, and by him named Dartmouth. What particular incentive brought Colonel Whipple hither so early as 1773, it would be satisfactory to know. A luxurious home by the sea-side, exchanged for a wild haunt among the mountains; the enjoyments of civilization, for the deprivations of the wilderness. Was it an inborn love for adventure to be gratified, or really the acquisition of more wealth and power in the development of his broad acres? Or was it the allurements of the grand old mountains themselves, and he

> "A lover true who knew by heart,
> Each joy the mountain dales impart."

The settlement of the Colonel lying in the track of the Indians, as they passed from the valley of the Saco to the Connecticut, by way of the Notch

and Cherry mountain pass, he was at times greatly annoyed by the visits of the redskins. They never seemed to wish him any harm, however, until during the Revolutionary war. He one day found himself a captive in his own house. A wandering party of warriors applied to him for entertainment, and he as usual, suspecting no evil intentions, admitted them to his house and his table. Their wants supplied, they coolly informed him of their purpose to take him to Canada as a prisoner. Feigning submission, he at once commenced bustling around in preparation for the journey, telling them they must wait a little, until he could make ready to go. During his seeming preparations, he contrived to instruct his housekeeper to gain, by some stratagem, their attention from his movements; this she successfully did, by the help of some curious mechanism which the Colonel possessed. Passing into his sleeping room for the alleged purpose of changing his clothing, he leaped from a rear window, and ran for the meadow where his workmen were engaged in fence-building. Directing each man to shoulder a stake, as soon as his would-be captors appeared in search of him, the sham hunters started for them. Seeing, as they supposed, a party of well-armed, brawny fellows, coming for them in dead earnest, the red devils, hastily seizing what booty they could conveniently make way with, took to the woods, firing as they went on a Mr. Gotham, who was a member of the Whipple household.

These Indians were, doubtless, members of the warlike tribe of Sokokies, or Pequauquaukes, who were driven from the valley of the Saco and their ancient hunting-grounds by the advance of the white man, in the early half of the eighteenth century. They were the most warlike of all the Abenakis tribes, but seem to have disbanded after the Lovewell fight, and joined the Anasaguntticooks of northern Maine, and the Coosaukes at the head-waters of the Connecticut, and in a few years thereafter, the St. Francis tribe in Canada. Those who attempted the abduction of Colonel Whipple, were, doubtless, in the employ of the English, and this was among the last of hostile demonstrations by the subdued natives, before their final disappearance.

Around these head-waters of the John's river, was a famous resort of the moose, whose departure from these wilds, their native haunts, followed that of the Indian. And here those abodeless wanderers, the early hunters, found them in great numbers. One old hunter, whom the first settlers knew as "Dinny" Stanley, used to relate how once upon a hunting expedition he found himself upon the borders of Cherry pond. Scarcely was his tent pitched before he heard the unmistakable sound of approaching moose, seeking the water for protection from flies, and in pursuit of a favorite food, the stem and pads of the white lily. From his evergreen covert he soon saw four of those monarchs of the woods, marching in Indian file down and into the pond, within gunshot of his camp. Waiting until the hindermost one had gotten well immersed, he gave his old "self-priming flint-lock a charge for a moose," and also filled his capacious mouth with bullets. Thus prepared, he, with a lively whoop, presented "Old Dinny" at the edge of the pond, surmising that the startled bathers would retrace their steps, rather than attempt a swim to the other side. This they did, and as the last to enter wheeled for an hasty exit, he received the well-directed charge of the hunter, and dropped dead upon the beach. Scarcely had the smoke from the discharged piece disappeared, when the powder-horn was applied to the muzzle, a ball or two from Dinny's mouth followed the powder, a slap upon the breech primed the pan, and before the second animal had half reached the sandy border, he staggered to his death with a bullet through his heart. The third, also, only reached the "hard-hack" hedge, and fell a victim to Stanley's unerring aim. The fourth had gained the bank, ere the hunter, with well-ordered haste, smote the heated gun for the last deadly priming.

With a hasty discharge he followed the retreating antlers, and within a half mile, came upon the wounded monarch, tearing the earth and bellowing in dying agony. At a safe distance from the enraged leader, he sent a well directed shot, and with the fifth discharge killed the fourth moose.

It is said that Stanley used to relate this incident with a show of honest narrative challenging doubt, and adding, that this hunt kept him in beef and rum for a whole year.

About a mile below the first, or Dodge & Abbott damming of the John's river, is a second artificial obstruction. Here was built, in early Whitefield days, the "Foster mill," and here among the pineries settled one Foster. There are Fosters and Fosters; but I venture to think there was but one Perley Foster, and he the sire of a son who became the hero of two wars. In a humble home in this secluded spot, was born, in 1823, Gen. John G. Foster. The spark of military enthusiasm engendered in the father, kindled to flame in the nature of the son. In 1846 he graduated from West Point, as second lieutenant of engineers, standing third in a class of 59. He served with gallantry during the Mexican war, and at its close received a captain's commission in the regular army.

The breaking out of the Southern rebellion found him in South Carolina on government duty, and as major he was with Gen. Anderson at the defense of Fort Sumpter. Fighting his way through the war with constantly increasing honors, the surrender of the rebels found him a major-general, crowned with laurels well-won. His home in the later years of his life, we believe, was in Nashua, where he died, in 1874, in his fifty-second year.

In the life of Gen. Foster was well illustrated the declaration of the poet, that

> "Honor and fame, from no condition rise;
> Act well your part, there, all the honor lies."

The last trace of the old Foster house is obliterated. Nothing remains to mark the birth-place of a man of note, but the dim outlines of a cellar; not even the traditional sentinel of an ancient apple tree. We remember to have passed along the almost disused, half-forgotten road, one summer day in the long-ago, when the old house, from dilapidation, had become untenantable. Clapboards were rattling in the wind; the doors and windows were in useless ruin; a thicket of unrebuked thistles was crowding about the entrance; and the only thing of beauty about the spot was a broad-disced sun-flower, growing upon the sunny side, with a flourishing family of tall hollyhocks. After awhile the old structure, from constant wind-beatings, tumbled down; the ruins were gathered up or burned, and the site plowed under. Descendants of the ancient May-weeds still linger, I am told, around the place of the old gateway, and there are relics of a way-side fence; but even the noisy brook, which tinkled its way across the road and down into the beaver meadow, is almost run dry.

Thus does time, the obliterator, crowd away the past, with its homes and its hallowed spots, to make room for the future.

The old Foster mill, by its additions and changes, has lost its originality, but the river still rushes onward, singing as it runs,

> "Men may come and men may go,
> But I flow on for ever."

Forty years ago, from this point downward for two miles, the stream found its way through a forest almost unmarred by the axe of man. It was a primeval solitude, the key to which the babbling river alone held; and as we

listened wondering upon its banks, where it came sparkling outward again into sunny pastures, we followed in imagination its latest wanderings, through the moist primitive woods, with never an eddying spot or a resting place, shooting unknown rapids, tumbling over hidden rocks, foaming down unseen cascades, and by the law of its birth, up where the mountain rills are, never at rest. But it is no longer a solitary stream, with unexplored, uncultivated borders, for the iron rails are laid, and the locomotive goes screaming along its banks. Where it seemed uninterrupted forest to our youthful eyes, away up the silent valley, farmers have come, and the clouds which floated silently over the deep, dark woods, now shed their dews on cultivated fields and sunny pastures. We, however, wish but the old-time picture, whose back-ground is the "forest primeval," where the pine still flourishes and the jay still screams.

"There is something indescribably inspiriting," says Thoreau, "in the aspect of the forest skirting, and here and there jutting into the midst of new towns, which, like the sand-heaps of fresh fox-burrows, have sprung up in its midst."

Here upon the banks of the John's, about midway between Agiocochook and the Connecticut, is located the village and the lumber industries of Whitefield.

It was about 1811 that Asa King took it into his kingly head to purchase a large tract in and about the present thriving center of the lumber trade of this section. There had been a feeble attempt at developing the splendid water-power at this point, but like the "tallow dip" of our grand-mothers, it only developed a greater want, and a possibility. It located the village of Whitefield, and created the needs for increased privileges.

While surveying the locality and its advantages, it is supposed, under the pilotage of Major Burns, "Uncle Ase," as he was familiarly known, is said to have originated the "punny" remark, on account of the insignificance of the improvements already located, "There is a good place for a dam, and an excellent mill-site, but there is not much of a mill there by the dam-site."

A lumber and grain mill soon grew out of Mr. King's investments, and on the bank of the stream close by, he built the first frame dwelling in town, and in time also became the landlord of the first hotel, or village inn, also erected by him. This was the nucleus of the present thriving village of Whitefield.

The old mill-house served its purpose and is gone. Its builder and the founder of the village, too, is gone; and in the little "God's acre" over yonder, "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," an humble monument of slate tells where and when.

One ancient landmark still remains to remind the gray-haired villagers of time's unceasing changes. The old Dodge house, the second one built upon the village site, still stands upon the river's bank just as finished by Wm. Dodge in 1824. Here he lived when the post-office was first established and himself received the appointment of post-master, which office he retained through successive administrations until his death, which occurred in 1837. Here, too, he kept the first store in town; and the house, just as at present appears, minus the coating of paint which modern days have given it, served as family dwelling, post-office, and country store. Small income was derived, indeed, from both these sources, with which to supply the needs of a growing family, even with the simple wants of a new country, for the mail was but a weekly show of a half score of letters and a dozen papers; and an unpretentious corner store would realize small profit from the demands of a population of two hundred souls; so another source of revenue was added, and from the country fire-places and the newly cleared lands of the settlers, came the hard-wood ashes to Dodge's potashery, located just east of the house on the banks of the pond; and there it stood in dilapidation as late as 1845, having outlived its usefulness.

Just across the village common, which in early days is described as being quite an elevated sandy knoll, is a little office, having lost its identity in these later years by being incorporated with a larger structure, where the Hon. Edmund Burke commenced his legal career; and those three years, passed by an ambitious young lawyer, in an aspiring young town, were characterized in a letter to the writer hereof, just before his death, as "full of pleasing memories." He was, we believe, the first lawyer in town.

But it was not of the hill-shadowed town of Whitefield we designed in this short sketch to write, but of the river on whose mossy-ledged banks the village is located, and which has a history of its own. Just below here, after running the gauntlet of the hills and performing various requirements of industry, the river receives its largest contribution; a union of streams from the Beach-hill swamps and from Round Pond on the borders of Littleton, which takes the unassuming title of "Little River," and at this junction it is burdened with the responsibility of supplying the power which runs the immense manufacturing establishment of Brown's Lumber Co., one of the most extensive in all this northern country. Just below this interruption to the free passage of the waters, the river enters the town of Dalton. Along this valley from the Connecticut to this point, and following east of the line of the Dalton Hills, by the lakelets known as Long and Round ponds, the traditional Woonesqua of the natives, and over the route where the B. C. & M. R. R. Co. have spiked their tracks of steel, along the Ammonoosuc valley and to the mountain pass and head-waters of the Pemigewasset, was one of the traditional "carrying places," or passes of the Indians. Over this route from the Pemigewasset valley to the "Stream of Many Waters," thence by the Nulhegan and chain of ponds to Lake Memphremagog, many a captive in the days of savage tumult and horror, from the lower settlements, if we may credit published legends and the traditions of early hunters, was taken by the hostile Indians and sold to the French in Canada. It is related that once along this path came the noted "Titigaw" and a savage band, having in their power some captives from below, among whom was one Grovenor, and that some where between the Ammonoosuc and the Connecticut he was bound to a tree and burned with all the orgies of savage cruelty.

There have been found, we are told, near Montgomery pond, unmistakable signs of Indian occupation, and there is a mound in the same vicinity, evidently of aboriginal construction, seemingly of a memorial character, as it has not the outline or general appearance of a defensive work. Perhaps a little attention and investigation might develop more of an interesting nature, concerning the time when the Indian and the moose roamed through this dark and boughy wilderness.

The nomadic tribes of this mountain land were willing subjects of the great sachem Passaconaway, and their yearly tribute of furs from these valleys and streams, was an exacted token of loyalty. Those of this section and the upper Connecticut were known as Coosaukes; from Cooash, pine trees, and Akee, land or country, thus signifying "The country of the pine trees," or the Pine tree country.

Whether that eminent chieftain ever visited the pine-clad fastnesses of his northern subjects, it would be interesting to know. Certain it is that his son and successor Wonolancet, acting upon the dying advice of the old chief, retired from his seat of power at Penacook with the young warriors of the tribe, to the head-waters of the Connecticut rather than be drawn into a bloody war against the whites, by the wily persuasions of king Philip.

After escaping from its narrow bounds and the mill-dams of Whitefield, our river, with broader views and expanded notions, enters the town of Dalton.

From here the hills are pushed back, and on the west side are more abrupt, and aspire to a mountainous appearance, and the valley has widened into quite pretentious meadows. After receiving sundry additions from mountain lakes and beaver swamps, it quietly glides into the Connecticut, just at the foot of what was known by the first explorers, and in the early records, as the "Upper Coös Intervals," being already cleared lands when the white man came.

The first authentic record we have of any visitation to this section, other than that of the wild men of the woods, is from the narrative of John Stark, afterward the hero of Bennington, and whose memory New Hampshire's sons delight to honor.

Before the advance of civilization beyond the old military posts of the frontiers in southern New Hampshire, the settlers were a race of hunters and rangers. The necessities of the times trained every man and boy to the use of fire-arms. The deprivations and dangers of life upon the borders, and the vicissitudes of the camp, perilous conflicts, providential escapes and romantic adventures, were thickly woven into the lives of the pioneers.

The remembrance of most of them has passed away utterly, and of many others dim and doubtful traditions only remain. Some of these, handed down from the actors to their children, and by them rehearsed to a generation already gone, contain too much of reality and circumstance to be entirely fictitious, and yet investigation only excites questions and never-to-be-gratified longings. We can say of them, they were characteristic of the times of which they are narrated and possess shadows of fact, therefore are entitled to consideration.

Among the most skillful and noted of these pioneer hunters, and Indian scouts, were the brothers John and William Stark, of Londonderry, where they resided with their father until 1752. In March of that year, in company with two other adventurous spirits, David Stinson and Amos Eastman, they started upon a hunting expedition into the northern wilds. Upon the banks of the Asquamchumauke, or what is now known as Baker's river, sixty miles into the heart of the wilderness, within the present town of Rumney, they built their camp, in regular hunters' style, of hemlock bark and evergreen boughs. In the vicinity they put out their traps, and prepared for a long hunt. They were very successful, and by the last of April had accumulated a valuable lot of furs, and were already anticipating a return to the settlements and their homes, when they were interrupted by a band of prowling Indians.

Titigaw, a chief of the Anasaguntacooks, with ten of his warriors, on their way from the northward for the purpose of ravaging upon the frontiers, came across the trail of the hunters, and lying in wait they captured John Stark while on the line collecting his traps. The other three would have fallen into an ambush, but that John gave the alarm as they were descending the river in their canoe. Stinson was shot before they could reach the shore, William Stark escaped, but Eastman was taken. Securing the furs and arms of the hunters, the redskins started up the river with their captives. Crossing over to the Connecticut valley, they proceeded to the upper Coös, from whence, says Stark's narrative, "they dispatched three of their number with Eastman, to the head-quarters of their tribe." The remainder, with Stark, employed themselves for sometime in hunting upon a small stream called "John's River." The prisoner was confined at night, but liberated during the day, and allowed to try his luck at hunting. After a season spent in fishing and the pursuit of game here among the hills, during which time Stark doubtless explored the river which was to thereafter bear his name far up toward the mountains, on the 9th of June, they too, by way of Lake Memphremagog, reached the Indian village of the St. Francis, and the end of his captive journey.

Massachusetts commissioners paid the ransoms of Stark and Eastman, and after five weeks among their captors they started for home by way of Lake Champlain and Albany, guided by the same scout who captured them in the wilds of New Hampshire. Nothing daunted by his unfortunate Pemigewasset hunt, our adventurer sought the up country wilds again the next season, this time to procure furs with which to discharge the redemption debt of his former misadventure, and he did it. Besides obtaining a valuable lot of furs, he returned with additional knowledge of the country through which he had ranged, and which the government soon availed itself of, by employing him to lead a party in 1754, into the upper Coös country, to ascertain the truth of the reports that the French were trying to gain a foothold in that section, and were building a fort in the vicinity. Capt. Peter Powers, of Hollis, was dispatched by Gov. Wentworth with thirty men on this expedition; and John Stark, as guide, conducted them over the self-same route by which he had been led as captive two years previous, and they encamped at the mouth of John's river, on the identical camping-ground of the Indians during that return and hunt.

This party of protest found no French, or sign of a fort, but they were probably the first white adventurers who penetrated so far north as the intervales where are now the towns of Lancaster and Northumberland.

There is a tradition extant, and Capt. Powers refers to the same in his journal of the 1754 expedition, that John Stark was twice captured by the Indians during his hunting days, once upon Baker's, and again upon John's river; but his memoir, written by one of the immediate descendants of the General, makes no mention of but one, that of 1752. In connection with this unauthenticated capture, is also related that of a spirited engagement at the mouth of this river between the Indians and a party of white hunters, or adventurers, in which the latter were killed or taken prisoners; and the old firearms found a few years since, near the spot, were supposed to have belonged to the ill-fated party.

To Capt. Powers is given the credit of attaching the name of New Hampshire's old military hero to this humble stream; but whether it was from his own idea, or at the suggestion of the discoverer himself, may never be known. But we will insert an extract from the journal of the Powers expedition, as published a few years since by the Rev. Grant Powers, of Haverhill, N. H.

Sunday, June 30th—This morning exceeding rainy weather, and it rained all the night past, and continued raining until the twelve of the clock this day, and after that it was fair weather and we marched along up Connecticut river; and our course, we made good this day, was about five miles east by north, and we there came to a large stream which came from the south-east. This river is about three rods wide, and *we called it Stark's river*, by reason of Ensign John Stark being found by the Indians at the mouth of this river. This stream comes into the Connecticut at the foot of the upper interval, and thence we traveled up the interval about seven miles, and came to a large river which came from the south-east; and it is about five rods wide. Here we concluded to go no further with the full scout; by reason of our provisions being almost all spent, and almost all our men had worn out their shoes. This river we called "*Power's river*," it being the camping place at the end of our journey, and there we camped by the river.

Tuesday, July 2d—This morning fair weather, and we thought proper to mend our shoes and to return homeward, and accordingly we went about the same, and whilst the men were this way engaged, the Captain, with two of his men, marched up the river to see what further discoveries they could make, and they traveled about five miles, and there they discovered where the Indians had a large camping place, and had been making canoes, and had not

been gone above one or two days at most; and so they returned to the rest of the men again about twelve of the clock, and then we returned and marched down the river to Stark's river, and there camped. This afternoon it rained hard, but we were forced to travel for want of provisions. This interval is exceedingly large, and the further up the larger.

From this record of Capt. Powers, we must believe that Stark did once encounter the Indians upon this river, for being himself the leader of the expedition of which Powers was in command, it is presumable and highly probable, that the Captain made his record upon June 30th, from the statements on the spot, of the actor, John Stark himself, and that in consultation, they gave to the stream, in commemoration of the hero and the events of which, himself was principal, the name it at present bears with the surname combined; but time, with its changes, has lopped off the Stark, and retained the John. Like the dog in the fable, whose severed tail continued to wag around its old accustomed resorts, while its owner was long since buried among the sands.

When the pioneers of civilization first struck this north country, they found the upper, as well the lower Coös along the Connecticut intervals, all ready for the plow of the husbandman. When or how these river-borders and broad meadows were disforested, or if they ever bore one of those primitive crops of nature's own unaided planting, whose waving branches and lofty coronals were swept by the winds of the centuries, the time-buried records of the earth alone may tell, for the memory of man knoweth it not. So in 1763, when Capt. David Page with his followers came up from below, along the trail of the Indians and the track of the river, he found that which in the division of the lower Coös lands he failed to secure, a plantation only waiting to be planted.

Cherishing a love for the old town and its associations, "still to memory dear," these emigrants from the ancient Massachusetts town of Lancaster and vicinity, brought with them its name and attached it to the new and first settlement above Haverhill and Newbury, Vermont, which were settled the preceding year, and these constituted the earliest occupied lands in the "Great Valley" north of Charlestown, then called by its old military designation "No. 4." Many of the original owners, following the Indian claimants, and some of the early settlers obtained their knowledge of these Coös lands while passing through them in pursuit of, or fleeing from their combined enemy, the French and Indians; and they came into possession of them by grant from Gov. Wentworth, in return for valuable services rendered the State against these opponents of English advancement and colonization.

Among these were many members of Stark's and Rogers's companies of scouts and rangers. After the destruction of the Indian village and tribe of St. Francis, by the intrepid Rogers and his men in 1759, they started on their return by way of Lake Memphremagog. For the better procuring of food, of which there was short allowance, and for surer safety in flight, at the south end of the lake they scattered, each man or party for himself, with directions to rendezvous at the mouth of the Ammonoosuc; meaning, says Belknap, "at the upper Cohos on the Connecticut river;" and also adds, "many found their way to Number Four, after having suffered much by hunger and fatigue. Others perished in the woods, and their bones were found near Connecticut river by the people who after several years began plantations at upper Cohos."

In the sending of instructions to Gen. Amherst, by Maj. Rogers, after he had concluded upon the forced necessity of returning from this expedition by way of Connecticut river, and in the carrying out of those directions, there was evident misunderstanding, arising from the then not generally known fact, that there were two sections known as Cohos in the same "great valley," and into each, at the head of their respective intervals, came an Ammonoosuc river,

inflowing from the east, and these but thirty miles apart. Lieut. McMullen, who was sent to Crown Point with the major's desires for relief at the designated point, doubtless gave to the general his proper errand; but the officer who was dispatched from No. 4, with provisions, &c., for the suffering rangers, stopped at the mouth of the lower Ammonoosuc, and when the poor fellows who had reached the upper Cohos by the shortest route from Memphremagog, that of the old Nulhegan Indian trail, they found neither friends nor relief. Some were able to proceed, and after another toilsome march reached the tarrying-place of the party sent up for their assistance, only to find the still burning brands of their late camp-fire. The officer in charge of the party of relief, after having waited two days only, gave orders to return, and in two hours thereafter the half-starved rangers came into the abandoned camp. They fired guns to call them back, but that nor their feeble hallooings could effect a return, for they were fast fleeing from what they supposed to be the pursuing enemy, whose firing they heard.

It is impossible, says Rogers in his narrative, to describe the dejected and miserable condition of the party on arriving at the Coös intervales after so long a march, over rocky barren mountains and through deep swamps, worn with hunger and fatigue. It was ten days before assistance again reached them.

The just claims for services of some of these "men of mark," among those hardy rangers, we find recognized by Gov. Wentworth among the original proprietors of Whitefield. There were Capt. Gerrish, and Lieut. Waite, and Ensign White, and the Farringtons, all of Rogers's company. Then there were the Cloughs, five of them, all from Canterbury, and under Stark, and there was Col. Jonathan Bailey, whose possessions were also increased in this region by purchases with Col. Moses Little. This latter once owned nearly all of what was known as Apthorp, extending for fifteen miles or more along the Connecticut river, and embracing the present towns of Littleton and Dalton. The name of the territory was changed from its first English title of "Chiswick," so named from the celebrated country seat of the duke of Devonshire, to Apthorp, in memory of a distinguished divine who came to this country in 1759, as a missionary of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." After its purchase by Col. Little, who was then the "Surveyor of the King's Woods" in this section, it was divided, one part taking the name of Littleton, from its owner, and the other Dalton, from an old townsman of the colonel's, Hon. Tristram Dalton, who was also one of the original grantees. Col. Little was a native of the old town of Newbury, Massachusetts, and was greatly distinguished throughout the war of the Revolution.

The town of Whitefield, until July 4th, 1774, formed a part of the "ungranted lands," and lays claim to being the last township granted within the State under royal favor, and by its last royal governor, Benning Wentworth. At that date it only required an organization and a name, for its metes and bounds were already established by surveys of surrounding townships; therefore this was literally "what was left," and they called it Whitefield when organized, from the celebrated Methodist divine of that name, who a few years previously in an itinerating tour in southern New Hampshire and in Massachusetts, stirred the religious thoughts of the people into intense activity, so that, says a writer of that day, "his name was a household word." His last sermon was at Exeter, where, on his journey from Portsmouth to Boston, he had stopped by the importunities of friends to preach one of his unique discourses. It was delivered in the open air, for the doors of the established churches were closed against him, and only God's great temple was open, and for two long hours he interested the crowd which had flocked to see, and to hear his wonderful doctrines. Greatly fatigued he continued his journey to Newburyport, where,

by appointment, he was to preach the next day, but on the following morning he was seized with a return of a long-fought asthmatic trouble, and died suddenly at the home of his friend, Rev. John Parsons, September 30, 1770.

It is doubtful if any of the early proprietors of Whitefield, save those who joined the first surveying party under Capt. Gerrish, and those of the scouting "rangers," ever set foot upon their pine-land possessions. Certain it is, none ever became actual settlers. Timothy Nash may have hunted there, and the Rev. Jeremy Belknap, New Hampshire's early historian, who was one of the Cutler exploring party, in 1784, at which time the name of Washington was first applied to the highest peak of the mountains, doubtless surveyed with his eye from afar off his gubernatorial donation of the ninety-fourth part of the township, but aside from these no one of the grantees of the town ever saw their "Cohos" estates. So it remained for Maj. John Burns, Col. Joseph Kimball, John McMaster and their followers, in the beginning of the present century, to develop the wild Whitefield tract, which the early organizers of the township, in their down-country meetings, had vainly tried to accomplish.

Samuel Adams was chosen moderator at the first meeting of the proprietors of the town, after the close of the war, and the early records of the township bear his signature, in the same unmistakable characters that are shown upon that Record of Independent Declarations, that made us a nation.

Perhaps to the energies of Samuel Minot, Esq., of Concord, Massachusetts, more than to any other one man, is due the revival of interest in the early settlement of Whitefield, after the disappearance of the original proprietors. He owned at one time, by vendue purchase, more than three fourths of the first granted rights of the township. His father, Capt. Jonas Minot, was the first proprietors' clerk.

Col. Samuel Adams and Capt. Robert Foster, were two of the chosen assessors, in those primitive days of the town; and their duties as well as all the transactions relating to the unsettled location, were conducted at a distance of one hundred and fifty miles from the place of interest; the first meeting having been held at old Dunstable, which town and its divisions probably furnished more men for the famous Rogers Rangers, than any other section. Also for the Powers expedition, which located and named the wild river along whose hill-shadowed valley we are traversing. For many years the early proprietors of Whitefield could hardly be content with their chartered boundaries, supposing by semi-authoritative description, that the western limit was along the summit of, or near to, the Apthorp range of hills; but the corner monuments of Col. Gerrish, established in 1779, and the blazed line of Capt. Eames, in 1802, settled the doubt, and the river rippled into Dalton at its present boundery, and "Blake's Pond" marked the designated corner. This name was left to that fountainless lakelet above Whitefield village, by a famous hunter, Moses Blake, who in the wilderness days, here among the pines, pitched his cabin and scouted this region for peltries. What changes have taken place along this historic stream, since the wild Coosauke roamed in undisputed freedom along its pine-clad borders! Or since John Stark, in a military point of view New Hampshire's George Washington, as an Indian captive, explored its valley, fished its waters and hunted its game-haunted solitudes. The rock-lined hills along its boundaries are almost disforested; the dark-shadowed trail of the roving native, has become the steel-clad track of civilization; the scream of the steam whistle, echoes above the savage war-whoop; grain-burdened fields and sunny pastures are spread over the broad uplands, where, but a century ago, amid the unbroken forests howled the prowling bear, and tramped the unhunted moose, while up from below comes the hum of industry from a thousand mill-wheels of improvement. And yet the possibilities of our little valley

are not half developed, and the prophet of the future sees erected upon the foundations of the present, a greater monument than the present has upbuilded from the past.

Three generations have come, and are scattered, and the fourth is with us, since the birth of the John's river industries; and yet, some of the gray-haired relics of the old time remain, still adding to the monumental pile their own hands have helped to rear; and they are volumes of ancient history. Any day, upon Whitefield's village street, you may meet one of the venerable "order of the silver hair," and he will talk to you as familiarly of 1805, as if it were of the last town-meeting day, and he will put the wilderness almost all back upon these cleared fields for you, and give you a narrative of the rise and progress of the Cohos since 1815. None of your feeble folk is "The Col.," "tremulous and lean," but with frosty and ruddy face he meets the sun at his rising, goes forth to the field with more years counted upon his whitened head than the nineteenth century can boast, and sunset only calls him home, and then he will talk politics with you until bed-time. But for most of "ye olden time folk" you must search in the sacred corner yonder, where their records are written on marble slabs.

Amid all the changes which time has wrought, our restless river still glides along, singing the song of its noontide birth up among the rocky passes, all uncaring whether the Indian roams its banks, or the white man dams its waters; whether it be called by the "Ah-na-wand-ok," of the wild days of Won-a-lancet, the "Stark's River" of the scouting times of the rangers, or the John's stream of "these later years."

STEPHEN SYMONDS FOSTER.

BY PARKER PILLSBURY.

A BECOMING biography of him whose name stands at the head of this paper must be almost a complete history of the anti-slavery enterprise.

But such an article might not seem appropriate to the GRANITE MONTHLY, so eminently a New Hampshire institution; while slavery was ever held as belonging preëminently to the South.

But Stephen Foster was of New Hampshire. And long before slavery was abolished, or had appealed to the arbitrament of war as a Forlorn Hope, he had seen and demonstrated that his native state had profounder interests in it than any of its wisest sages, statesmen, clergymen, or churchmen, had ever dreamed.

Though among the least of her sister states, the war of the Rebellion drew away from her noblest, bravest, strongest sons, more than thirty thousand; and over four thousand perished in battle, or by disease and exposure inseparable from war, so often more dreadful than death at the cannon's mouth! All this, not to speak of other thousands who escaped death, but pruned of limbs, plucked of eyes, and scarred and disabled for life by the iron hail-stones of the bloody field. All this, not counting the sighs and tears, bereavements and losses of mothers, sisters, widows and orphans. All this, not reckoning financial, moral, nor spiritual impoverishment and desolation, not to be restored, even by the incoming generation!

And so slavery became a New Hampshire institution after all; and Stephen Foster, being native to the state, and super-eminently an anti-slavery man, and of intellectual and moral gifts and graces of which any state might be proud,

the GRANITE MONTHLY seems a most appropriate tablet on which to register some brief account of him.

Stephen Symonds Foster was born in Canterbury, in November, 1809. His father was Col. Asa Foster, of Revolutionary memory, and of most amiable and excellent qualities and endowments. Mrs. Foster, too, was remarkable for sweetness of disposition and fine culture for her time, joined to elegance and beauty of person, lasting to great age; both herself and husband almost completing a century. Stephen was the ninth child in a family of thirteen. The old homestead is in the north part of Canterbury, on a beautiful hillside, overlooking a long stretch of the Merrimack river valley, including Concord, and a wide view east and west, as well as south. It includes several hundred acres, and is still owned by one of the Foster brothers.

Stephen left it early and learned the trade of a carpenter and builder. In that, however, he did not come to his life occupation. His parents were most devout and exemplary members of the Congregational church, to which he also was joined in youthful years. At that time, the call for ministers and missionaries, especially to occupy the new opening field at the West, called then "the great Valley of the Mississippi," was loud and earnest. At twenty-two he heard and heeded it, and immediately entered on a course of collegiate study to that end, and it is only just to say that a more consistent, conscientious, divinely consecrated spirit never set itself to prepare for that then counted holiest of callings. Though assenting to the creed and covenant of his denomination, his whole rule of practical life and work was the "Sermon on the Mount," as interpreted and illustrated in the life and death of its Author.

With him "Love your enemies" was more than words, and "Resist not evil" was not returning evil, nor inflicting penalties under human enactments. And he went early to prison for non-appearance at military parade, armed with weapons of death.

In Dartmouth College he was called to perform military service. On Christian principles he declined and was arrested and dragged away to jail. So bad were the roads that a part of the way the sheriff was compelled to ask him to leave the carriage and walk. He would cheerfully have walked all the way, as once did George Fox, good naturedly telling the officer, "Thee need not go thyself; send thy boy, I know the way." For Foster feared no prison cells. He had earnest work in hand which led through many of them in subsequent years.

Eternal Goodness might have had objects in view in sending him to Haverhill, for he found the jail in a condition to demand the hand of a Hercules as in the "Augean" stables for its cleansing. His companions there were poor debtors, as well as thieves, murderers, and lesser felons. One man so gained his confidence as to whisper in his ear that on his hands was the blood of murder, though none knew it but himself. Another poor wretch had been so long confined by illness to his miserable bed, that it literally swarmed with vermin, crawling from his putrid sores.

Foster wrote and sent to the world such a letter as few but he could write, and wakened general horror and indignation wherever it was read, and a cleansing operation was forthwith instituted. And the filth on the floor was found so deep, and so hard trodden, that strong men had to come with pick-axes and dig it up. And that jail was not only revolutionized, but the whole prison system of the state, from that time, began to be reformed; and imprisonment for debt was soon heard of here no more.

His college studies closed, he entered for a theological course, the Union Seminary in New York. Soon afterward there was threatened war between our country and Great Britain, over a short stretch of the Northeastern boundary line, about which the two nations had disputed for half a century. Wholly

opposed to war as was he, for any cause, he and a few of his friends proposed a meeting for prayer and conference, in relation to it as then menaced. Foster asked for the use of a lecture room for their purpose, but was surprised as much as grieved to find the seminary faculty not only opposed to granting the use of the room, but sternly against the holding of any such meeting.

That refusal, probably more than any other one event, determined his whole future course. For while in college he had had many serious doubts and misgivings as to the claim of the great body of the American church and clergy to the Christian name and character; not only because of their supporting war and approval of his incarceration for peace principles, but also for their persistent countenance of slave-holding and fellowship of even slave-breeders and slave-holders, as Christians and Christian ministers.

In 1839, Mr. Foster abandoned all hope of the Congregational ministry, and entered the anti-slavery service, side by side with Garrison of the Boston *Liberator*, and Nathaniel Peabody Rogers of the New Hampshire *Herald of Freedom*. And from that time onward till slavery was abolished, and indeed to the day of his death, the cause of freedom and humanity, justice and truth, had no more faithful, few if any more able champions.

In the autumn of 1845 he married Miss Abby Kelley, of Worcester, Mass., then a well and widely known lecturer on anti-slavery, temperance, peace, and other subjects pertaining to the rights and the welfare of man and womankind. She and a daughter, their only child, survive him and still occupy their Worcester home. The daughter graduated first at Vassar College, then entered Cornell University, which she left at the end of the year, with the degree of Master of Arts.

I first saw Stephen Foster in the autumn of 1834. We were commencing teaching schools in adjoining districts of a small country town. A "revival of religion" soon appeared in the town, and was eminently powerful in his school, if, indeed, it did not commence there. His school was much larger than mine, and many of the parents were members, and some of them officers, of the Congregational church. They found in Mr. Foster a teacher, or at any rate a leader in religion, as well as in the literature of their school. And though most satisfactory progress was made in all the branches, and the discipline of the school was deemed throughout of the very best, nearly every scholar of or above fifteen years old was converted and joined the Orthodox church; and then their teacher and some of themselves came over as missionaries into my more remote and benighted district, and quite a work was accomplished there. The venerable minister of the town thought and said, and from the standpoint, and in the light of that day, said truly, that "with young Mr. Foster, evidently, was 'the secret of the Lord!'"

And that same characteristic faithfulness, he brought with him into the anti-slavery cause. And soon learning where was the great, deep, tap-root of the deadly upas, he laid the axe at the root of the tree.

The Hon. James G. Birney was a slave-holder in Kentucky, and judge, as well as distinguished lawyer; a member and ruling elder of the Presbyterian church, and of course of the very highest social quality and position in the community and country. But by the faithful preaching of the abolitionists, he became convinced of the sinfulness of slave-holding, and emancipated all his slaves. Then he removed them into Ohio, settled them on its free and fertile soil, where they or their descendants may be seen to-day. Then he established an anti-slavery newspaper, first in Kentucky, but before he could issue a first number, he was assailed by such a storm of opposition, as drove him across the river into Ohio. There, too, his purpose came near being defeated. Cincinnati was as hostile as the slave state of Kentucky. Three times his office

was mobbed, his types destroyed, and his press finally broken in pieces and plunged into the Ohio river. Large committees waited on him, majorities being church members, and warned him solemnly not only of loss of property, but peril of life; and the newspapers of the city at the time show that the mobs were indeed of most frightful character and supported by "best citizens."

In connection with his newspaper, Mr. Birney published some tracts and pamphlets against the slave system, one of the first, entitled "The American Church the Bulwark of American Slavery." That little work, of scarcely forty pages, was a stunning argument from beginning to end, of the truth and justness of its title.

Mr. Foster's own encounters with the church and ministry, the frequency with which his meetings had been and were still broken up by brutal mobs, not unfrequently justified by the pulpit and religious press, had made him a disciple to the Birney doctrine, long before this startling tract had come before the public.

Mr. Birney's experiences with the same power suggested his title; but a few years later, another pamphlet appeared from Foster's own pen, entitled, "The Brotherhood of Thieves; or a True Picture of the American Church and Clergy." Mr. Birney had already proved the pertinence and propriety of such a title in his little work; but in a ringing book, of more than seventy pages, Foster showed, by super-abundant testimony, and every single witness furnished by the church itself, that if slavery were *man stealing*, as the Presbyterian church had declared it forty years before, and "*the highest kind of theft*," then surely the whole Southern church was indeed a vast "*Brotherhood of Thieves!*" with their Northern baptized brethren, who fellowshiped them as Christians, their not less guilty accomplices!

Mr. Foster therefore made the popular, prevailing religions his main point of attack. As why should he not? What could he have wisely done otherwise? The church and pulpit of the North were generally opened to Southern slave-breeders, slave-traders, slave-hunters, and slave-holders, if members of the same, and often even of widely different denominations, both for preaching, baptizing and sacramental supper occasions and purposes. There were a few trifling exceptions; but not enough to in the least affect the general charge; and Northern academies, colleges, universities, and theological seminaries, toned down their whole curriculum of moral and religious training and teaching to suit the depraved demand and taste of the whole brotherhood of Southern slave-holders. And with most rare exceptions, the Northern press attuned itself to the same key.

The religious public soon learned to dread Mr. Foster's presence or approach. Convicted of the most malignant proslaveryism, and by its own public records and reports of proceedings of ecclesiastical bodies and associations, from general assemblies, general conferences, and American bible, missionary and tract societies, to state and county conferences and consociations, they had good reason to fear such a judgment-day before the time.

So there was a conspiracy among all classes of the people to conquer the abolitionists, "*by letting them severely alone.*" And in some states the clergy went so far as to issue pastoral letters to the churches, declaring that anti-slavery lecturers had no right to invade a people who had chosen a pastor and regularly inducted him into office; nor had such a people any right to permit it. A Massachusetts clerical mandate, duly published in the religious papers, signed by two congregational ministers, contained this paragraph:

"When a people have chosen a pastor, and he has been regularly inducted into office, they have so far surrendered up to him the right to discharge the appropriate duties of his office in the parish over which he is settled, that they themselves

can not send another to discharge those duties, *all or any part of them*, against his wishes, without an evident invasion of his territory. Whoever comes before a parish under these circumstances is an intruder. And equally so is he who, after being admitted by the pastor, sets up his judgment in matter that falls properly under the pastor's control. These are both acts of trespass, and the perpetrators of them are or should be liable to ecclesiastical censure. *The unfaithfulness or incapacity of the pastor is no apology for the offence.*"

Nor was this law a dead letter in any place where it could possibly be enforced, whether in Massachusetts or any where in the North or West.

But the brave faithfulness of Mr. Foster to the enslaved and to his own solemn convictions, soon triumphed over such religious despotism. He conceived the idea of entering the meeting houses on Sunday, and at the hour of sermon, respectfully rising and claiming the right to be heard then and there, on the duties and obligations of the church to those who were in bonds at the South.

This measure he first adopted in the old North church, at Concord, in September, 1841. He was immediately seized by "three young gentlemen, one a Southerner from Alabama, and the other two guards at the state prison, thrust along the broad isle and violently pushed out of the house." A full account of the transaction was published in the *Herald of Freedom* on the following Friday, 17th of the same month. But Mr. Foster could not be deterred from his purpose. And the measure proved so effective as a means of awakening the public attention to the importance of the anti-slavery enterprise, that others were led to adopt it. Of course it led to persecution, and some were imprisoned for the offence,—Mr. Foster as many as ten or twelve times, in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Perhaps his most memorable experience at the hands of the civil law, at the time, was in Concord, in June, 1842. On Sunday, the twelfth of that month, being in Concord, he went in the afternoon to the South church, and at the time of sermon he rose in a pew at the side of the pulpit, and commenced speaking in his usual solemn and deeply impressive manner. He evidently would have been heard, and with deep attention, too, for many in the house not only knew him well, but knew that this was a course not unusual with him, and one in the rightfulness of which he conscientiously believed, and, beside, was sometimes able to make most useful and effective. Even the Unitarian society, one Sunday, gave him respectful hearing; the minister, Rev. Mr. Tilden, even inviting him to speak.

But not just so the South church; there, he was immediately seized and rushed with great violence to the door, and then pitched headlong down the rough stone steps to the street, injuring him so severely that he had to be helped to his lodgings, and a surgeon was called immediately to attend him. Fortunately no bones were broken nor dislocated, but bruises and sprains compelled his walking with a cane for several days. But that was not all. On Monday he was arrested by leading members of the church "for disturbing public worship," and carried before a magistrate for trial. Perhaps no justice's court in Concord ever excited profounder interest than did this. But Foster came most triumphantly out of it. Even the small fine imposed as matter of form, was paid and nearly doubly paid, by the throng that crowded the room, tossing their quarter and half dollars on to the table. The kind-hearted magistrate, seeing that he would be sustained, remitted the fine and the costs, and Mr. Foster was discharged, amid the acclamations of the multitude that filled the court room, and then, with louder cheers, demanded that all the money be taken from the table and handed over to Mr. Foster. And it was done.

The *Herald of Freedom* of the same week, June 17, contained a correct and most graphic account of the whole affair, by the then brilliant editor, in

nearly eight editorial columns, well worth the perusal of any who would understand the history and the temper of those turbulent times.

Most of the leading abolitionists, including Mr. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and others in Massachusetts, doubted the wisdom of Mr. Foster's course in thus entertaining the Sunday congregations, where only the stated minister was expected to speak. But none who knew him intimately ever doubted for a moment his entire honesty, indeed deep, solemn conviction of religious duty, in what he did, and in all that he did. The clergy were not behind the most depraved politicians in their determination to prevent the people, both in and outside the churches, from learning the truth on a problem which every abolitionist knew full well involved the national preservation or destruction, accordingly as it might be solved. The whole nation came to understand it rightly, at last; but not till its eyesight had been washed and clarified in blood and tears.

Mr. Foster, having adopted and proved the great utility of his new method, persisted in it until it was demonstrated that no other had ever subserved so good a purpose in arousing the whole nation to its duty and danger. Nothing like or unlike it, before or afterward, so stirred the whole people, until John Brown, with his twenty heroes, marched on Harper's Ferry and challenged the supporters of slavery to mortal combat.

To-day, neither John Brown nor Stephen Symonds Foster, needs apology or defence. Though their mortal bodies lie moldering in the dust, their spirits march on in glory and victory for evermore.

One reason that Foster often gave for his extreme action, as well as utterance, was, that ends sometimes justified any means. He would say, "should I see your house on fire, and yourselves and families in danger of instant death in the flames, must I go and gently knock and wait till you come and unlock the door before notifying you of your peril?" Or, "suppose I saw a church full of worshipers, with the roof all ablaze, would they be likely to drag me out, should I rush in, unbidden, and shout fire, fire, at the top of my voice?" And then he would say, "your whole country is in extremest peril. Your whole country is on fire. Every one of you should tremble, like Thomas Jefferson, '*remembering that God is just and that his justice can not sleep for ever!*'" But as we now know, he was not believed; though his words could not have been more true, had they been in very deed *inspired by the Holy Ghost.*

Another argument he often urged, with great pertinency and force, based on Christian Scripture, too, and the practice of the Apostolic church:

The great apostle, Paul, gave direction for conducting worship; and at this time, neither Paul nor Jesus had devouter disciple than was Foster; nor the Congregational church a more holy, conscientious, and consistent member. The apostolic injunction simply was, that order be preserved, though every one, having psalm, doctrine, interpretation, or revelation, should be heard each in turn. And then to close is added, "for ye may all prophesy one by one; that all may learn and all be comforted." So, too, the example and practice of Jesus Christ in the Jewish synagogues, he would cite, with much point and power. "True," he would say, "the people sometimes dragged him out, as you do me. But it was not because he spoke; it was for what he said. For that, they finally killed him, as possibly you may me." It was always his claim, as with both Christ and Paul, that, "where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty,"—and liberty of speech, preëminently.

When the people came to his meetings he never went to theirs. If the ministry kept away, and, as they generally did in those days, endeavored to keep the people away, he went to them as frequently as possible, at whatever cost. If imprisoned, as many times he was, he comforted himself that he not only "remembered them that were in bonds *as* bound with them," but that he

actually *was bound with them*, and for their sake; and verily, he had in it great reward.

Whoever attended his meetings always had the largest liberty of speech, no matter how widely they differed from him. He asked only two things of an opponent; first, that good temper and spirit be kept, and second, that both parties keep strictly to the question in hand. And sometimes he would hold his audiences till midnight.

Probably he encountered more mob opposition and violence than any other agent ever in the anti-slavery lecturing field, and almost always he would in some way obtain control of his opponents. But there were exceptions. Once he had four meetings broken up in a single week. Once, in Portland, he suffered more by violent hands than in the South church at Concord. He was finally rescued and borne off in triumph by a band of noble and heroic women. Not, however, till he had suffered much bodily harm and loss of his hat and other parts of his clothing. His traveling companion was worse handled than he. He was carried to his home at the hospitable house of an anti-slavery family, and confined to his chamber for a number of weeks. There was suffering as well as heroism, in those days.

On the peaceful island of Nantucket mob violence became such that a course of lectures he had commenced was cut short, and he was advised to leave the place by his friends, which he did, though before he left they desired him to write a letter at his earliest convenience, explanatory of his course, and in further illustration and proof of some of his positions. His answer to that reasonable request was, *The Brotherhood of Thieves: or, a True Picture of the American Church and Clergy;* in some respects the most remarkable pamphlet of seventy-two closely printed pages that the anti-slavery, or any other enterprise of reform has ever produced. It was published in 1843. It defied contradiction, both as to doctrine and declaration. It passed through many editions, and went every where, east and west. And no matter who, or what power and influence abolished slavery, that work stands unrefuted and unrefutable; and shall stand a monument to the moral and material heroism, ability, fidelity, and disinterestedness of its author, till time shall be no more.

Distinguished abolitionists were often called men of one idea. Anti-slavery, in its immeasurable importance to all the interests of the country, material, mental, moral, and social, as well as religious, and political, was one idea far too great for ordinary minds, even without any other. But the sturdy symmetry and consistency of Mr. Foster's character were as wonderful as were his vigor and power in any one direction. Earliest and bravest among the temperance reformers, when even that cause was almost as odious as anti-slavery became afterward; a radical advocate of peace from the standpoint of the Sermon on the Mount, "Resist not Evil," seconded by the apostolic injunction, "Avenge not yourselves;" a champion in the woman suffrage enterprise from its inception; an intelligent, earnest advocate of the rights of labor, and deeply interested in all the educational and moral, social and philanthropic associations for the advancement and improvement of the city and neighborhood where he lived, he left behind him a record and a memory to grow brighter as the years sweep on, and his virtue becoming more and more luminous, shall be the better appreciated by multitudes who learn to profit by them.

The beauty and harmony of his home were unsurpassed. It was sacred to peace and love. Its unostentatious but elegant and generous hospitality was the admiration of all who ever enjoyed it, by day or night. At almost seventy-two, he quietly passed away on the 8th of September, 1881, deeply lamented by a wife and daughter whose love and devotion were beautiful and tender as the virtues and graces which won them and will cherish them for ever.

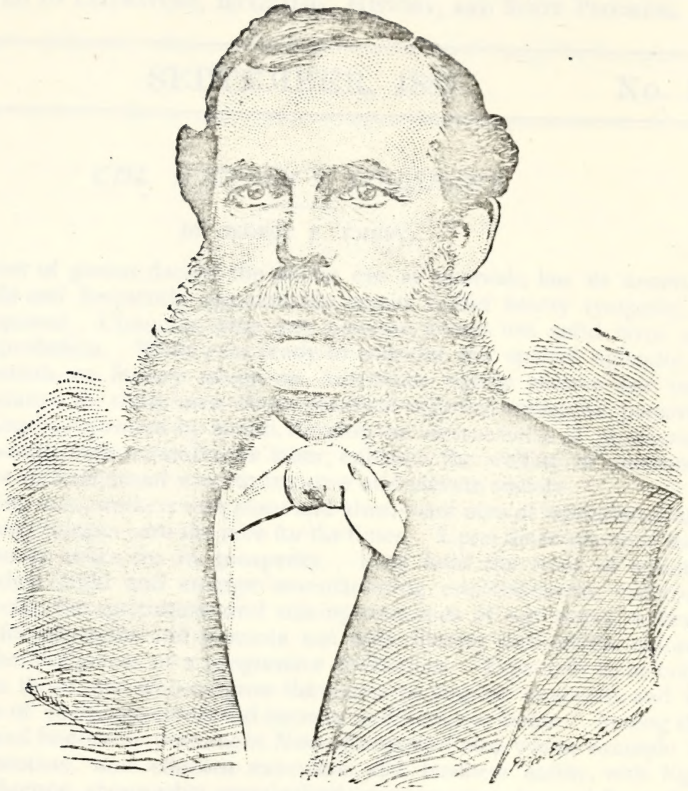
LAUGHTER.

BY CHARLOTTE E. RICKER.

I'm in love with a happy-voiced maiden,
A frolicsome, rollicksome maiden,
A bright-eyed bewildering maiden,
A perfect coquette of a lass;
One moment my glad lips caress her,
One moment my heart beats to bless her,
And then, like the dew from the grass,
She doth pass,—
And echo sounding far and near,
Loud and clear,
Brings back to me, ha! ha! ha! ha!

O her voice is like a bird's!
This her warbling—set to words—
"All in vain is human sorrow!
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
Flay the soul with cruel lashes,
Pass, and are but useless ashes;
Eyes grow dim with constant weeping,
Cease to shine, forget their sleeping,
Then, by all the world forsaken,
Close at last, no more to waken—
Eyes were never made to weep,
Eyes were made to harbor sleep,
Made to sympathize and smile,
Made to flatter and beguile,
Made to lift and droop their lashes,
Made to telegraph by flashes
To the answering eye,—
Made to mirror sweetest fancies,
Made to question and reply.
Hear my voice, my name is Laughter;
Mark my footsteps—follow after
And thy foolish tears shall cease."
Then was peace,—
And echo sounding far and near,
Loud and clear,
Brought back to me, ha! ha! ha! ha!

I'm in love with this happy-voiced maiden,
This frolicsome, rollicksome maiden,
This bright-eyed bewildering maiden,
This wonderful, lovable sprite;
I woo her from mountain and dingle,
To gladden the blaze of my ingle,
And when, in the darkness of night,
She takes flight,—
The echo sounding far and near,
Loud and clear,
Brings back to me, ha! ha! ha! ha!



W. T. Pillsbury.



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COL. WILLIAM S. PILLSBURY.

BY GEORGE E. EMERY.

THE career of genius dazzles the public eye at intervals, but its uncertain methods and frequently questionable results forbid hearty sympathy, or complete approval. Common sense men however always win solid favor and enduring approbation. While ever ready to consider the special splendor of oratorical, artistic or literary talent, we Americans rightly reserve our most earnest admiration for those men whose practical sagacity, enterprise, perseverance and integrity, crowned by action, develop the various fields of production, furnish the people with remunerative labor, enhance the welfare of communities and serve in a thousand ways to improve and elevate society.

Steady-going men, workers with plans and aims,—are men of uprightness and system in doing things,—are the men for the times. Upon these practical men every community relies for its prosperity. They hold the reins of national destiny, for they build and enlarge manufacturing establishments, construct railways, develop the agricultural and mining resources of our states, increase the facilities for education and promote not only literary and artistic culture, but the numberless graces of a progressive civilization. Especially to be commended seem those men who outgrow the mania to migrate westward, and by a noble force of character command success and honor at home. Among the well-known and honorably prominent New Hampshire men whose example in industry, patriotism, and efficient executive and business ability, with high general intelligence, shows what practical talent or common sense duly applied may do for the general public, as well as a particular community, stands Col. William S. Pillsbury of Londonderry.

He is the son of Rev. Stephen Pillsbury, a Baptist clergyman, who died at Londonderry after a life devoted to the faithful service of his fellow-men as a minister of Christ. The English ancestor of Col. William Staughton Pillsbury was William Pillsbury, born in 1615, who came to America from Essex, or Staffordshire, and settled at Dorchester, in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, in 1641. William Pillsbury the first married Dorothy Crosby in 1641. He was a freeman, or church member, and voter in 1668, at Newbury, Mass., within the present city of Newburyport area, where he settled soon after his marriage. His family name was sometimes spelled Pillesburg and occasionally Pilsbaugh. The Pillsbury family in England, from which William came to the new world, have a coat of arms. It is described in heraldic terms thus: "*Per fesse sable* and *azure*, on an eagle displayed *argent;* three griffins' heads erased of the second." Crest, an esquires helmet. Motto,—"*Labor omnia vincit.*"

William, the ancestor, when he embarked for America, was only about twenty-one years of age. At Newbury he purchased the farm of Edward Rawson, Secretary of the Province, and the ancient homestead is still in possession of the Pillsbury family at Newburyport. The existing mansion was erected in 1700. William Pillsbury died June 19, 1686, at Newbury, aged seventy-one years. Ten children,—seven sons and three daughters—were the fruit of his marriage. The second son, Moses, born in Newbury, was a freeman in 1673, and married Mrs. Susanna Whipple Worth, daughter of John Whipple, March, 1668. To these were born six children. Caleb, their second son, was born July 27, 1681. He married Sarah Morse, February, 1702–3. Caleb, jr., son of Caleb, sen., was born January 26, 1717. He married Sarah Kimball, of Amesbury, July, 1742. Seven children followed this marriage. Caleb Pillsbury, jr., was several times a representative or member of the Massachusetts General Court.

Micajah, the fourth son of Caleb Pillsbury, jr., was born May 4, 1761. In 1781, he married Sarah Sargent, of Amesbury; she was born May 22, 1763, and died at the age of eighty years. Her husband, Micajah Pillsbury, removed to Sutton, N. H., and was a selectman there in 1797; he died in 1801, aged forty years, leaving eight children. Rev. Stephen, the eldest son of Micajah Pillsbury, was born at Amesbury, Mass., October 30, 1781. March 3, 1816, he married Lavinia, daughter of Deacon Josiah Hobart, of Hebron, N. H. Rev. Stephen Pillsbury was ordained to the gospel ministry in June, 1815, and settled as a Baptist clergyman at Hebron. Subsequently he resided in Sutton, Dunbarton, and Londonderry, where his labors as pastor were earnest and faithful, and in each place fruitful for great good.

On the last day of Mr. Pillsbury's labor he attended a wedding and a funeral. He died peacefully, January 22, 1851, at Londonderry, beloved and mourned by all who ever knew him. His ministry extended through thirty-five years, fourteen of which were passed at Londonderry. He represented Sutton in the legislature about 1833, as a Democrat, but when the Free Soil party was formed he entered its ranks for freedom and union. In his younger days he was a school teacher; at Londonderry he was active as superintending school committee for many years. He was one of the earliest total abstinence men in New Hampshire, under the temperance reform movement. He published a temperance appeal to the people, and another to rum-sellers, never sparing any effort tending for good to his fellow-men. His long service as a minister of the Baptist faith caused him in the latter years of his life to be termed one of the fathers of the denomination. Mrs. Pillsbury declared before her death that her beloved husband never spoke a harsh word to her in his life. Lavinia Hobart, wife of Rev. Stephen Pillsbury, was born at Hebron, N. H., October 31, 1795. Her father, Josiah Hobart, was the first English male child born in Plymouth, N. H. She was the possessor of rare intellectual powers, was a graceful writer of prose and verse, and the possessor of a fine and artistic taste. Her christian character was a bright example of faith, devotion and helpfulness. She composed several excellent religious hymns, and contributed valuable articles to the pages of the "Mother's Assistant Magazine." She died at Concord, N. H., October 29, 1871, aged seventy-six years.

THE CHILDREN OF REV. STEPHEN PILLSBURY.

Mary Bartlett, born January 5, 1817. She married Valentine W. Weston, of New York city, a merchant. He died October, 1863. Mrs. Weston now resides at Lawrence, Kansas, with her only children, two daughters. During many years she devoted her remarkable talent to art, being a noted portrait and fine landscape painter. Her pictures were widely known and highly prized by connoisseurs.

Lavinia Hobart, was born November 8, 1818. She married Samuel Andrews, of Sutton, N. H., June 6, 1852; he died March 14, 1875; she died at Sutton, N. H., September 30, 1871. She was a lady possessing rare sweetness of nature. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews left two daughters, Sarah and Annie. Sarah married George L. Brown, Esq., who resides in Sutton. He is in the drug business in Concord, and has represented Sutton ably in the State legislature.

Josiah Hobart was born Aug. 15, 1821. He married Elnorah Pevear, April, 1853. She died July 15, 1868. Hon. Josiah H. Pillsbury was for sometime one of the proprietors of the "Eagle," a reform paper published in New York city. He had been previously engaged on the "Anti-Slavery Standard," was a close friend to Garrison and Horace Greeley, and took an active part in the historic struggle to make Kansas a free State. He was one of the pioneers and founders of Kansas, was an early senator in the local government, and a civil engineer and farmer by profession. He established the "Manhattan Independent" newspaper, editing and publishing it several years; was county surveyor, deputy collector of internal revenue and postmaster at the city of Manhattan, where he died, greatly lamented, November 5, 1879. A more unselfish man can hardly have lived; he was a graceful and remarkably instructive public speaker, a ready and vigorous writer, a deep thinker, and true philanthropist. A son, Arthur Judson, is a lawyer in California; a daughter is postmistress at Manhattan.

Stephen, jr., born Jan. 25, 1824, married Sarah Annie Bailey, of Andover, N. H., March 7, 1852. Mr. Pillsbury was at one time an extensive manufacturer of shoes at Andover. Subsequently he studied for the ministry and became a Baptist preacher. He was located at Dunbarton, N. H., Mt. Holly, Vt., Lee, Mass., and at Manhattan, Kansas. While at Lee, Mass., his only son, a very promising young man, died. Mr. Pillsbury's health so failing at Manhattan as to prevent public speaking, he reluctantly left the ministry, and is now a dealer in shoes in that thriving city.

Edwin, born March 26, 1826, married Mary Ann Reed, of New Bedford, Mass., Feb. 7, 1847. He is a farmer and trader at Leavenworth, Kansas. He was for several years a mariner, and one of his voyages was around the world. He was long engaged in the transportation business across the great plains of the "far west," before the opening of railroads there.

Ann Judson, born July 1, 1828. She was a popular and successful public school teacher, and married William B. Marshall, of Weare, N. H., Feb. 26, 1855. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall settled at Zeandale, Kansas, where she died, Feb. 28, 1856.

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

These words are literally true in her case.

Adoniram Judson, born June 11, 1830, died Sept, 18, 1851; an earnest student and the possessor of strong intellectual powers. His death occurred just as he was beginning an active and promising life of usefulness.

William Staughton, born March 16, 1833, at Sutton, N. H., married Sarah A. Crowell, of Londonderry, May 8, 1854. She was born Jan. 29, 1833, and died June 22, 1854. April 15, 1856, Mr. Pillsbury married Martha Silver Crowell, of Londonderry. She was born Sept. 27, 1836. His children are Anne Sarah, born March 16, 1860; died July 30, 1861. A son, born February 6, 1862; died May 3, 1862. Rosecrans William, born September 18, 1863. Charles Hobart, born March 16, 1866. Hattie Lavinia, born Oct. 27, 1870. Ulysses Grant, born Nov. 24, 1876.

Leonard Hobart, born December 25, 1835, married August 23, 1862, Evelyn F. Sanborn. Early in the war of the rebellion Capt. Leonard H. Pillsbury

was a student in Phillips Exeter Academy. The love of country proved greater than even his unusual zeal for learning, and he was so active and efficient in raising a company of soldiers in Exeter, Manchester, and Orford, that he was commissioned Captain of Co. "A," Ninth N. H. Reg't. He went to the defence of Washington about the time of Lee's attempted raid; was in the battle of South Mountain, next in the terrible battle of Antietam, where he was wounded. He was in the conflict at Fredericksburg, where nearly one third of his company was disabled. Thence he went to Vicksburg, via Kentucky, and was engaged in the siege of Vicksburg under Grant. When the war was practically over, he resigned and returned to New Hampshire; but soon receiving an appointment in the customs department of the government at New York city, he resided there until, health failing, he went upon a farm he owned in Kansas; subsequently he accepted the position of U. S. Commissioner and Assistant Clerk of the U. S. Circuit and District Court at Memphis, Tenn. He escaped from the horrible plague of yellow fever, so well remembered as devastating that city, and came home to Londonderry. He is now a justice of the peace, merchant and post master at Derry Depot. He is a man of marked ability, a popular public speaker and a thoroughly respected citizen.

Col. William S. Pillsbury, the chief subject of this sketch, upon his maternal side, is descended from the Hobart family of Suffolk and Norfolk, England. John Hobart, of Tye, in Suffolk, in the 13th year of Richard II (1390), had a son Walter. Walter, of Tye, in 9th year of Henry IV (1408–9), had a son John. John Hobart, of Tye, had a son Thomas. Thomas, son of John, lived at Tedford, in Suffolk; he died in 1480, leaving a son William. William Hobart, of Tedford, had a son Thomas who lived at Hingham in 1488, and left sons James and William. James was knighted and lived at Hales in Norfolk, and was attorney to Henry VII. He married a Narneson and had three sons; Miles, the second son of Sir James Hobart, married Ellen, daughter of John Blennerhasset, Esq., of Froud, and had a son Thomas, who lived in Plumstead, and John, who married Annie, daughter of Sir Philip Tilney, of Shelly Common, Suffolk. Thomas Hobart, of Plumstead, married Audrey, daughter and heiress of William Hare, of Beeston, Norfolk, and had Miles, Henry, Mary, and Ellen. Henry became Sir Henry Hobart, baronet. He was chief justice of common pleas in Middlesex. He married Dorothy, daughter of Sir Robert Bell, Chief Baron of the Exchequer. The children of Sir Henry were—Henry, John of Norfolk (Knight), Myles, Nathaniel, James, and four other sons. Nathaniel Hobart married Anna, daughter of Sir John Leek, of Mirgall, and had children—Edmund, and two daughters. Edmund Hobart, supposed to be the son of Nathaniel, came to America, and settled at Charlestown, Mass., in 1633. Rev. Peter Hobart, son of this Edmund, was one of the founders of Hingham, Mass., in 1635, and named the town. He was the founder of the first church there, and was its pastor forty-three years. Rev. Gershom Hobart, son of Peter, graduated at Harvard College in 1667, and was minister at Groton, Mass., where he died in 1707. His son, Gershom jr., born February 24, 1686, married Lydia Nutting, and had a son Gershom (3d), born July 13, 1717. Gershom (3d), settled in Hollis, N. H., and removed to Plymouth, 1765, where his son Josiah, by wife Alepheia, was born upon the 3d of September that year. Josiah, son of Gershom (3d), married Joanna Hazelton, of Hebron. Lavinia Hobart, daughter of Dea. Josiah and Joanna (Hazelton) Hobart, was born in Hebron, October 31, 1795, and married Rev. Stephen Pillsbury, father of Col. William S. Pillsbury, March 3, 1816, as herein before stated.

The ancient motto of the Pillsbury family, "*Labor omnia vincit*" (labor conquers all things), is well exemplified in a good number of cases among

those bearing the name. Col. Pillsbury evidently has reason to conclude it is a good motto to live by and cling to, and his near relatives, the Hon. Geo. A. Pillsbury, late mayor of Concord, N. H., and now a prominent capitalist of Minnesota, as well as ex-Gov. John S. Pillsbury, the millionaire flour manufacturer of Minneapolis, seem to be men after his own heart and fashion, active, honorable, generous, and winners of the golden opinion of the public as well as of this world's bounties.

Col. Pillsbury's education has been gained chiefly through the school of practical life; it is therefore free from the taint of pedantry. A keen student of the world's affairs and of men, his judgment has become accurate, his tact remarkable, and his knowledge is worth to the world an hundred-fold that of many a patron of our august institutions. He learned the shoemaker's trade when fourteen years of age; at twenty started a shoe factory at Cilleysville, Andover, N. H., for his brother Stephen, and was superintendent of the extensive concern for a year. To the age of early manhood he gave all his earnings, over a plain living for himself, for the support of his widowed mother and to aid others in need at the time. When twenty-one years old he did not possess a dollar in money. Soon however he was engaged with a firm of shoe manufacturers just starting business at Derry Depot. About a year later he had the entire charge of the business there, as agent, and so continued during the existence of the firm. When the firm went out of business, and after a visit to Kansas, he married as already stated.

Upon the opening of the war of the rebellion, he enlisted in his country's service, was commissioned 1st Lieut. Co. I, 4th N. H. Reg't, and left for the seat of war in September, 1861. Reaching Annapolis, Md., he encountered a serious and disabling accident, resigned, and returned north. A few months later, his health having improved, and the call for three hundred thousand men being issued, he was appointed recruiting officer for the 9th Regt. N. H. Vols. He was commissioned 1st Lieut. of Co. A. His regiment proceeded to Washington; was in the conflict at South Mountain and the battle of Antietam. As an illustration of Col. Pillsbury's alertness and presence of mind, his friends relate an adroit movement by which he, when in battle, saved a portion of the companies of the N. H. Ninth Regiment at the memorable battle of South Mountain, from almost sure destruction. His company "A" was leading in a charge upon a large number of rebels who were driven through a piece of woods and disappeared, while the union men moved into an open field adjoining. The enemy re-formed under the protection of a battery, and their movement was discovered by Col. Pillsbury, who halted his men and fell back sufficiently to hold connection with support, just at the moment when Maj-Gen. Reno rode along the line into the ambush and received a terrible volley from the rebels, screened by the woods, and was instantly killed while on the very ground left a few moments before by the Colonel and others. Later, prostrated by a severe attack of pneumonia, he resigned his commission, but as soon as able to perform a little oversight service in business, he was engaged superintending experts in training men manufacturing shoes by New England methods at Wheeling, W. Va. Gradually recovering his health he returned to Londonderry, raised for the town its quota of thirty men under the last great call (1864), and was commissioned 1st Lieut. Co. D, Unattached Artillery, Capt. Geo. Colbath of Dover (a cousin of Gen. Wilson), commanding. The company served in several of the forts in the first and second division of the defences of the Capital. He commanded for a time the battery "Garryshay" in De Russe's division. Later he was appointed ordnance officer of the 1st Brigade, Harding's division, and was stationed at Fort Reno, Md., where he remained until the close of the war. He was mustered out at

Concord, N. H., June 15, 1865. A month later he was engaged in manufacturing shoes at Londonderry, and successfully prosecuted the business there until the need of larger buildings induced him to remove his enterprise to Derry Depot. In 1868, he was elected a commissioner in Rockingham county, on the Republican ticket. In this position he performed extremely valuable service in organizing a system in the conduct of county affairs which embraced a new method of caring for the paupers at the county farm. His good judgment seems equal to every requirement that presents itself. Chiefly through his influence and effort came the appropriation for the erection of the Asylum building for the accommodation of the insane poor of the county, with results as good as at the asylum at Concord. While saving largely in expense, the enterprise has proved the soundness and practicability of the plan. In fact while patients were as well treated as they were previously at extravagant expense at Concord, the cost of the asylum building was saved the first year it was occupied.

Col. Pillsbury was the original mover in the effort to check the overwhelming extent of the "tramp" nuisance in New Hampshire. The action he inaugurated culminated in the law for the suppression of trampage, that has accomplished such good in the Granite State, and that has been so generally copied in other states. To his energy and enterprise New Hampshire people rightly credit a large part of the remarkable growth of the village at Derry Depot, from an insignificant hamlet to one of the most busy, thriving and beautiful inland villages of New England.

In Londonderry Col. Pillsbury has served as moderator at town meetings about nineteen years. He has also represented his town in the legislature, is a justice of the peace, chairman of the board of trustees of the Leach library, at Londonderry, and a Mason. He is a republican of life long standing, and a member of the Presbyterian church, and has been for many years a trustee of the society of that denomination in that town. He is not a sectarian. His spirit is liberal and broadly tolerant. He once paid the expense of frescoing a Methodist meeting-house when the society occupying it probably expected no aid from a Christian brother of another denomination. Col. Pillsbury is a member of the well known "New Hampshire Club," whose membership includes many of the leading men of the State. A more public spirited man is not known in New Hampshire. His notable business success is due, among other reasons, to his industry, his high sense of honor, his heartiness, and his especially remarkable talent for systematizing, and for the organization and prompt execution of plans. His almost invariably accurate judgment of men is the secret of his power to fit the right man in the right place when positions of responsibility and importance are concerned. Personally, Col. Pillsbury is exceedingly attractive and cordial in manner. A true gentlemanly feeling characterizes his intercourse with all so fortunate as to meet him either in business or society.

He has represented his town in the legislature. After the removal of his business to Derry Depot, several years ago, he formed a connection with the house of E. P. Phillips & Co., which continued until the dissolution of that firm and the close of their business in Derry. Soon after this event he became agent for the noted firm of Clement, Colburn & Co., now Colburn, Fuller & Co., of Boston, shoe manufacturers at Derry Depot. During this agency the business has increased from an annual trade of seventy-five thousand dollars, to the figure of over half a million dollars per annum. About five hundred persons are now employed in the immense establishment of the firm at Derry Depot. Additions to the building will afford room for about one hundred more workmen now needed. Nearly six hundred different styles of boots and

shoes are made in this great establishment for American and foreign trade. These goods seem to be for real service, superior to any known in the country. The special effort in production is to attain all serviceable qualities and durability. These goods consequently find a ready sale, not only all over the United States but in the West Indies, along the east and west coast of South America, in Egypt and South Africa, New Zealand and Australia, as well as in several European ports.

In June, 1877, William S. Pillsbury was appointed aid-de-camp, with the rank of Colonel, on the staff of Gov. Prescott.

Many anecdotes have been gathered by the writer from authentic sources relating to Col. Pillsbury's experiences while a soldier and when engaged in various business enterprises or travelling, but space will not allow their relation here. It remains but to say that Col. Pillsbury's example and character are worth considerate attention for imitation by young men entering the arena of practical life, as well as for the satisfaction of minds interested in manly aims successfully accomplished.

LEGENDS OF THE PISCATAQUA.

BY ANNIE W. BAER.

FROM small lakes in the town of Wakefield, New Hampshire, this river starts for the distant sea. For many miles it leads a prosaic, every-day life, carrying mills of various kinds, dammed here and there only to escape and dash wildly on for a little space, destined to be captured and subjected to gates again.

The northern portion of the river is generally called the Salmon Falls; but some, versed in Indian lore, call it the Newichawanock. At South Berwick the river plunges over its last dam, turns its last turbine or over-shot wheel, and hastens on to answer Ocean's call, at the harbor, ten miles below. Many have told of the beauties of the river. One poet, reared within sight of its sparkling waters, sings of its

> "Soft banks, golden brown,
> Where the sunbeams love to settle down,
> And linger, one by one."

I have often thought how the water of our river mingles with the briny water of the broad ocean, bears ships on its bosom, dashes against cliffs on foreign coasts; and I wonder if each little tide-wave, as it rolls up on our shore, tells of far-away lands and of mysteries under the sea. What a pleasant thought to people "who follow the sea," that the same water that is bearing them to a distant port may flow into their river some day, and murmur news of them to the mossy banks they loved so well.

In the war of 1812 many vessels ran into the harbor at Portsmouth. In order to be safe from the ravages of the "bold privateer," several of them were towed by Captain Hobbs—who lived near St. Alban's cove—up the river and anchored in Madam's cove, opposite Folsom's wharf. One of the vessels, a small French brig, was wrecked during the winter following. When spring came the owners had all that was worth saving taken out, and the hulk was left to bleach and decay in Piscataqua's waters. Captain Hobbs owned a topsail schooner, and he made many voyages to the West Indies with great success. Once, while coming from the coast of North Carolina, laden with corn and tar,

he was run down by an English bark off Cape Ann. He signaled the bark to bear away, but it paid no heed to his signal, and passed over the schooner amid-ships. The crew jumped for the bark. The captain rushed into the cabin to save his trunk, containing the papers of the ship. When he came on deck the water was fast filling the schooner. He was dragged by the collar of his shirt into the bark just in time to see the masts of his schooner sinking out of sight into the seething waters. The captain of the English ship was very curt, and declared that he would not put them into any port; but carried them to Liverpool. Captain Hobbs's family were expecting him home in a short time after he sailed from North Carolina; but he did not come. Soon they got news of this topsail schooner that was run down and sunk off Cape Ann. They had no news of the crew, and the captain's family gave him up for lost. After several months he reached home, starting from Liverpool on the first vessel bound for the States. He had lost his vessel and his cargo. He said: "My luck has turned. I shall never sail again." He tried to recover damage from the owners of the bark, but the courts decided against him. The little hair trunk, studded with brass nails, which was saved from the sinking ship, is in the possession of the Captain's eldest daughter, an old lady, now on the threshold of her ninetieth year.

St. Alban's cove at low tide is one great thatch bed, and skirting the riverway along we find this coarse grass growing. Thatch beds are considered quite a good property for farmers to possess. The beds do not always belong to the fields or pastures lying immediately back of them. Parties living at a distance frequently own them.

In September, or often later, the thatch is cut. Nearly every bed is so soft that the men have to carry the thatch out on poles to the shore. On some beds the thatch is cut at low tide, then a strong line, wound with thatch, is carried around the bed and fastened to a stake at one side. When the tide begins to rise and the grass floats, the men begin to pull in on the line, and the thatch by this means is brought to shore. This process is called "lining in."

When a child I used to wander by the river side, and watch the lampreys. They would fasten to a rock by their mouths, and cling most tenaciously. I have, by dint of hard pushing with a stick, made them let go the rock, then I would hasten to investigate their mouths. Their teeth are set very much like the teeth in an old-fashioned corn-sheller.

Once I found a horse-shoe, or king's crab. I grabbed him by his tail. He made a mighty effort to escape, but I took him out, thatch roots and all. I carried him home, tied a string to him, drove a stake in the ditch near a spring, and fastened him there and watched his movements. Alas! His movements were feeble, and he soon passed to the "land of the leal." Thus ended my first lesson in natural history.

Not far below St. Alban's cove, three points make out into the river. Pine, Henderson's, and High, are the names by which they are designated. High point is quite a promontory. Once I drove for a mile or more through the woods, across the "Plains," and came out on High point. It was in July, and the cool breeze which came floating off the river seemed very grateful to me. I sat among the fragrant bayberry and sweet fern bushes. Glossy checkerberry and trailing partridge vines nestled at my feet. Tall pines were whispering over my head, and the supple branches of the young hemlocks growing on the steep banks of the point were swaying lazily in the breeze. As I looked off on the river, I thought the point suitably named. One spring since, during a search for the shy trailing arbutus, I again visited the point. I missed the growth back, and found much brush in the wheel-path; but the mystery

was solved when I found one hundred cords of wood piled on the point, ready to be sent off by gundalows to the brick yards on the Cochecho. My bayberry bushes and sweet ferns had been ruthlessly crushed; and I did not want to see the rubbish lying there, after the wood was taken away. Every thing was so sweet and clean when I was there before.

Just below this point a bridge has recently been built across the river. Earth and stones were carted out and dumped upon the flats for rods on each side of the river, then piles were driven, and a draw made in the middle of the bridge. Men interested in gundalow business looked on askant while the draw was being built. The current runs through diagonally, and the skippers of the freighting crafts have to use great judgment to get their boats through without bumping against the piles. New Hampshire and Maine are wedded way up and down the river by such bonds as these bridges form.

One autumn, many years ago, a man who freighted up and down the river came up as far as High point on one tide, and anchored in the channel. He concluded to stay on board the craft over night. The rest of the crew went ashore. In the night a stiff south-east wind sprung up, and it was as dark as Erebus. The man was awakened by a quivering motion of the boat. He hastened out of the "cuddy," and found his boat was sinking. He sprang overboard, and swam for the shore in the darkness. After much wandering, he succeeded in finding the road, and reached his home about daybreak. The gundalow was loaded deep with muscle mud. The wind made such a sea that the boat shipped water and sunk.

On the Maine side, a little north of the bridge, many years ago, lived an old man by the name of Hodge. He was wont to go to the village, and come home in a pot-valiant condition, and spend his valor on his defenceless family. The young men of the neighborhood, remembering how a ladder-riding calmed the domestic waters of a citizen living in the northern part of the town, decided to administer some punishment to Hodge. Wishing to be original in their mode of chastisement, they hunted the thickets fringing the river, and succeeded in finding a large hornet's nest built in a bush. They marked the spot, and waited for coming events. Not long after this, Hodge made a journey to the village, and came home in an uproarious state. The signal was given. The nest with its lively occupants was captured, and one reformer glided through the low bedroom window, and carefully placed the nest in Hodge's bed. After the old fellow had freed his mind, and frightened his timid wife almost to death, he concluded to retire. Eagerly the young men waited for the result of his retiring. Soon with one agonized yell, he burst through the window, surrounded by a cloud of enraged hornets. He sped like one mad over the banks for the river. The tide was out, and the channel is well over on the New Hampshire side. He plunged ankle deep through the soft mud on the flats, and finally disappeared into the water. Tradition says it was a fine piece of acting, and that the elocution was wonderful, that the orotund quality was good, the action of the diaphragm perfect, and the gestures energetic. I do not know whether this lesson improved his disposition or not, but it sobered him quicker than usual.

Once, several years ago, a party of six, all cousins, went down by the river one summer afternoon. While walking up "under shore," we discovered a forlorn-looking boat fastened by a rope to a rock. At once Sam proposed that we have a sail. John, who was no sailor, demurred, but the majority ruled. The girls voted to "go," and we went up to release the solemn craft. The mast was a stake fastened into the bottom with many kinds of nails driven across, up and down, crooked and straight, but the mast seemed firm. The sail was about as big as a hay cap, and had the appearance of one that had been used over a

stack of beans in the fall, until it was well mildewed. Sam put the four girls well into the bows of the boat, because the stern had begun to crack apart, and we did not want to bail water. John was to tend the sheet, and Sam the tiller. When we started out down the river, the wind was "dead ahead," so we beat down by Stony point, opposite the little sand bank running into the river on the Maine side. It glistened and shone like a band of gold. Just above Cow cove we tacked, and the sheet shifted. Sam said, "Let go"; but John held on bravely. The boat tipped so that the water came in over the side. Screams from the girls seemed to bring John to a realizing sense of his behavior, and he let go the string. The boat righted, and we went up the river before the wind. The old boat sailed beautifully. John held on, as usual, and Sam steered for Madam's cove. When we were almost in, Sam yelled, "Let go." John hesitated, and we run high and dry on the stony shore. The girls scrambled out, while Sam expostulated with John.

Just below our landing-place, on the banks of the river, is a little plot of land called, seventy-five years ago, the "Knot." Here, evening after evening, in the summer, the young people met. Much courting was done, and many matches made. An old gentleman told me how "our girls and the Robertses and all the neighbors used to go over to the Knot, and stay an hour or two, talking, singing, and having a good time. Then the boys would wait on the girls home." In the winter the young folks met here to coast. When one was minus a sled, he took a board. Some of those board voyages ended disastrously. Below the Knot a few rods stood an old house with an immense chimney, narrow windows, and the door facing toward the south. The family who lived there were very old when I knew them, a brother and two sisters, all unmarried. One sister had married a stevedore, and lived at Portsmouth; but her husband died, then she came home and lived many years. Finally she died. The eldest sister living used to go out spinning and weaving, when she was young. I have seen copperas colored and white, and blue and white, checked coverlets of her weaving, and many dimity, diaper, and short kersey towels; table-cloths in Ms and Os and herring-bone; but ever after I knew her, she was a cripple and confined to the house. I visited them once when a child, with my mother. A low-posted bedstead stood in one corner of the room, with an orange and blue woolen quilt over it. The room was sheathed with boards painted red. Shutters, hung with hinges, were fastened into the window-frames, and these were red also. A fire was burning in the fireplace, and pots and kettles were standing on the hearth. Old-fashioned kitchen chairs and small square tables were all the furniture in the room. I saw some little earthern jars on a dresser. I whispered and asked mother what they were. Betsey overheard me, and said, "They are salt-pots. They were Dolly's. They came from over the sea." The quaint old people lived there alone, happy with their cats and hens, until the brother fell and broke his hip, and shortly after was found dead in his bed. The sisters did not live many years. After they passed away, the house was torn down, and the cellar alone remains to the next generation.

Above Madam's cove are the falls. Here the water rushes wildly over rough rocks. Gundalows to get up loaded, have to wait until the tide is full. When the tide turns, the water runs here with great force. A little above the falls, around a bend in the river, a large, comfortable-looking house, nestling behind a crescent-shaped hill, comes in view. Here, a score of years or more ago, lived one of our town's best men. He was respected and honored by the people. He was ever governed by principle. Impulse was a minor voice. He was always ready to help those who were willing to help themselves. For many kindly deeds his memory will be kept green in the hearts of those who

knew him well. In my childhood, while trudging to school over the dusty highway, I often met him, cantering along on his chestnut horse. He always bowed, and said "Good-morning," so pleasantly that it made a ray of sunshine for me all day. When disease fell upon him, anxious inquiries passed from lip to lip; but the answers were ever sad, and when we knew that the great spirit had returned to its Giver, it was like a cloud passing over the sun at noon-tide.

THE EASTMAN FAMILY.

INTERESTING REUNION AT CONCORD, N. H. THE EASTMAN ORGANIZATION.

BY C. E. STANIELS.

ABOUT 1640 there came to these then inhospitable shores one by the name of Roger Eastman. It is pretty generally acknowledged that "Taffy was a Welshman," and so, according to good authority, was Roger (and we may suppose that here the similarity ends); but on the other hand it is contended that the name of East-man is so preëminently English and suggestive of Saxon origin that he must have been, as in duty bound, an Englishman. In support of this it is claimed that he sailed from Southampton, England, with a party of emigrants from Salisbury, which is hard by, and vicinity, and that this was the origin of the name of the town which afterward became their home in the New World. It is more than likely, however, that Roger Eastman, of Salisbury, in Massachusetts Colony, whatever his nativity may have been, was the pioneer and father of all the Eastman family in this country, which has now become, with all its connecting links, a numerous community. From this one man (who, it is said, forbidden among others to leave his native land, shipped as a servant) sprang a hardy, energetic, pushing race, which has cropped out here and there among the world's kin to places of honorable mention and intellectual superiority, which has given it prominence and commanded the respect of its fellows.

From all evidence, it is plain that this family was not only ambitious of good alliance, but that it was considered a most desirable connection, or in other words a strain of good blood, by those who, priding themselves on their gentle stock, wished to perpetuate it by an equally favorable union. It is something more than tradition that one Eastman took to wife a daughter of Sir Ferdinand Gorges, who, about 1622, held the grant of Maine from the St. Lawrence to the Merrimack; and some of their descendants still retaining the noble surname as an adjunct to the family patronymic, reside in Boston to-day. The Duke of Sutherland, who has within a few months visited the States, is said to be directly connected with one branch of the Eastman family on his mother's side. Burke's peerage records the Duchess of Sutherland, at one time Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria, as the third daughter of the sixth earl of Carlisle. The curious part of it is, however, that she was the daughter of Samuel Eastman, who lived in a suburb of London, known as Battersea, and was beadle of Battersea Parish Church for many years. Space does not allow a detailed account, but suffice it to say, that while the beadle came of good English farmer stock, his wife was of more gentle blood, being a cousin of Lady Bessborough, who was well known in her time, from 1800 to 1820. Mrs. Eastman, becoming seriously ill and not expecting to live, allowed her

cousin, Lady Bessborough, to take her infant child, Harriet Elizabeth, with the understanding that she would give it the care the mother could not give it then. Upon her recovery she was told that the child had died in the Isle of Wight, while in reality it had been transferred to the Earl of Carlisle, who had adopted it as his own child. Upon the death of Lady Bessborough, this came to light. Mrs. Eastman died soon after, and the father was offered, by the Duke of Sutherland, such a farm as he might select, and an income for life, if he would lay no claim to the Duchess as his daughter. The old man, with more pride than policy, refused—and died poor. Joseph, one of the numerous sons of the pioneer Roger, heeding the immutable command, "Go west, young man," which was as potent in his day as at present, traveled overland from Salisbury to the then far-off valley of the Connecticut whose broad meadows had that attraction for him, that he settled in Hadley, Mass., where he found favor in the eyes of the great man of the town, Peter Tilton, and married his daughter. Peter Tilton had belonged to the gentry in the old country; was the perpetual representative to the General Court at Boston; and was to Hadley, with John Russell, the minister, what Theophilus Eaton, at the same period, with John Davenport, was to New Haven—the Moses and Aaron of the civil and ecclesiastical power of the town.

The descendants of Joseph Eastman, the first, and Mary Tilton, did their part in settling Western Massachusetts; inter-married with the first families of the old colonial days; and later we find traces of an early emigration to New Jersey and the middle States. We have to do more particularly, however, with another line of descent, which reversed the general order of things, turning its face north and east, planting the rugged hills of New Hampshire and the wilds of Maine with a stock as hardy and enduring as the granite hills of one and the primeval forests of the other. A grandson of Roger, one of the solid men of Haverhill, Mass., Ebenezer Eastman, first comes prominently to notice in 1721, as a petitioner with others to the Governor and Council and House of Representatives, stating that, "being straightened for accommodations for ourselves and our posterity, we have espied a tract of Land, scituate on the River of Merrymake, where we are desirous of making a settlement." The petition being granted, Capt. Ebenezer was the first to cross the trackless wilderness with a cart and six yokes of oxen to Penacook, later Rumford, now Concord, N. H., about 1727, and with six stalwart sons, is conceded to have first got his house in order, land cleared and under cultivation, in the new settlement. The early records show him to have been considered a man of good judgment and sound sense, as from 1732 to 1749 (and probably later, as there is a lapse in the records for some years), Capt. Ebenezer Eastman's name appears, almost without intermission, as moderator or presiding officer at town meetings, as well as assessor and selectman. As a boy we find him inured to danger and hardship, and early imbued with the sturdy and patriotic principles which were so remarkable in his later years. At nine years of age his father's house and buildings were burned by the Indians at Haverhill, Mass., his family being captured and dispersed to that extent that a full record has never been found. When only nineteen he joined the expedition against Port Royal, and two years later had command of a company of infantry which joined the British forces against Canada.

In going up the river St. Lawrence,—with which he was somewhat acquainted,—the force of character and decision of the young man may be imagined when we learn that he seized and imprisoned the captain of the transport, who persisted in following a dangerous and fatal course in the night, which act resulted in the safety of the vessel and crew, and an humble acknowledgement from the captain in the morning.

In 1745 this stirring pioneer was commander of a company raised at Rumford which participated in the assault of Louisburg, on Cape Breton, and before setting out, he, with sixty-two others, signed a petition to the general assembly of New Hampshire for assistance against the French and Indians. In 1746 he erected, at what is now known as East Concord, N. H., a garrison of hewn logs, which was called "Eastman's Fort." Here all the families round about fled on the rumor of Indian raids, which were not uncommon, or upon the sound of alarm guns from the stockade. In the French and Indian war, New Hampshire bore a conspicuous part, and Rumford contributed freely of men and means. There is now in existence a "muster-roll of the Company in His Majesty's Service under the command of Capt. Ebenezer Eastman, 1747."

In 1755 Capt. Joseph Eastman, a son of Ebenezer, commanded a company raised for the expedition against Crown Point. Nathaniel, another son of Ebenezer, was in the battle fought at Lake George in 1755. Still another Eastman was a ranger under Lieut. John Stark. For this purpose the New Hampshire troops were particularly fitted, being distinguished, says Dr. Bouton's History of Concord (upon which this article depends for much valuable information), "for bold and daring enterprise, hardihood, good marksmanship, and especially for their knowledge of Indian warfare." Joseph was in the bloody fight near Ticonderoga in 1757, and in 1760, being distinguished for "trustworthiness," volunteered, and was selected, with two others, for the hazardous duty of bearing dispatches from Crown Point to Quebec, a distance of five hundred miles through the enemy's country. This was successfully performed, and he was a witness to the surrender of Canada soon after.

Among the Concord men who served in the "Continental Army" was Lieut. Ebenezer Eastman, in Capt. Aaron Kinsman's company, at Bunker Hill, in 1775. This is supposed to be a grandson of the pioneer, whose death is recorded as occurring on July 28, 1748.

In 1776 Philip Eastman was chairman of the "committee of safety," whose province it was to look after suspected persons. In the latter part of the last century the name of Eastman was prominent as collectors, bridge proprietors, proprietors of Concord library, and town officers, and for many years previous to 1880 Samuel C. Eastman was city treasurer of Concord.

Both in the present and past generations, representatives of this family have been prominent members of the legal and medical professions, while the extremes of pulpit, press, and army, have each received worthy and stalwart recruits from the same source.

Some one has said, referring to the majestic figure-head of the "Old Man of the Mountain," which from Mt. Cannon, guards the Notch: "Men put out signs representing their different trades; jewelers hang out a monster watch; shoe-makers, a huge boot; and, up in Franconia, God Almighty has hung out a sign that in New England he makes men."

The descendants of Ebenezer Eastman, then, feeling an ancestral pride born of the heroic deeds and solid achievements of those whose blood runs in their veins to-day, deemed it proper that fitting observance should be made of the bi-centennial of his birth, and on October 19, 1881, gathered at short notice to the number of three hundred or more, at Merrimack hall, East Concord, N. H., and perfected an "Eastman" organization, with the ultimate object of a complete genealogical record of the whole family, which in all its branches may be reckoned by the thousands. The location was well chosen, being the site of the old patriot's home and fortification, as well as for the fact that here

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

and while many a grave in the old cemetery is unmarked, save by tradition, the simple announcement upon the head-stone of Nathaniel Eastman, who died full of years, "a soldier of the Revolution," attests to the character of the silent witnesses around him. The fine hall was most appropriately decorated by the committee, and amid the flags and bunting hung the pictures of by-gone representatives of the family, who were undoubtedly there in spirit to share the honors of the occasion. Jonathan Eastman, sr., of the Revolution; Capt. Jonathan Eastman, of the war of 1812; Gen. Seth Eastman, U. S. A.; Gen. Isaac Eastman, well known in the early history of New Hampshire militia; and prominently displayed upon either end of the platform were large plumes of pampas grass, donated by a lady cousin living in California, and picked for the purpose from her own garden. The tables, loaded with delicacies as well as the substantials of life, did great credit to the ladies who designed them, and they amply satisfied the physical needs of a very hungry company from many points in New England, and as far west as Illinois, from which State representatives came expressly for the occasion. A board of officers for the ensuing year comprised, Cha's S. Eastman, president; Charles E. Staniels, secretary; Geo. A. Fernald, treasurer—all of Concord; and a list of vice-presidents and executive committee covering a large portion of the Union. After dinner the correspondence was read, including an interesting historical letter from Hon. Zebina Eastman, of the Chicago Custom House; a spicy epistle from Franklin Eastman, of San Francisco; others from Miss Maria Eastman, Brooke Hall Seminary, Media, Pa.; Wm. Pitt Eastman, of Eastman, Ga.; Commander Tho's H. Eastman, U. S. N., and many others. Speeches, and music by a fine orchestra, with vocal selections, passed the time rapidly away, until evening, which was spent in the pleasures of the table and dancing. Upon the platform were a number of the fourth generation, among whom, hale and hearty, were Mrs. Mary Eastman Pecker, ninety years, and Capt. Seth Eastman, eighty years, both of Concord. There was also present a member of the eighth generation.

The next meeting of the "Eastman Association" will be called in 1883, when it is proposed to dedicate a monument to be erected to the memory of the old pioneer and patriot, Capt. Ebenezer Eastman, toward which fund several of the family have already subscribed one hundred dollars each, to which may be added a bequest of one thousand dollars by will of the late Frank Eastman, Esq., of San Francisco, originally of East Concord, N. H. The resignation of Gen. Francis A. Walker, as superintendent of the census, to take the presidency of the Institute of Technology, Boston, brings to mind that he is a distinguished member of this family, as were also Daniel Webster and Wm. Pitt Fessenden, of the past generation. In the society album, attached to one signature, is the sentiment, "Success to all Eastmans," in which expression allow the writer to join.

THE ANTE-REVOLUTIONARY PUBLICATIONS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY J. A. STICKNEY.

WHAT books and pamphlets were published in New Hampshire prior to the Revolution, or, say, prior to January 1, 1776? According to Isaiah Thomas, "Daniel Fowle, the first printer in New Hampshire, removed from Boston to Portsmouth in July, 1756, and soon after published a newspaper." Adams, in his annals of Portsmouth, says that "the first newspaper

was published on the seventh of October, 1756." Thomas says of Fowle that he "did but little at book printing, it being his principal business to publish the newspaper. He was appointed printer to the government; and the laws, &c., were issued from his press. In September, 1764, he took his nephew, Robert Fowle, as his partner. The firm of the company was Daniel & Robert Fowle. They remained together until 1774, when they separated, and Robert soon after removed to Exeter. Daniel Fowle remained at Portsmouth until his death." Adams, in his account of his death, which occurred in 1782, says "Mr. Fowle did but little business except printing the Newspaper, the state laws, and a few pamphlets."

From the same authority we learn that Thomas Furber, who had served an apprenticeship with Daniel Fowle, was induced by some jealous Whigs to open a printing house in Portsmouth, toward the end of 1764, and soon after published a newspaper. In 1765, he received as a partner, Ezekiel Russell. Their firm was Furber & Russell. Excepting the newspaper, they printed only a few hand-bills and blanks. The firm became embarrassed, and in less than a year its concerns terminated, the partnership was dissolved, and the press and types were purchased by the Fowles.

In 1774, the partnership of D. & R. Fowle was dissolved. Robert took the press and types which had been used by Furber and settled at Exeter. He did some work for the old government, and, in 1775, some for the new. Subsequent to January 1, 1776, he established a newspaper, which he published more than a year.

Thomas at one time worked for the Fowles and must have been fairly acquainted with their business, so that there is good authority for declaring that the foregoing mentioned printers were the only printers in New Hampshire, and that the list following, comprises all the publications in New Hampshire, prior to January 1, 1776. I have never seen any books or pamphlets with any other imprint than that of Daniel Fowle, or of D. & R. Fowle. The following is Thomas's list:

1756.

GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY; in seven discourses. Jonathan Parsons. 8vo; pp. 168. Portsmouth, N. H. Printed by Daniel Fowle. [This was the first book printed in New Hampshire. It was begun in Boston.]

SERMON AT THE ORDINATION OF SAMUEL MCCLINTOCK, Greenland, Nov. 3, 1756. Samuel Langdon. 8vo. Portsmouth, N. H.

1757.

ALMANAC FOR 1757. Portsmouth, N. H.

FAST SERMON, May 6, 1757. Arthur Brown. 8vo; pp. 21. Portsmouth, N. H.

SERMON ON THE DEATH OF JOHN FABYAN. Joseph Adams. 8vo; pp. 16. Portsmouth, N. H.

SERMON AT THE ORDINATION OF JOSIAH BAGLEY AT HAMPTON FALLS, N. H., Oct. 19, 1757. Thomas Barnard. 12mo; pp. 35. Portsmouth, N. H.

SERMON ON THE DOCTRINE OF ELECTION. 8vo; pp. 23. Portsmouth, N. H.

SERIOUS CALL FROM THE CITY TO THE COUNTRY, ETC. [Concert for prayer proposed.] 8vo; pp. 24. Portsmouth, N. H.

SERMON AT NARRAGANSETT, NOVEMBER 1, 1757. Joshua Tufts. 4to, Portsmouth.

1758.

ALMANAC AND ASTRONOMICAL DIARY. Portsmouth, N. H.

VINDICATION OF AN ASSOCIATION FROM THE CHARGE OF HERESY IN DOCTRINE, AND OF PARTIALITY IN CONDUCT. With an Appendix. Samuel Bachelor. 8vo; pp. 39. Portsmouth, N. H.

SERMON TO THE FREE MASONS. Arthur Brown. 8vo; Portsmouth, N. H.

FAIR PLAY, OR A NEEDFUL WORD TO TEMPER THE TRACT, entitled, A SUMMER MORNING'S CONVERSATION, &c., just published by the Rev. Peter Clark, &c. 8vo; pp. 35, 7. Portsmouth, N. H.

1759.

SERMON PREACHED FEBRUARY 25, 1759. Samuel Macclintock. 8vo; pp. 32. Portsmouth, N. H.

SERMON AT THE ORDINATION OF JONATHAN EAMES, NEW TOWN, N. H.; January 17, 1759. Benjamin Parker. 8vo; pp. 33. Portsmouth, N. H.

1760.

ARTICLES OF CHARGE AGAINST HIM, BEFORE THE COUNCIL AT HAVERHILL, SEPTEMBER 19, 1758, WITH RESULT AND REMARKS. ALSO THE COUNCIL'S ADDITION TO THE FORMER RESULT, WITH REMARKS, &c. Samuel Bacheller. 8vo; pp. 87. Portsmouth, N. H.

REASONS OF DISSENT FROM THE JUDGMENT OF A COUNCIL IN A CONTROVERSY RESPECTING SOME DOCTRINES ADVANCED BY REV. MR. BACHELLER OF HAVERHILL. WITH HALL'S ANSWER. John Choate. 8vo; pp. 17. Portsmouth, N. H.

WAR; AN HEROIC POEM. George Cockings. Folio; pp. 70. Portsmouth, N. H.

MASSACHUSETTS CONVENTION SERMON. Samuel Haven. 8vo; pp. 40. Portsmouth, N. H.

THANKSGIVING SERMON AT PORTSMOUTH, NOVEMBER 10, 1759, ON THE CONQUEST OF QUEBEC. Samuel Langdon. 8vo; pp. 47. Portsmouth, N. H.

WOLFE, GEN. JAMES, THE CONQUERER OF CANADA; HIS LIFE, OR THE EULOGIUM OF A RENOWNED HERO; with a monumental inscription, Latin and English, &c. By J——— P———, A. M. 8vo; pp. 24. Portsmouth, N. H. Reprinted from the London edition.

1761.

SERMON AT PORTSMOUTH, JAN. 25, 1761, ON THE DEATH OF GEO. II. Samuel Haven. 8vo; pp. 25. Portsmouth, N. H.

1762.

WAR. An heroic poem, from the taking of Minorca, by the French, to the reduction of the Havannah. With other poems. George Cockings. Folio. Portsmouth, N. H. Reprinted.

RELIGION AND PUBLIC SPIRIT. Valedictory address to the senior class of the college at Princeton, September 21, 1760. Samuel Davies. 8vo. Portsmouth, N. H.

1763.

REMARKS ON DR. MAYHEW'S INCIDENTAL REFLECTIONS, RELATIVE TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. As contained in his observations on the charter and conduct of the society for propagating the gospel, &c. By a son of the Church of England. Arthur Browne. 4to; pp. 31. Portsmouth.

SERMON AT PORTSMOUTH. OCCASIONED BY THE SUCCESS IN THE LATE WAR, AND BY THE HAPPY PEACE OF 1763. Samuel Haven. 8vo; pp. 39. Portsmouth, N. H.

SERMON AT THE ORDINATION OF PETER THACHER SMITH, WINDHAM, SEPT. 22, 1762. Samuel Langdon. 8vo; pp. 40. Portsmouth, N. H.

1764.

FAST SERMON IN HAVERHILL AND BRADFORD, APR. 12, 1764. Edward Barnard. 8vo. Portsmouth, N. H.

SERMON AT THE ORDINATION OF JOHN PAGE, AT HAWKE, IN KINGSTON, N. H., DEC. 21, 1763. Abner Bayley. 4to. Portsmouth, N. H.

LIFE OF REV. JAMES HERVEY. 16mo; pp. 30. Portsmouth, N. H.

1765.

IMPARTIAL EXAMINATION OF ROBERT SANDEMAN'S LETTERS ON THERON AND ASPASIA. Part I. Samuel Langdon. 8vo; pp. 71. Portsmouth, N. H.

THE OLD PATH. (Sandemanian.) 8vo; pp. 4. Portsmouth, N. H.

CONVENTION SERMON AT PORTSMOUTH, SEPT. 26, 1764. Benjamin Stevens. 8vo; pp. 42. Portsmouth, N. H.

1766.

SERMON AT THE ORDINATION OF MATTHEW MERRIAM. Theophilus Hall. 4to; pp. 24. Portsmouth, N. H.

A MEMORIAL AND TEAR OF LAMENTATION; WITH THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE DEATH OF PIOUS FRIENDS. Hampton Falls, July 17, 1766. Jeremiah Lane. 8vo; pp. 16. Portsmouth, N. H.

A LETTER TO MR. ROBERT SANDEMAN. Jan. 4, 1766. Samuel Pike. 8vo; pp. 6. Portsmouth, N. H.

1767.

ALMANAC. Philopatria. Portsmouth, N. H.

SERMON ON THE DEATH OF HON. HENRY SHEREURNE, MARCH 30, 1767. Samuel Haven. 8vo; pp. 34. Portsmouth, N. H.

SERMON AT DOVER, FEB. 18, 1767, AT THE ORDINATION OF JEREMIAH BELKNAP. Samuel Haven. 8vo; pp. 36. Portsmouth, N. H.

SEVEN SERMONS. Robert Russell. Forty-sixth edition; pp. 148. Glasgow. Printed. Portsmouth, N. H. Reprinted.

1768.

DUTY OF PROFESSORS, ESPECIALLY UNDER THE GOSPEL. Joseph Adams. 8vo; pp. 16. Portsmouth, N. H.

APPEAL TO THE IMPARTIAL PUBLIC IN BEHALF OF THE OPPRESSED. John Murray. 8vo; pp. 38. Portsmouth, N. H.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. Journal of the proceedings of the House of Representatives, 1768. Folio. Portsmouth. [Thomas says the journals and new laws were usually printed each year. Is not this the first printed journal of the House of Representatives?]

1769.

THE NECESSITY AND IMPORTANCE OF RULES. Sermon at Newington, N. H., March 31, 1769. Joseph Adams. 4to; pp. 24. Portsmouth, N. H.

THE CHARTER OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE. 1769.

1770.

SERMON AT GREENLAND, N. H., TO YOUNG PEOPLE. Samuel Macclintock. 8vo; pp. 31. Portsmouth, N. H.

THE ARTIFICES OF DECEIVERS DETECTED, &c. A sermon at Greenland, N. H., July 22, 1770. Samuel Macclintock. 8vo; pp. 34. Portsmouth.

SERMON ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE WHITEFIELD. Jonathan Parsons. 8vo; pp. 44. Portsmouth, N. H.

1771.

ACTS AND LAWS OF THE COLONY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE. Folio pp. 6, 8, 5, 5, 8, XIII, 286. Portsmouth.

1772.

A CIVIL, MILITARY, AND ECCLESIASTICAL REGISTER OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE. 8vo; pp. 16. Portsmouth, N. H. [Thomas does not mention this, but three copies are still preserved. Ames's almanacs for 1760–61–62 bear the imprint of D. & R. Fowle, but it is doubtful if they printed them, as the number for 1769 reads: "Printed by William McAlpine for D. & R. Fowle, at Portsmouth."]

SERMON AT THE ORDINATION OF GEO. WHEATON. Abiel Leonard. 8vo; pp. 24. Portsmouth, N. H.

SERMON AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H., JUNE 14, 1772. Samuel Macclintock. 8vo; pp. 24. Portsmouth.

1773.

SERMON AT KEENE, N. H., OCT. 8, 1771, AT THE FIRST OPENING OF THE INFERIOR COURT IN THE COUNTY OF CHESHIRE. Bunker Gay. 8vo; pp. 29. Portsmouth.

TEMPORARY LAWS OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE. Folio.

No titles are mentioned for the years 1774–75. The political pot was beginning to boil furiously, and literary pursuits languished. I make no mention of ordination sermons and other pamphlets (notably President Wheelock's annual report of the Indian Charity School), written and delivered in this state, but printed in Salem and Boston.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF SHELBURNE.

BY E. H. PHILBRICK.

THIS township, which lies in Coös county, north-east of the White mountains, was chartered in 1668, and re-chartered by George III, to Mark Wentworth and six others. The date of the new grant was 1771, and included Shelburne Addition, now known as Gorham. It was surveyed in the same year by Theodore Atkinson, who spent a number of months in the vicinity of the mountains. The population in 1820, when it was incorporated, was 205, while in 1870 it was only 250, and about the same in 1880. Mt. Moriah, the highest of several peaks, lies in the southern part of the town, and is much visited by tourists. The view from the summit is varied and extensive. To the eastward can be seen Umbagog lake, with many of the highest summits in Maine. To the south-east, Portland and the ocean can be plainly discerned on a clear day; while to the south lie Pleasant mountain and Lake Winnipiseogee. The White mountains shut out the view to the west. "This mountain," says an early writer, "was so named by one of the early settlers of the

region, because its shape or position coincided with some conception he had formed of its scriptural namesake."

The first permanent settlers were Hope Austin, Daniel and Benjamin, Ingalls, who moved here in 1771. The next year Thomas Wheeler, Nathaniel Porter, and Peter Poor, came here, and were afterward killed by the Indians. In 1781 came Moses Messer, Capt. Jonathan Rindge, and Jonathan and Simeon Evans. Capt. Rindge is well remembered by the old residents in town as one of the most respected of the early settlers.

The early history is filled with incidents of toil and hardships which the pioneers were forced to undergo. Mr. Hope Austin, with his family, consisting of a wife and three children, moved into town the 1st day of April, 1711, at a time when the ground was covered with five feet of snow. All the way from Bethel, a distance of twelve miles, they walked, Mr. Austin and two hired men drawing the furniture on hand-sleds, while Mrs. Austin carried her youngest child, an infant of nine months, in her arms, with Judith, aged six, and James, aged four, trudging by her side. When they arrived at their new home they found simply the walls of a log cabin, without roof or floor. To shelter them from the rains and snows they cut poles and laid across the walls. On these they laid shingles, covering a space only large enough for a bed. In this they lived until the next June. At the time of the Indian massacre in August,—spoken of in Segar's narrative,—they fled to Fryeburg, where they remained until the next March.

Daniel, or, as he was better known, Deacon Ingalls was well known and highly esteemed throughout the mountain region for his piety and benevolence, and his death was received by all with sadness. A man at Conway, who liked to annoy the Deacon with profanity and infidel cavils, said, when he heard of his death: "How straight Deacon Ingalls went up to Heaven when he died!" and, pointing upward with his extended finger, he continued, "no eagle ever went up straighter into the sky than he did when he drew his last breath."

His two sons, Moses and Robert, settled in Shelburne. They were both distinguished as being kind-hearted men, and a valuable addition to the young colony. Moses was brave and daring and a keen lover of hunting. Many reminiscences of him are current among the old residents, of which we will give our readers two. One Sunday he, with several companions, started down the Androscoggin on a moose hunt. They soon discovered one in the river, eating water grass. Moses fired, but it escaped, as they supposed, uninjured. On his return home his father asking him where he had been, he replied that he had been out hunting, seen a moose, and fired at it, but did not get it. To this his father said: "No, Moses, that was the devil you shot at instead of a moose. How dare you break the Sabbath?" A few days after this he discovered the moose dead, near where he fired at it the previous Sunday. Returning home, he said: "Father, the devil is dead!" "What did you say? Why, Moses! what do you mean?" "Mean? Why! I mean as I said." replied he, "the devil is dead. You said the creature I shot at last Sunday was the devil, and, if so, he is dead, because I have just found the one I know I shot at, and he is dead enough." For a long time it was reported "that Moses shot the devil." Near the center of the town is a steep ledge known as Moses' rock, named in honor of him. It is about sixty feet high and ninety long, rising at an angle of fifty degrees. It is said that during the early survey of the town, the best lot of land was offered to the one who would climb this rock. Accordingly, Moses stripped off his boots, and performed the daring act, running up the steep side like a cat.

Robert Fletcher Ingalls was undoubtedly the first temperance reformer in New Hampshire. He formed a band known as the "Cold Water Army,"

embracing the youth of both sexes, and worked for the cause until the day of his death. On the 4th day of July before he died, he took part in the exercises, delivering an address which is remembered to this day.

After the unsuccessful attempt against Quebec, in which the gallant and lamented Montgomery lost his life, many of the American soldiers deserted, and endeavored to find their way home through the forests of Canada. Twelve of these soldiers succeeded in finding their way to Shelburne late in the fall of 1776, where they were discovered by a negro in the employ of Capt. Rindge, nearly exhausted. After becoming recruited they gave an account of their sufferings from the time they left Quebec. They followed the Chaudiere river for a long distance, crossed the highlands, and came to the Magalloway river, down which they passed to its confluence with Clear Stream, at Errol. Here theg left one of their number—named Hall—too weak to proceed farther. Capt. Rindge and Moses Ingalls immediately started in quest of him, and, after a long search he was found lying across his gun, near where his comrades left him. He had dragged himself to the bank to drink, and, his head hanging over a little descent, he was unable to raise it from weakness, and so drowned. They buried him on the bank, and, as a memorial, changed the river's name from Clear to Hall's Stream.

JOHN ALLD DANA, M. D.

JOHN A. Dana, son of Rev. Simeon Dana, of New Hampton, N. H., was born in New Hampton, May 3, 1813, and was of the sixth generation in in direct descent from Richard Dana, who came from England to Cambridge, Mass., in the year 1640, and who was the ancestor of all the Danas in the country. His mother was Jane Bean, cousin of the Hon. Benning M. Bean, her family being among the pioneers of the State.

John Alld was the eldest of ten children. His preparatory education was obtained at New Hampton Literary Institute, which he entered at the age of nine years, walking daily to and fro a distance of three miles. In coöperation with Hon. John Wentworth, of Chicago, and others, he was one of the founders of the "Social Fraternity" of the above institution.

He commenced the study of medicine with his father, who was a practicing physician; entered the medical department of Dartmouth College; and graduated in the class of 1834. He settled and commenced practice in the village of New Hampton; but a growing desire for more light on his chosen work led him to Philadelphia, where, during the winter of 1840–41, in company with his brother, Dr. Simeon Dana, afterward of Manchester, N. H., he attended the lectures of "The Jefferson Med. College."

In 1843 he removed to Holderness,—now Ashland,—where the remainder of his life was spent.

In 1860 he was delegate to the National American Convention, and favored the nomination of John C. Fremont for President; in the years 1867 and 1868 he represented his town in the legislature, and was one of the originators of the movement for the establishment of the new town of Ashland.

Dr. Dana ever exhibited a lively interest in the cause of education, and was for many consecutive years the superintending school committee. He was also one of the original members of the N. H. State Musical Association, and for the first thirteen years attended the annual conventions, being present at

the nineteenth, held at Concord, only three weeks prior to his death, and manifested there an unabated interest in music, which had ever been strongly characteristic of him.

In early life he was a member of the Free Baptist Church in New Hampton —of which his father, Rev. Simeon Dana, was the organizer and life-long pastor—and always remained a warm friend and liberal supporter of that denomination.

No Swiss mountaineer loves the Alps better than did he the granite hills of his native State. While his enthusiasm was both delightful and inspiriting, when guiding friends over them, and discoursing of their grandeur and sublimity. A close observer of nature in all her various aspects, well versed in wood lore, studied in the qualities and habits of our native wild flowers, while his remarkable love of the beautiful was shown in his care of his flower garden, "where he walked, and talked in the kindliest way, culling the choicest blossoms, while the sunset of crimson and gold bathed the garden in a mellow light, and I walked on air."

During his active professional life, Dr. Dana was a member of the N. H. State Medical Society, and held many offices within its gift, being eminent as a physician and surgeon. His diagnosis and treatment were exceptionally correct and successful. In surgery he was cool, bold, and rapid, a most skilful operator in the use of the knife.

In a varied practice of forty-eight years, performing many new, delicate, and difficult operations, blame never attached to him.

In his family relations he was loving and tender, a genial, social companion, a faithful and true friend, enjoying a large circle of warm friends throughout the entire State.

A man of more than medium height, of powerful physique, an intellectual, handsome face, expressive of friendship, cordiality, and sympathy, which made him a welcome visitor to the lonely homes where he carried help and comfort to many hard and sore-tried lives. Dr. J. A. Dana was the father of four children: a son Rodney Curtis, who died at the age of two years; Frank Vauderlyn, a druggist for many years at Lynn, Mass., afterward at Ashland, a member of the N. H. Pharmaceutical Association, and who died in 1879, aged forty-two years; Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard and Miss Jeanie P. Dana, both of Boston. His widow and two daughters still survive.

He died at his home in Ashland, N. H., February 14, 1882, of paralysis, after a brief illness of five days, sincerely lamented by friends and acquaintances, while the community in which his life labor has been spent mourn his loss, and will long esteem his memory.

NORTHERN COOS.

THE wild and beautiful scenery of the northern section of our State, should be visited to be fully appreciated. The inhabitants of that favored region realize the beauties which surround them as they gaze daily upon its magnificent prospects; the favored few who have been drawn thither by the promise of rest and quiet which its seclusion offers, return yearly to enjoy those boons, to recuperate and to have spread before them the most varied scenery of New England. The sportsmen with rod or gun will not give away to their best friends the information which will lead said friends to find the brooks and

streams alive with trout, the ponds and lakes well stocked with land-locked salmon, or the long stretches of forest where sport the partridge, deer, moose, caribou, and bear. Why should they render popular the locality which offers fair sport until the inroad of others mars it?

The gateway to this section is North Stratford, a station on the Grand Trunk Railway, on the banks of the Connecticut river. Here a six-horse Concord coach awaits the arrival of the north bound train, and soon after dashes gaily away up the valley for a journey of a dozen miles or more to the favored village of Colebrook. Lofty hills hem in the valley on either side and sentinel mountains guard its approaches. The wide intervale through which the river flows is highly cultivated, and dotted by farm houses. There are two hotels at Colebrook, at either of which the traveler will be welcomed, the Parsons House, E. F. Bailey, proprietor, and the Monadnock House, T. G. Rowan, proprietor. From either of these hostelries, as a base, one can visit the attractions of the neighborhood provided with a good team, a rod, a gun, and if necessary, a guide. Colebrook is the business centre of this section. It is a thriving village situated in the midst of fertile fields and overlooked by Monadnock mountain over in Vermont, and high hills on the New Hampshire side.

A ride of ten miles brings one to the famed Dixville Notch. Its beauties and attractions are well described in "Eastman's White Mountain Guide":

"The last two miles of the ride wind through the grandest forest one will find in his mountain travels. Every variety of tree is represented along the way, and generally of much larger growths than are met before. A person will begin to doubt whether there is any mountain magnificence near, so closely is the road shut in by the forest. Suddenly the heavy walls of the Dixville range begin to show themselves ahead. And while one is admiring their dark and grave sides of shadowed foliage, wondering where the pass he is in search of can open, a turn of the road to the right brings the wagon in front of the bare and savage jaws of the Notch, at its western entrance.

"The first view of it is very inpressive. It opens like a Titanic gateway to some region of vast and mysterious desolation. The pass is much narrower than either of the more famous ones in the White Mountains, and, through its whole extent of a mile and a quarter, has more the character of a Notch. One can not but feel that the mountain was rent apart by some volcanic convulsion, and the two sides left to tell the story by their correspondence and the naked dreariness of the pillars of rotting rock that face each other. So narrow is the ravine (it can hardly be called a pass), that a rough and precarious roadway for a single carriage could only be constructed by building up against the mountain's side a substructure of rude masonry, while the walls slope upward so sharply on either hand that a considerable outlay is demanded of the state every year to clear it of the stones and earth which the frosts and rain roll into it every winter and spring.

"No description can impart an adequate conception of the mournful grandeur of the decaying cliffs of mica slate which overhang the way. They shoot up in most singular and fantastic shapes, and vary in height from four hundred to eight hundred feet. A few centuries ago the pass must have been very wild, but the pinnacles of rock, which give the scenery such an Alpine character, are rapidly crumbling away. Some have decayed to half their original height; and the side walls of the Notch are strewn with *debris*, which the ice and storms have pried and gnawed from the decrepit cliffs. The whole aspect is one of ruin and wreck. The creative forces seem to have retreated from the spot, and abandoned it to the sport of the destructive elements. One might entertain the thought that some awful crime had been committed there, for which the region was blasted by a lasting curse. The only life in the Notch

belongs to the raspberry vines. It seems to be the paradise of this delicious fruit.

"One should climb the highest pinnacle, called Table Rock, which juts out from the southerly wall of the pass, and stands about eight hundred feet above the road. It is no easy task to keep the footing in the steep ascent over the loose and treacherous ruins of slate that strew the way. Hands and feet are necessary. Table Rock is a narrow, projecting ledge, only some six or eight feet wide at the summit, and about a hundred and fifty feet long, rising in an almost unbroken precipice on each side for several hundred feet. The decent is even more arduous than the ascent. It will be found, however, that the view from the summit repays the toil of the scramble. It is no small trial for weak nerves to walk out upon the side of the Notch upon this cliff, not more than six feet wide and eight hundred feet sheer down. No part of the ride up Mt. Washington makes the head swim so giddily. From it one can easily see into Maine, Vermont, and Canada. Only a few miles east lies Lake Umbagog, where the moose congregate in the evening to stand up to their necks in water and 'fight flies,' as the guides express it. About ten miles north is lake Connecticut, a beautiful sheet of water, mother of the noble river which is the pride of New England. A tourist might spend a few days very profitably in exploring the novelties of the districts that lie around the Notch. On the face of this cliff, seen from below, some locate the usual Profile, without which a mountain pass is regarded as incomplete.

"After about an hour's stay upon the pinnacle, one should decend and ride through the pass to a flume just before the eastern gateway is reached. Nearly opposite the entrance to the flume will be found a remarkably cold spring. On the opposite side of the road, in the woods, just beyond the Notch, there is a series of beautiful cascades, extending nearly a mile, surpassed in beauty and volume by none in the whole White Mountain region. There is no path to these, and it will be found a difficult task to reach them.

"The grand distinctive features of Dixville Notch are desolation and decay. How charming, then, the surprise, in passing through the Notch eastward, to ride out from its spiky teeth of slate into a most lovely plain, called 'The Clear Stream Meadows,' embosomed in mountains, luxuriantly wooded to the crown. It is something like descending from the desolation of the Alps into the foliage and beauty of Italy. The only house near was accidentally burned a few years since. The graves of the earliest settler and his wife are there, fenced off rudely, and overgrown with the tall weeds which nature wears for them. How many of the great and wealthy of our land will find such a cemetery? A mountain range for a monument; a luxuriant valley for a grave; such silence to sleep in as no Mt. Auburn can assure, and their story told to visitants, from far-off portions of the land!

"Returning through the whole length of the Notch, Colebrook is reached again by supper-time."

At the western gateway is situated the Dix House, a new, clean, comfortable, well furnished and well kept hotel, of which George Parsons is proprietor.

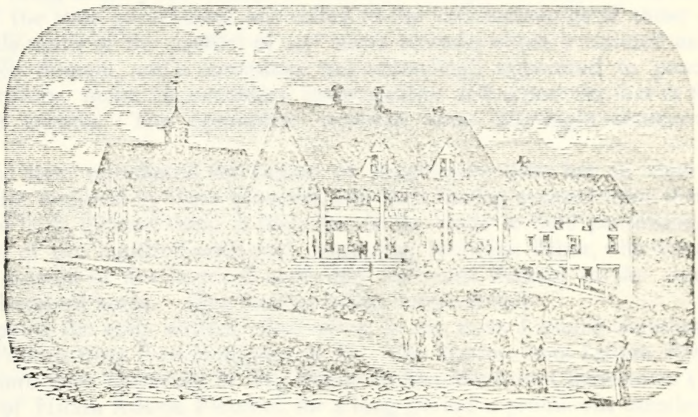
Following up the Connecticut river, one arrives after a drive of twenty-five miles, at the Lake House, on the borders of Connecticut Lake. Nor yet has he left civilization behind him. All through Stewartstown, Clarksville and Pittsburg, the valleys and hillsides are settled and cultivated, and large herds of cattle and sheep find excellent pasturage.

Connecticut Lake is a surprise to the traveler. It forms the out-post of pioneer settlements, for along its northern side a few farms nestle, while all the land beyond is covered by the primeval forest. The surface of the lake is one

thousand six hundred and twenty feet above the ocean. It is nearly five miles long and three miles wide, and the scenery on every side is grand and impressive. Capt. C. O. Reed has built and navigates a steam boat upon its waters for the accommodation of visitors.

The Lake House, H. M. and H. W. Smith, proprietors, is one of the best kept houses in the State, and under their efficient management has become a very desirable summer resort. Parties who have visited the lake for a stay of a few days have stopped weeks; the ladies finding a restful quiet retreat amidst beautiful scenes, while the men have found inexhaustible sport on the brooks and streams which flow in the neighborhood and in the shades of the old forest on the mountain and lake sides.

The Connecticut Lumber Company own some one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of wood land in the vicinity. Through the winter they employ from eight hundred to one thousand men in the woods, run down in the spring from forty-five to sixty million feet of timber, giving employment to a large proportion of their winter force as river drivers. There is a camp at the second lake for the benefit of visiting sportsmen, under the management of the proprietors of the Lake House.



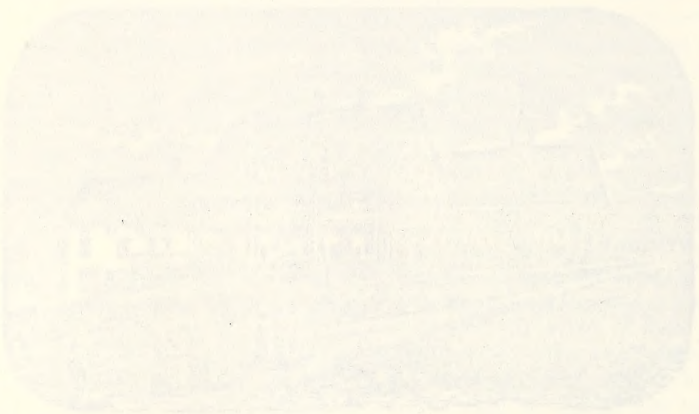
From David Blanchard, of Pittsburg, we receive the following sketch:

"The town of Pittsburg, N. H., which prior to its incorporation, in 1843, was known as the Indian Stream Territory, forms the extreme northern portion of the state, lying north of the 45th parallel of north latitude, and is a portion of the tract claimed respectively by the governments of Great Britain and the United States; the question of jurisdiction being settled by the Webster and Ashburton treaty, in 1842.

"It is bounded westerly and northerly by the Province of Quebec, easterly by Maine, and southerly by Gilmanton and Atkinson Academy grants, the Connecticut river and the parallel of 45° north, which, westerly of the river, separates it from Canaan, Vt.

"It is in its greatest extent, east and west, about twenty-five miles long; north and south, about fifteen miles wide; having an area of about three hundred square miles; its boundary on the north following the irregular course of the highlands or water-shed between the waters of the Connecticut and the Androscoggin on the south and the St. Lawrence on the north.

"About the year 1790, some twelve or fifteen hardy pioneers from Grafton County, attracted by the marvellous stories told by two explorers who had fol-



lowed the course of the river through to Canada, of the wonderful fertility of the soil in the valley of the upper Connecticut, made their way through the forests and commenced a settlement on the river and in the valley of the Indian Stream. They were mostly driven away by hostile bands of Indians during the war of 1812.

"Some of these returned after the close of the war, bringing others with them, and in 1820 there were probably about forty families settled along the north bank of the river, the settlement extending about eight miles north and east from the mouth of Indian Stream.

"In 1820–22 surveys were made along the Connecticut and some 10,000 acres of land marked out in lots of one and two hundred acres each, by Moses Davis and Jonathan Eastman, for an association of proprietors who claimed to derive their title to these lands by deed from one Philip, a chief of the St. Francis tribe of Indians. (See house journals, N. H. Legislature, November session, 1824, now in state library.)

"These lands were offered to settlers by the proprietors, in alternate lots, on condition of making stipulated improvements thereon within a given period, working on roads, etc., or in other words doing settlers' duty, as it was termed.

"In 1824, at the June session of the New Hampshire Legislature, the attention of the state government was called to the encroachments of these settlers on lands north of the parallel of 45° north latitude, which it claimed as part of its public domain, and a committee was accordingly appointed to proceed to the territory, make the necessary investigations and report the fact at the November session. The committee reported some fifty-eight settlers on the lands.

"The state repudiated the Indian or Proprietary title, but in view of the hardships endured by these pioneers, and their having entered upon their lands in good faith, quieted them in their title to the lands in their possession, to the amount of two hundred acres each, excepting Jeremiah Tabor, who was quieted in the amount of five hundred acres and Nathaniel Perkins in the amount of seven hundred acres. (See journal before referred to.)

"Among the early settlers, 1816–1824, in this town I would mention Nathaniel Perkins from New Hampton, N. H., John Haynes from Lisbon, Richard I. Blanchard from Haverhill, N. H., Ebenezer Fletcher from Charlestown (No. 4), father of Hiram Adams Fletcher, for a long period a prominent member of the Coos bar, and who died at Lancaster in 1880, aged seventy-four years. Also Kimball B. Fletcher, now a prominent citizen of Lancaster. Mr. Fletcher brought considerable money with him from Charlestown; erected a large saw and grist mill; in 1826 a large barn, and cleared up an extensive farm, and finally moved to Colebrook, where he died about 1860. Also Gen. Moody Bedel, father of Hon. Hazen Bedel, of Colebrook, N. H., and Gen. John Bedel whose portrait and biographical sketch appeared in a recent number of the GRANITE MONTHLY, was among the early settlers here, removing from Haverhill, N. H., here with his family in 1816. Gen. Bedel rendered very efficient service in the war of 1812, commanding a regiment at Ticonderoga and at Lundy's Lane.

"But little attention was paid by the state to this section for some twelve years subsequent to this period. The citizens in the mean time having for their mutual protection formed a government of their own, very democratic in form, having a written constitution and code of laws; the supreme power vested in a council of five, annually chosen; a judiciary system for the collection of debts and the prevention and punishment of crime; a military company duly organized and equipped—probably more as a police force than for offensive or defensive purposes.

"This government continued till 1836, when the governments of Lower Canada and of New Hampshire, each endeavored to exercise jurisdiction over the territory, resulting in the arrest and carrying off across the border, by an armed force of twelve men, from Canada, Richard I. Blanchard, a deputy sheriff, for the discharge of his duty as such under the laws of New Hampshire, and his rescue, on Canadian soil on the same day by a party of mounted men, some sixty in number, from the adjoining towns in Vermont and New Hampshire. Two of the Canadian party were severely wounded in the melee—one by a pistol shot in the groin, the other by a sabre cut in the head.

"This was immediately followed by what is known as the Indian Stream war. The 5th company infantry, 24th regiment New Hampshire militia, under the old military organization, under command of Capt. James Mooney, was called out by Adjt.-Gen. Low and stationed at Fletcher's mills, to protect the inhabitants against the encroachments of the Canadian authorities. The whole difficulty was happily terminated by the treaty before referred to.

"From its incorporation in 1843, to 1860, the increase in population was only about fifty. At the commencement of the Rebellion, the town contained four hundred and fifty inhabitants,—yet this small number furnished seventy men to aid our country in the hour of its peril, being largely represented in the 2d and 13th New Hampshire regiments. Amos and Simon Merrill were the first to enlist at the first call for three months and reënlisted before the expiration of their term, for three years, or during the war. The former was shot dead on the field at the first battle of Bull Run. The last mentioned, after having been engaged in thirteen regular battles, lost a leg at Gettysburg, and is now doing good manual labor in clearing up a new farm in this town. A fearful fatality seemed to decimate the ranks of our Pittsburg soldiers,—shown by desolate homes and the mutilated and scarred veterans who returned.

"From the close of the late war to the present time, Pittsburg has slowly but steadily gained in population and material prosperity. It has now a population of 618, with 160 voters, and a taxable valuation of $450,000.

"It contains two stores, one church (Methodist), two hotels, two postoffices, three saw mills, two grist mills, and is the center of an extensive and prosperous lumbering operation, carried on by the Connecticut River Lumber Company, having its principal office at Hartford, Conn., Hon. Asa Smith, president and manager.

"This lumber company has already expended about $80,000 in this town on the river and streams, to facilitate the driving of logs.

"The company employs from 500 to 700 men, about nine months in the year, and one hundred horses, in cutting and driving logs, mostly spruce, down the Connecticut to their mills at North Hampton, Holyoke, and Hartford, Conn., and manufacture 40,000,000 feet per annum.

"Their supplies, amounting to 250 tons per annum, are drawn by teams from North Stratford station, on the Grand Trunk Railway, to Connecticut lake, a distance of thirty-eight miles.

"This company has 98,000 acres of timber lands in Pittsburg, and 10,000 acres in the Connecticut valley below.

"The McIndoes lumber company, George VanDyke manager, owns 10,000 acres of land, now manufacturing 12,000,000 feet per annum.

"The soil of Pittsburg is particularly adapted to grazing purposes, being of slate formation. Very little granite is found here.

"Excellent meadows are found in the valleys of Hall and Indian streams and on the main Connecticut river. Back from the river and streams the surface of the country is broken and uneven—the lateral spurs of the White Mountain range extending across the country to a considerable extent in the lake region.

"There are, however, within the limits of the town, probably 40,000 acres of land, covered with a dense primitive growth of hard woods, such as yellow birch, rock maple, beech, brown ash, and elm, somewhat mixed with soft or evergreen, such as balsam fir, spruce, and cedar. These tracts, when cut for fuel, will average sixty cords per acre. These hard wood tracts are well adapted to agricultural purposes, and with proper railway facilities to utilize the products of the forests, now of but little worth, would be very valuable.

"The yellow birch would be manufactured into floorings, the balsam fir makes the best of paper pulp; fine finishing boards from the brown ash; last blocks from the rock maple; the remaining timber, not adapted to other purposes, could be burned for charcoal, for which there is a largely increasing demand.

"These lands, when cleared, are capable of producing excellent first crops, averaging twenty bushels of wheat per acre, twenty of rye, fifty of oats, thirty of India wheat, twenty-five of barley, two hundred bushels of potatoes, and will yield one and a half tons of English hay per acre for from five to ten years, and then afford excellent pasturage.

"Gold has been found in small quantities in the valley of the Indian stream, and there is considerable evidence of quite extensive mining operations having been carried on in this locality, some twenty years since, such as excavations in the banks of the stream, old sluice boxes scattered around, and inscriptions on trees.

"Professor Huntington, connected with the state geological survey, in his preliminary report, mentions finding gold here, and expresses the opinion that the 'evidence of its existence in this locality and farther east, in considerable quantities is such as to warrant the owners of the land in expending such sums of money as may be necessary to determine the facts in relation thereto.'

"In the western portion of the town, between Hall and Indian streams, is an extensive slate quarry, covering an area of about eighteen square miles, and pronounced by persons claiming to be competent judges, to be of excellent quality for roofing purposes. Should such prove to be the fact, it only needs suitable facilities for transportation to become very valuable.

"The want of a railway is the great hinderance to the development of the resources of Pittsburg. The Boston, Concord and Montreal railroad company has long held a charter for the extension of their road from Groveton Junction, to the Connecticut lake or the Canadian boundary beyond. This charter has been twice renewed, but, excepting a preliminary survey of a portion of the route, nothing has been done toward the extension.

"A very practicable route exists along the valley of the Connecticut, by the upper lakes, thence across the boundary connecting with the International Railway, at Scottstown station, distant nineteen miles from the head waters of the Connecticut.

"This extension when completed would have the carrying trade of a country containing an area of 2400 square miles, including the thriving agricultural towns of Columbia, Colebrook, Stewartstown, Clarksville, and Pittsburg, in New Hampshire, Canaan, Lemington, and Bloomfield, in Vermont, and Hereford in Quebec.

"In view of these facts it would seem clear that the Boston, Concord and Montreal corporation would materially promote its own interest and of this section of the country, by an early extension of its road.

"As a place of summer resort for tourists, Pittsburg possesses many attractions hitherto but little known.

"Connecticut lake, Lake Carmel, Lake St. Sophia, Roger's pond, Round pond, and several smaller ponds, lay wholly within its limits. Hall's stream,

Indian stream, Perry stream, and Great brook, flowing into the Connecticut from the north. The Diamond stream, in the eastern part of the town, a tributary of the Androscoggin, is also included.

"These waters are of easy access, have abundance of trout, and togue or lunge in the two larger lakes. Moose are occasionally found in its forests, though becoming somewhat rare. Deer and caribou are quite plenty, while partridges and water-fowl are abundant in their season. Having an elevation of 1620 feet, at Connecticut lake, pure air, excellent spring water, varied woodland and mountain scenery are its attractions.

"This country has only to be more generally known to become quite popular as a place of summer resort."

LETTER FROM HON. LEVI WOODBURY TO EX-GOV. WILLAM PLUMER.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 20, 1826.

Dear Sir:—

I think with you as to the candidates for Governour in New Hampshire. I regret extremely that your son could not find it expedient to accept the office of Judge of Probate.

In respect to the Panama mission my opinion differs somewhat from yours. The delay has been inevitable, considering the manner in which the information was communicated to us by piece meal and the magnitude of the question. I have opposed it in every step on the belief that it was a dangerous and useless departure from the ancient and settled policy of our government in respect to foreign nations. But as ere this you will have seen the result on the nominations, and will ere long see the reasons of those opposed to the mission in print, I shall not enter into them at this time. You have seen so much of public life as to know that men can honestly differ on public measures without deserving to be branded as factious or hostile to this or that man who may think differently.

So far as regards Mr. Adams personally and his administration I have, by deeds as well as words, manifested my predilection, and shall continue to prefer him to any other candidate as long as I think his measures in the main accord with the Republican principles I profess and with the true interests of this country. But I shall support neither him, nor Mr. Calhoun, nor any other man beyond that, or on any different principle. When the proper time arrives to judge of men as well as measures in respect to the next Presidency I shall still continue my support to Mr. Adams, if taking a retrospect of all his prominent measures I find them more in conformity to my own than what I could rationally anticipate from any other candidate. If I find them less so—of course I shall not support him.

The Judiciary Bill, about which you enquire, has not yet passed, nor have the receipts and expenditures yet been laid on our table this session. But whenever they are, shall be forwarded to you. Excuse my haste, dear Sir, and believe me, Most sincerely yours,

LEVI WOODBURY.

HON. WILLIAM PLUMER.

OLD BARNSTEAD.

LAURA GARLAND CARR.

We talk of buried cities found beneath Italian skies,
Where homes and streets, hidden for years, from out their ashes rise;
The pleasant thrills that move us, as their relics gather fast,
Tell of a strong, magnetic link binding us to the past.

We need not cross the ocean, friends, nor wander up nor down—
We, who have come to middle life—to find a buried town.
The world is full of them, to-day; not quite so famed, we know,
Nor covered by Vesuvian fires, so many years ago.

'Tis but the dust that Father Time lets fall in his swift flight—
A golden dust—yet holding close its visions from our sight:
The play grounds of our childhood! Oh, the homes of earliest days!
We never more may find them, once we leave their mystic ways.

We visit scenes we call the same, and some old trails we find;
But there's a marked change over all, that cannot be defined.
It gathers deeper, year by year, till each return gives pain,
And memory alone can give the old haunts back again.

And so there's much of sadness in our gathering to-day;—
For us who went out gay and young, and come back staid and grey;—
And, while this modern Barnstead has its own fair claims, in sooth,
Forgive us if we cherish best the old town of our youth.

Old Barnstead! Ah, how vast it was! It almost filled the world!
Not quite,—for was n't Tuttle's stage, in all its grandeur, whirled,
Once every week, straight through the town and off beyond the hills,
Where Dover lay,—a strip of land, with a few noisy mills?

That stage! No palace car we 've seen was half so rich and gay!
It had red curtains, you could see more than a mile away.
And, when close by Lock's Corner school, at Nutter's store, it paused,
What a wild stir of wonderment in our young breasts it caused!

We turned, and stretched our necks, to peer through windows small and high,
To catch each crimson flutter in the dust clouds rolling by.
And then the school droned slowly on, while fat old bumble-bees
Looked in on us with husky boom, then whisked off toward the trees.

We followed them with longing eyes, and thought how cool and dense
The shadows lay upon the grass, beyond the pasture fence;
And wondered if the worm we saw at recess, on the ledge,
Had finished up his jerky job of inching off its edge.

We heard a chipmunk scold and fret, and knew the very stump
Where he was sitting, tail erect, the frisky, saucy hump!
An August-bug, with long-drawn whir-r, went slowly sailing by,
And happy swallows skimmed and wheeled between us and the sky.

And then our eyes went slowly o'er the objects in the room:
The pile of hemlock, by the door, all ready for a broom;
The oak-leaf festoons on the wall; the long seats, row by row;
The water-pail, on the front bench, with dusty pools below;

The battered old tin dipper, with its rusty base and brim;—
And here we made a pilgrimage in sudden thirsty whim.
Then o'er the teacher's desk we looked, with eager, searching face,
Hoping, amid the knots and stains, a new scene we might trace.

The rusty old box-stove was gay with fragrant tufts of fern,
And all the rambling funnel, in its every crook and turn,
Was misty with asparagus, where flies in buzzy glee
Swung up and down, so free and glad, it made us wild to see.

Oh, how the time dragged! Are these months so long as first school days?
They are the darkest points I see, way back there in the haze.
Ah, now, when every passing hour is full to overflow,
The thinking on those taskless times is the best rest we know!

No freed, wild creature from the wood e'er sped to its abode
More gladly than we bounded home through that long, winding road,
With dinner-pails that swung and flashed at every joyous turn,
And gleaning lessons all the way that were not hard to learn.

Our father's fifty-acre farm! How full of nooks 't was stored!
Oh! it seemed larger than this town, with regions unexplored.
We never saw such bees and birds as joined us at our play,
Nor fields so full of sweet wild flowers. You call them weeds to-day.

No modern mower e'er was seen through those fair fields to pass,
Scaring the merry bobolinks from homes deep in the grass;
Nor one of all the clanking things that these new farms infest
Went clattering across those vales, like demons of unrest.

A slender pathway, like a thread, now hidden, and now seen,
Ran through the lines of rustling corn and off across the green,
With mazy curves and wayside charms our young feet to beguile,
Till, at the wall, another path met it beyond the stile.

What pleasant people came and went through those remembered ways!
There was no dearth of uncles, aunts, or cousins, in those days.
And Oh, the dear old grand-parents, with hearts so warm and true!
So mindful of each childish want in all our noisy crew!

In that old town all things were bright within its ample lines.
No bugs were on the roses then, no blight upon the vines.
And did n't berries ripen sweet through nine months of the year?
Then, Oh, the jolly harvest time, with all its added cheer!

There were no empty houses then, beside the roads to rise,
Mocking us with the ghostliness of their dull, vacant eyes;
Nor were there strange new faces glancing from familiar nooks,
Without a hint of love for us in their cold, curious looks.

There were no grave-yards in that town of which we were aware,
Only a few old, mossy graves that always had been there,
With quaint, dark stones telling us when the sleepers went away.
Not one of these cold marble slabs that chill our hearts to-day.

Barnstead! Her fields are rich and green, her meadows fair to see;
Her pasture lands are dotted o'er with cattle, roving free;
Her forests spread their shadows broad in many a sylvan place;
Her hills trail low against the sky in curving lines of grace.

On her fair ponds the lilies lie in all their wealth of bloom.
While from their banks rings out the clear, wild laughter of the loon;
Her streamlets glide down grassy slopes with merry song and flash;
Her waterfalls leap from her heights with frantic plunge and dash.

And though her sons and daughters roam through all the big, round earth,
A goodly company still fills the home that gave them birth.
And younger ones are coming up to join the thinning band,
While peace and plenty, side by side, make glad the pleasant land.

Then here 's a cheer for Barnstead town, just as she stands to-day;
And here 's one for her girls and boys, who 've never strayed away;
Another for the distant ones, who hold her memory dear;
And one more for the wanderers, who 've once more gathered here.

But when I speak of that old town that has so long been dead,
I feel like standing silently, with bowed, uncovered head.

LOG-BOOK OF THE RANGER.

CONTRIBUTED BY E. P. JEWELL.

SATURDAY, Feb. 20, 1779. The fore and middle part of this day thick foggy weather with light winds from S. W.; latter part the wind at west to N. W. by W., and clear. Loosed our sails to air. Exercised the people in reefing and handing them. At noon the Captain and Pilot came on board in the cutter. Delivered the sailmaker one bundle sewing twine. Made nippers.

SUNDAY, Feb. 21, 1779. The first part strong gales from N. W. by W. and clear at 1 P. M. Unmoored and hoisted in the cutter and jolly-boat. Set up our fore and main-top-mast shrouds and back-stays. The middle light fluttering airs and variable. Shortened in to one third of a cable. The latter part hazy and calm. At 9 A. M. moored with both bowers. Broached a barrel of beef. Received on board four hogsheads of water, from Great Island. Hoisted out cutter and jolly-boat. Delivered John Bettenham four yards tricklingburg per order.

MONDAY, Feb. 22, 1779. First part of this twenty-four hours southerly winds and rain. Got down the top gallant yards, the wind blowing very hard at the same time. At two P. M. the wind westerns. Loosed try-sails and shook the reefs out. Reefed them again and handed them. The wind still westerns. Got top gallant mast on end. Employed about sundry small jobs. Hard gales from W. N. W. A prize brig parted from her anchor and drove on shore.

TUESDAY, Feb. 23, 1779. Fresh westerly gales and clear. Up top gallant yards. Employed exercising the people with cannon and small arms. Sailed hence, two brigs and the privateer Pallas. Broached a barrel of beef and a hogshead of water. Exercised the people aloft. Sent our stream anchor and hawser on board the prize to assist in getting her off. The boat returned with anchor and hawser but could not get her off.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 24, 1779. Pleasant weather and fair. The wind N. W. at 7 A. M. Unmoored at 9. The captain came on board with the pilot. Hoisted in the jolly-boat. At one half past ten, weighed and came to sail with a pleasant breeze at N. W. Set the studding sails alow and aloft. At noon Star Is-

land bore N. E. by E. Cape Ann S. ½ E. distant six leagues.

THURSDAY, Feb. 25, 1779. Gentle breezes at North West and pleasant weather. All sails set. At 3 P. M. breeze freshened, took in our studding sails. At sun's setting, Cape Ann bore N. E. ½ E., distant five leagues; Halfway rock N. by E. Lynn meeting house W. by S., distant four leagues. At one half past 7 anchored in Nantaskst road with best bower in six fathoms water, veered one half a cable. Found riding here the continental ships of war Warren and Queen of France. Out boats. At 5 A. M., Capt. Simpson and the pilot went to Boston in the cutter. Moored ship with small bower, half a cable each way. The head of Long Island bearing W. ¼ S; Point Atherton E. S. E; Georges Island E. N. E., distant one half mile. Loosed our sails, to-day, and handed them. Employed about sundry other necessary jobs. Broached a barrel of beef. Delivered boatswain one third skein of twine.

FRIDAY, Feb. 26, 1779. The first part of this twenty-four hours pleasant weather and fresh breezes from N. W., the middle and latter part, strong gales from W. to S. S. W. and snow with rain. Broached a barrel of beef and one of pork. Received on board one hogshead of water, one bag of shirts, one dozen shoes, a parcel of hats, two dozen cod hooks, and twenty pounds of twine. Down top gallant yards and masts. Veered on the best bower to the long service, and shortly after it moderated. Hove in to ye one half cable service.

SATURDAY, Feb. 27, 1779. Light breezes from N. E. and mostly cloudy weather. Up top gallant yards and masts. Loosed sails to dry. Received on board three hogsheads of water, one barrel of sugar, one hundred pounds of coffee, sixty blankets, fifty pairs of trowsers. Broached two barrels of beef. The remainder of this twenty-four hours fresh breezes with thick fog. Handed our sails, and down top gallant yards.

SUNDAY, Feb. 28, 1779. Light and variable winds with fog. Up top gallant yards. Received on board two hogsheads of water. The middle and latter part, fresh gales from S. S. W. and clear. Delivered the steward eleven and one half yards Tricklingburg for pudding bags, and a cover for log-book, also delivered one skein sewing twine to the sail maker. Cleared hawser and employed the people usefully.

MONDAY, Mar. 1, 1779. The first part of this twenty-four hours fresh breezes from N. N. W. and fair. Set up stays and top mast rigging. Received on board five hogsheads of water. Delivered the sailmaker five yards Tricklingburg to cover the side ropes. Shook a wooden-bound hogshead, it being empty for service. The latter part, moderate wind comes to the westward.

TUESDAY, Mar. 2, 1779. Pleasant breezes from the westward and fair. Loosed sails to dry and spread our colors to air. Exercised the people alow and aloft. Received on board one hogshead of rum, one tierce of rice, ten bushels of peas, thirty-five blocks of different sizes. Cleared hawser and marked a new deep sea line.

THE STICKNEY GENEALOGY.

JOSEPH P. STICKNEY was tenth cousin only to his wife, Lucretia Gibson. Daniel Gale was third cousin to his wife, Ruth Carter. There were only four other intermarriages among Joseph Stickney's one hundred and seventy-four ascendants, one each of first and second cousins, and two of fifth cousins. The absence of insanity was probably largely due to this remarkably small number of intermarriages.

The Peter Gilman who was in Col. Stickney's regiment, at Bennington, was not Brigadier-Gen. Peter, as Gilman genealogy says. D. G. Hoskings, jr., secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society, thinks that Sergeant Peter of Capt. Wilson's company, was son of Joshua, of Gilmanton.

Wendall P. Garrison, of the New York *Nation*, claims that his father, William Lloyd Garrison, of immortal memory, was descended from William and Elizabeth Stickney, the emigrants, and that, therefore, the elder was tenth, and the junior eleventh cousin to Joseph Stickney, of New York city. The Garrisons are also descended from Samuel Brockleboak, the emigrant, who was also a captain and deacon. The original Garrison was a Nova Scotia Englishman.